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(Old) Heavy Throwing Axe

By

Aurelon

<name>, You are a shining example of what it means to be a paladin! To serve selflessly, that is the quality that we must aspire to! It is your sacred task to defend the helpless and bring the Light to those places where the shadows fall.

As this world may be our home for some time to come, I humbly offer up my services to guide you initial steps. When you have time, seek me out at the crash site.

Ever faithful,

Aurelon

Paladin Trainer

A Bloodstained Envelope

By

Maxwell

My Emily,

A few short days ago, we broke camp in this Light-forsaken place, operating under the King's orders to return home. My heart was light despite my bleak surroundings, for I knew that after the frigid trek to the shore and long, grueling voyage, I would find solace in your arms.

We reached the shoreline today to find our ships, our means of return, nothing more than charred husks; we cannot leave, and have no choice but to press on into the heart of this abysmal wasteland.

I have gone to the very end of the world to keep you safe, Emily... and now... I wish with all my being that I had remained in Lordaeron with you.

Thoughts of you fill my every waking moment. You are my warmth in this frozen land, beloved, and no one can take that from me.

Maxwell

A Bloodstained Journal Page

By

Unknown

...downward spiral of despair. First she mocks me and now she is engaged. The ungracious charlatan was pretending to love when truly she desired to hurt me all along. A black void lurks with in me now and it grows with each waking moment. The blood I shall spill pales in comparison to the tears I have shed...

A Careworn Note

By

James

Dearest Amelia,

Tonight I have seen things that will haunt me to the end of time.

Stratholme is aflame... and we are responsible.

Our Prince led us into the streets of the city tonight; he ordered us to break into the homes of the townspeople and... kill them in their sleep. They were plagued, claimed Lord Arthas, and had to be killed before they killed us.

It was a slaughter. Hundreds died silently to the swords of those sworn to protect them. I could stand it no longer; I fled.

Deserter I may be, but I could not commit such atrocities. In every home I could not help but see your face, or those of our children, upon the victims as they died. If standing against that means being a traitor, then so be it.

I hope to find my way back to you in time, but the roads are unsafe. Give our children my love in my absence.

James

A Clue to Sanders' Treasure

By

Unknown

Good work, matey! Now ye need to head due east. East up the bluffs, east to the road. Look for the ol' chimney ruins near the side of the road. There you'll find an old barrel with your next clue.

A Collection of Poems

By

Uratok

My poems

by Uratok

old puddle...

a newt hops in

water's sound

the wind of Frostfire

I've cloak on my shoulder!

a gift from Erda

A Crumpled Missive

By

Vargus

Heliana,

I, Vargus, yet live, despite your wishes to the contrary. I despise traipsing about the countryside in this ridiculous armor.

Our latest orders have us heading towards Andorhal after grain or some such nonsense. Why should I care about the food stores in Andorhal, of all places? This entire notion of being in the army is ludicrous.

Rest assured, Aunt Heliana, that I will return for your inheritance; even if I become sorely wounded and am left without food, pure spite will drive me ever onward.

Vargus

A Dusty Unsent Letter

By

Stalvan Mistmantle

To the Honorable Headmaster Crillian,

My former Master, I write to you so that you might know what your apprentice has been doing of late. Paying heed to your advice, I sought to build my knowledge and wisdom through travel outside the gates of our beloved Stormwind. My journeys took me to many places but I have decided to take up residence here in the lovely town of Moonbrook. The surrounding fields of Westfall are most beautiful as the harvest approaches.

Within just a few days of my visit I found myself tutoring the local children from the nearby farmlands. The lessons went so well that the town mayor commissioned me to run a school and construction has begun on a brand new schoolhouse! From Silverpine to Stormwind and now Moonbrook—who would have guessed I would see so much of Azeroth!

Warm regards,

Stalvan Mistmantle

A History of the Veiled Stair

By

Unknown

Winding like a snake between the fertile lowlands of the Valley of Four Winds and the rolling steppes of Kun-Lai Summit, the Veiled Stair is truly a pandaren wonder.

It was hand-chiseled by pandaren slaves during the third mogu dynasty. To the best of our knowledge, this means the steps are over twelve thousand years old!

The grummles believe that it is very lucky for travellers to count the steps as they ascend. This may be true; but nobody has ever been able to agree on a definitive count.

How many do YOU see?

A Letter to Grelin Whitebeard

By

Magni Bronzebeard

Grelin,

My time is short and many matters press on my time, and I hope that your investigation of the trolls will not be one of them. Therefore I will allow you to use my authority in dealing with the trolls in whatever fashion you deem necessary, more so if you are able to find an expedient solution.

Magni Bronzebeard

A Letter to Kasim Sharim

By

Watcher Mahar Ba

Kasim,

He has returned.

- Watcher Mahar Ba

A Missive From Lorewalker Cho

By

Lorewalker Cho

\$p,

Your companions that survived the battle with the Sha of Doubt are now in the care of Binan Village, home to Pandaria's finest healers. It looks as though they shall recover their physical injuries.

The journey to Binan will take you up the Veiled Stair to the very doorstep of Kun-Lai Summit. I urge you to bring this missive to Mayor Bramblestaff in Binan Village. There, he can direct you to your companions.

I look forward to our paths crossing again.

-Lorewalker Cho

A Most Famous Bill of Sale

By

Unknown

On this site many generations ago stood Shen-zin's Sundries, a supplier well-liked by the local farmers. One day the first Pandaren explorer, Liu Lang, walked into the store with a most unusual shopping list, records of which have survived to this day:

One lantern

Three liters lamp oil

Four packages of dehydrated fruit

Two sacks of dried peas

Four haunches of salt pork

Twelve liters of fresh water

One basket of hardtack

One compass

One spyglass

Liu Lang announced his intention to explore the world. Shen-Zin, humoring his client, suggested that Liu Lang should also bring an umbrella. He generously offered one for free.

Beaming, a grateful Liu Lang told Shen-Zin, "I shall name my sea turtle after

you!” He happily carted away his supplies, whistling as he headed toward the beach, trailed by dozens of curious onlookers.

A Mysterious Message

By

Edwin VanCleaf

Blacknails—

The Sea awaits us. We need your supplies from the North. Strip everything: every railroad pike, every waterbucket. We need metal. A shipment is due from BB but long overdue. Come through for me, Blacknails. Send your supplies directly to the “barn” this time. No time to squander.

—Van

Cleaf

A Mysterious Note

By

Eriah

My Lord,

Preparations are nearly complete. As we speak, our bretheren scour the shadow markets of the Underbelly to acquire the final reagents for the ritual.

Everything will be ready for the appointed day.

Shadows light the way,

Eriah

A Note

By

Unknown

Don't give up, skeleton!

A Ragged Page

By

Torgal

Samla,

As we follow our Lord Arthas north, ever north, my heart grows heavy. While he once shined with the Light, I now sense a darkening of the young paladin's spirit. His zeal is shadowed by a brooding, over some nightmare in his soul that I cannot divine... We will soon make landfall in the frozen wastes. Although many of his men grow sick from the chill and from battles against putrid beasts, Arthas tells us that what he seeks in the ice will turn the tide of battle. But I took no comfort from his words, for after he said them... the grim smile planted on his curled lips chilled me deeper than any blizzard could.

Pray for us, Samla, and pray for our world,

Torgal

A Short Note

By

Daryn Lightwind

Curgle,

I have been eagerly awaiting your newest invention. I can't wait to begin using it to document my studies.

Please entrust it to my messenger.

With kindest regards,

Daryn Lightwind

A Slashed Bundle of Letters

By

Stalvan Mistmantle

To the Honorable Headmaster Crillian,

My former Master, I write to you so that you might know what your apprentice has been doing of late. Paying heed to your advice, I sought to build my knowledge and wisdom through travel outside the gates of our beloved Stormwind. My journeys took me to many places but I have decided to take up residence here in the lovely town of Moonbrook. The surrounding fields of Westfall are most beautiful as the harvest approaches.

Within just a few days of my visit I found myself tutoring the local children from the nearby farmlands. The lessons went so well that the town mayor commissioned me to run a school and construction has begun on a brand new schoolhouse! From Silverpine to Stormwind and now Moonbrook—who would have guessed I would see so much of Azeroth!

Warm regards,

Stalvan Mistmantle

Dear Noble Sir,

Word of your need for a tutor for your children has traveled to me here in Goldshire, where I take up temporary residence in the Lion's Pride Inn. Due to the unfortunate state of events in the region, I was forced to abandon my post as Headmaster of the Moonbrook Schoolhouse. Please accept my application to serve as tutor for your offspring. Headmaster Crillian of the

Academy can speak to you of my abilities if necessary.

I shall travel to meet you in person when the winter rains subside and the roads are suitable for travel once again.

Until then,

Stalvan Mistmantle of Silverpine

A Smudged Document

By

Christoph

Dear Pamela,

Tomorrow we make our stand in Andorhal, and I fear this will be my last letter to you, my love. The undead are unfatigued and we, I fear, are only human. We cannot hold against them. But fret not. For although we are sure to perish. Our hope stays strong. The Light will prevail!

And, my dearest, I take comfort knowing that, as those dark terrors storm our walls and crash over us, my last thoughts will not be of death. I will think of you in my arms, and I will know peace at last.

Christoph

A Steamy Romance Novel

By

Unknown

As Nahni glided up, the grizzled warrior gave her a hard stare. “I suppose you’re here to collect the reward for killing those murlocs?”

Her eyes wandered down to the glowing broadsword at his side. “That depends on what the reward is, Marcus.” She twirled her hair playfully, pretending not to notice how he shifted uncomfortably in her presence. “I may not want it.”

Marcus stepped toward her, bristling with a mixture of fear and anger. “The reward is not negotiable!” He paused for a moment while gathering his nerve, and pressed himself against her diminutive form. Their lips met hotly, melting her frost armor spell in a torrent of sweltering vapor.

“So, is there another step to this quest?” she teased, her eyes glittering with excitement.

<This goes on for several hundred more pages, without advancing the plot.>

A Steamy Romance Novel: Big Brass Bombs

By

Unknown

The tough little goblin walked purposefully into the engineering shop, raising her eyebrows at a few items as she approached the shopkeeper.

“How’s it going, Jack?” Her voice seductively brushed his pointy ears with the rough texture of someone who inhaled too much motorcycle exhaust.

The goblin called Jack looked up and grinned. “Revi! It’s going much better since you just arrived.” Jack set his arclight spanner on the table. “What can I do ya for?”

Holding her elbow in one hand, Revi tapped her chin lightly. “I’m not real sure. Ya got any specials?”

“Are you kidding? I’ve got the best deals anywhere!” Jack replied enthusiastically. “Just got these in this morning, in all sorts of colors. Small red rockets, got some in blue and green too.” Revi’s disappointed look was not missed by the expert shopkeeper, and he quickly upped the ante. There was a loud ‘thud’ as Jack dropped something on the table, “I call it The Big One,” he said. “It’s goblin only, very difficult to find.”

“Nice, very nice,” Revi said, sounding unconvinced. Her eyes wandered a bit.

“Okay, fine. I can see you’re a goblin of superb taste.” Jack looked around conspiratorially before carefully laying out a new item, buckling the table with an ominous creak. “It’s called...” Jack paused for dramatic effect, “The Bigger One!”

Revi's eyes widened in surprise. "Is that... is it... real?"

Feeling the advantage, Jack allowed himself to relax a bit. Putting his hands behind his head and leaning back in his chair, he replied with lazily narrowed eyes, "It's 100% goblin parts, baby. Natural resources."

After a moment of hesitation, Revi reached out and gingerly stroked the smooth yellow surface. "I'll take two!"

"Excellent! You know, if you like that, you might be interested in some hardened adamantite tubes. They can enhance the effect."

Revi nodded excitedly and looked behind Jack at something on the wall. "What is that?"

Jack looked over his shoulder. "Oh, those are for reviving dead people."

Revi was intrigued. "Can they be used on someone while they're still alive?"

Never wanting to miss a sale, Jack responded without missing a beat, "Oh sure! Tell you what. You get all this stuff, and I'll throw in a pair of mayhem projection goggles for half price!"

Revi pulled out a sack of coins that made Jack drool. "Why not? Motorcycle sales have been good this year."

As Jack quickly tallied the total, he asked, "This must be a serious raid or somethin'?"

Revi shrugged, "Nah, I got a blind date with a guy named Marcus tonight."

Jack nodded. "What about that guy from the motor club you was datin'?"

The leather-clad goblin scooped up her bag with one arm, and held up an outstretched hand. "He never put a ring on it. A girl's gotta have her priorities."

Jack smiled and shook his head as he watched her walk out of the shop.

<The remaining pages require a secret goblin decoder ring to read.>

A Steamy Romance Novel: Blue Moon

By

Unknown

Tail swooshing and hips swaying, the curvy figure walked purposefully across the lake toward the man resting by the shore; rising quickly as she approached, he appeared visibly happy to be in her presence. Blue arms flowed over his shoulders as a smooth tail coiled seductively around his waist. “Why must I travel so far to be meeting man like you?” Her voice carried a strong, alluring accent.

Grinning wildly, he gently pushed her away, openly staring as the light caught her features.

“Up here!”, she exclaimed in playful anger.

With a helpless shrug, he reached into his pack and pulled out a small pouch. “My wonderful Soola, I’ve brought you something.” Confidence wrapped his words like a steel blanket.

She plucked the tiny bag from his hands, excitedly pulling it open and revealing a citrine pendant.

“Oh... Marcus, you shouldn’t have.”

The usual teasing was gone from his voice, “Every facet lights the sky, and my heart, with your beautiful reflection.”

Soola frowned. “Uh... no. I meant you really shouldn’t have. I could craft something better by accident.”

For the first time, possibly ever, Marcus looked hurt. His shoulders slumped slightly, the cocky, ever-present grin missing from his handsome face.

Soola opened her mouth to speak, smiling warmly; a glowing rune appeared above her eyes. “I don’t think I can mend your feelings, even with my Gift.”

Despite the statement, her words seemed to do the trick. Marcus smirked roguishly as he adjusted his leg plates, “Well you aren’t the only gifted one.”

Silence penetrated the room with palpable force as the conversation shifted to the language shared by all races of Azeroth.

Minutes became hours, until their passionate dialog was interrupted by lightning streaking from the cloudless sky, thunderously slamming into the lake’s surface and bathing them in steam.

“Is something wrong?”, Marcus asked.

“No my Marcus, you’re just off to a great start...”

The remaining pages have been thoroughly destroyed by the elements.

A Steamy Romance Novel: Forbidden Love

By

Unknown

Ah'tusa crept silently through the massive underground tunnel, nervously looking over her shoulder in anticipation of the fast moving tram. "Where is he..." she muttered angrily, stopping suddenly as something moved behind her. Her eyes narrowed dangerously as her dagger slid from its sheath.

A husky voice echoed in the hollow chamber, "I thought rogues liked to be behind their target." She spun quickly, driving her blade into a shield of impenetrable force. "And I thought paladins were supposed to be chaste." she replied with a confident smirk.

Leaning forward, she counted out loud until the invisible bubble dissipated with an audible pop. "Twelve seconds? I know you have abilities that last longer than that."

Bony fingers worked effortlessly beneath his armor, unlatching his breastplate and exposing him to the cold air. "Don't worry my sweet Marcus, that's not a finishing move tonight... I'm just getting started." He wrapped his arms around what remained of her waist, forcing an excited giggle as he nibbled at her neck vertebrae.

<The rest of the book has several sections that are apparently worn out from repeated readings.>

A Steamy Romance Novel: Got Milk?

By

Unknown

“So there I was, surrounded by at least a hundred murlocs!” the heavily-mustached man proclaimed, gesturing in a wide arc.

The tawny tauren gasped in amazement. “What ever did you do?” Her voice had a brawny, muscular tone to it.

“The only thing I could do, my lovely.” Marcus patted the sword resting on his thigh. “I brought them to justice!”

“Oh! With just a dagger? You are so brave!” Tanda cautiously reached for the blade, but pulled her hand away at the last second.

Marcus bristled. “What? This is a two-handed sword, enchanted to the hilt. Perhaps not as big as you’ve seen, but I know a few tricks to really make it sing.”

Tanda smiled demurely, fluttering her enormous eyelashes. She picked up a piece of cheese and held it close to Marcus’s lips. “Try this, it’s homemade.”

The handsome paladin stammered, “N-no. I’m, um, lactose intolerant.”

Tanda placed the cheese back in the bowl. “Oh, are you sure? Does that mean you can’t tolerate me?” The buxom tauren stepped forward, pressing herself against Marcus. The substantial height difference placed his face squarely in her chest. Unable to see, he flailed in protest, finally finding purchase on her firm backside—his muffled apologetic sounds only made her giggle and

squeeze him more tightly.

Just as his other hand found her tail, the light dimmed as an imposing figure moved into the doorway. “What the...”

Tanda exclaimed, “Bax, no!”

Marcus pulled his head away and gasped for air, looking at the angry tauren with wide eyes. “It’s not what it looks like!”

Bax charged, ramming into Marcus while uttering his challenge, “You mess with the bull, you get the horns!”

Marcus reeled and caught himself, digging his heel into the dirt. Seizing a horn in each hand, he held the tauren’s head down, fighting against his tremendous strength. Bax forced his head up, grunting and spitting in anger, only to have it repeatedly pushed down. They locked eyes for a moment, and with a final heave of explosive force, Bax wrenched himself free.

The powerful tauren swung his arms out wide, as if to crush Marcus in a mighty hug. “Blades of Light!” proclaimed the paladin. A huge, pulsing sword thrust up from the ground between the two combatants, tearing through armor and clothing, searing the thick chest hair of Marcus and cutting a fine line into the tauren’s muscular chest.

Before they could move again, Tanda raised her hooved leg into the air and brought it down with warlike force. The man and bull wobbled, clearly stunned. “Stop it, both of you!”

Marcus regained his composure and looked at Tanda, and then to Bax. Fur was ruffled and the bare parts of their leathery skin glistened with sweat. As they all stared one another down, the ridiculously good-looking Marcus spoke. “Well, since we’re mostly undressed already...”

<The story goes on, but your good taste prevents you from reading it.>

A Steamy Romance Novel: Hot and Misty

By

Unknown

Marcus galloped on his warhorse towards the remote building, bringing an almost imperceptible flush to one of the curvier guards as he passed. He dismounted and handed his reins to the ever-present stablemaster, placing one hand on her shoulder before speaking. “Kama, have you considered our last conversation?” Marcus asked, furrowing his eyebrows in mock seriousness.

Kama rolled her eyes, her Pandaren markings exaggerating the movement. “I doubt my life-mate would think much of it.”

Marcus let out a bellowing laugh, looking over his shoulder as he walked away, “I’d still like to meet her one day!”

The Tavern in the Mists was unusually crowded, and he pushed his way through the crowd until he stood in the shadows of a dark corner. An exotic voice purred his name, “Marcus, it is good to see you again.”

Marcus smiled and squinted as his eyes adjusted to the absence of light. “Madam Goya, the pleasure is all mine.”

She dipped in a polite bow; Marcus felt a sudden warmth as he was reminded why the term bouncy was often used to describe the Pandaren. He bowed in kind, catching Madam Goya’s hand and kissing it gently, never shifting his gaze from the hulking bodyguard standing behind her, a single scar between his watchful eyes.

“So, Marcus, can I interest you in something... special? I’m afraid the usual

cannot be offered today.” Marcus did not miss her emphasis on ‘the usual’, nor the deep regret that laced her words. Their eyes met once again and she squeezed his hand before letting go.

“If that is your will, may I see what you have to offer?” Marcus asked.

“There are several magnificent pieces of armor, a tiny companion, and even an exotic mount,” Madam Goya answered, her typical playfulness quickly returning. She paused and held a hand to her chin, feigning thoughtfulness. “But my most valuable treasures are located upstairs.”

Marcus’s eyebrows lifted comically and his eyes widened before his expression settled into gleeful acceptance. “Until we meet again, then.” Her eyes fluttered and Marcus found himself walking up the stairs of the strange tavern.

Waiting in the room at the top were two beings of such beauty that he nearly stumbled on the final step. One had long flowing hair the color of the Sunwell itself, and the other kept her ebon hair cropped short. After several long moments of wordless, lust-filled glances, a realization struck him: he was looking into the face of the enemy! He unsheathed his mighty sword, bathing the blood elves in its pulsating glow.

The elf with radiant hair spoke first, “Goodness, it looks like someone is ready for battle.” She placed her hand on the tip of his sword, lowering it with gentle pressure as she crossed in front of him, always keeping her head cocked in his direction. “Do you believe in love at first sight? Or should I walk by again...?”

Marcus leaned in close, carelessly pressing the hardened steel against her. He whispered something quietly in her ear and pulled away, eagerly searching her face for a reaction.

“No. No. I won’t do that... but my sister will!” the blonde giggled. The dark-haired one silently raised a single eyebrow, nodding and shrugging her delicate shoulders at the same time. With a subtle gesture, her body glowed with an intense inner fire, burning away what little clothing she wore. As Marcus’s muscular arms wrapped around her, she whispered something to

him. A symbol, unseen by Marcus, momentarily appeared above his head and surrounded him in a white glow.

“That... that feels amazing. What did you do?” he asked.

“Fortitude, my lord. You will need it.” It was then that he noticed she was literally levitating off the ground, weightless in his arms. His mind began to spin as countless scenarios played out in his head. His strong hands began to...

<The remaining pages are shrouded in mist.>

A Steamy Romance Novel: Nightborne of the Living Dead

By

Unknown

She accepted the chalice of wine with a bat of her long lashes. “I really shouldn’t, Lord Gravesbane. My mother would never approve.”

“Nonsense, my dear Elonia,” the nobleman answered. “You are ten-thousand years old. I’m sure your mother would forgive you for indulging just this once.”

She giggled. “It’s not the wine, my lord. Rather, it’s the notion of a nightborne spending her evening in the company of someone so...”

“Charming?” he offered. “I was going to say decrepit.”

“My morals are not quite that far gone, I assure you,” he replied, his good eye drifting up and down the length of her flowing gown. “I’m sure your mother would find me most endearing.”

“Oh would I?” asked a sharp voice. Crispin Gravesbane turned to see another nightborne framed within the doorway. Though her attire was less inviting than her daughter’s, her face and body were a mirror of Elonia’s own.

He approached and bowed, hastily kicking aside the kneecap that clattered to the floor. “I am Lord Crispin Gravesbane, at your service. Do I have the honor of meeting Lady Marina?”

“You do,” she answered coldly, casting a harsh glance toward Elonia.

“I fear you are toying with me, good lady,” he smiled, careful to hold his jaw in place. “Surely you must be Elonia’s sister, not her mother.”

A faint blush flashed across Lady Marina’s cheeks. “You flatter me, my lord.” Her voice softened. “It has been centuries since anyone has mistaken us for siblings.”

“Nonsense!” he insisted, taking her hand and guiding her toward the couch. He sat down between the two indigo-skinned elves. “Perhaps after we share a bit of wine, we’ll find out what else you and your daughter have in common.”

“Oh, Lord Gravesbane!” Marina swooned. She took Elonia’s hand, sharing a furtive smile with her daughter. “Perhaps it’s time we introduced you to the true secrets of the shal’dorei.”

<Subsequent pages seem to have been scribbled over in nightborne profanities.>

A Steamy Romance Novel: Northern Exposure

By

Unknown

The tiny gnome peered over the railing into the secluded Dalaran courtyard.

“The view from the balcony is amazing. You have to come see!”

Armor legplates creaked as Marcus walked over, taking in a deep breath as he absently scratched his scruffy chin.

“The Hero’s Welcome is no slouch. And there’s something in the room that might interest you.”

Tavi bounded into the room, pausing only a moment before jumping onto the massive bed. She turned to gaze at Marcus with her huge saucer-like eyes, narrowing them playfully and replacing her glowing smile with a diabolical grin.

“Interested in some more company?” she purred as her hands weaved through a complex summoning ritual, stopping only when she felt the warmth of a new presence behind her.

All color drained from Marcus’s face as he struggled to protest. “I... I don’t think that’s appropriate.”

Confused, Tavi turned to see what was wrong. A hideous fel hound stood ready, drooling onto the floor as it stared intently at the half-armored paladin.

“No! No that’s not what I meant.” she stammered as she dispelled the hungry

demon. “I’m sorry, that’s not really my specialization....”

Marcus took both her hands in one of his as he reassured her, “It’s fine. What is your specialization?” Her head snapped up, eyes burning with renewed life as shadowy energy channeled through her hands into Marcus, dropping him to his knees in agony.

“Affliction, actually.”

Gritting his teeth, Marcus gestured as light flashed over him, restoring his strength.

Tavi stared anxiously as he rose to his full height, engulfing her in his shadow. He thrust his hand forward, sending a wave of righteous force through her. Eyes rolled back as she wavered for several seconds before regaining consciousness.

“I’ve recently taken the path of... retribution.”

The mischievous smirk returned to her face, “Well then, this is going to be fun.”

<The remaining pages have a level 999 requirement to read.>

A Steamy Romance Novel: of Elven Bondage

By

Unknown

The weight of his fist crashed into the side of the ogre's face with a meaty thunk. The bulbous goon teetered for a moment like a marionette cut loose from its strings before falling into a heap atop his unconcious sibling. The Dreктоoth brothers may have been feared throughout the land, but the courage of Sir Crispin Greymane had won the day once again.

The brave hero had no time to pause and admire his handiwork... not when Lady Moonshade remained shackled to the wall. Greymane strode to her side, each step as graceful as a ram of Dun Morogh. "You are unhurt, my lady? I trust these brutes did not cause you harm."

She breathed a relieved sigh as he broke away the bonds that held wrists and ankles. "Your swift arrival saw to that, noble champion," she answered. The night elf's glowing eyes beamed upon him like stars on a cloudless night. "The greatest suffering was enduring the ogres' lecherous glances. My leather armor was damaged during my capture, and several pieces seem to have fallen away." She made a halfhearted attempt to cover the bareness of her taut midriff.

"Of course a knight performing his duty would not notice such a quandry," he assured her, taking her hand and lightly massaging her bruised wrist as she rose to her feet.

Standing her full height, Lady Moonshade was at least three heads taller than her savior, if not more. She puzzled at him a moment. "Forgive me, good sir,

but I cannot discern if you are the shortest human I have ever met, or the tallest dwarf.”

His white teeth flashed through the thickness of his beard like snowcaps on a mountain ridge. “I like to think I’m the best of both, good lady.” He gestured toward the doorway. “A spacious carriage awaits to convey you back home. I assure you, my driver will not disturb us as I personally see to your recovery. I will do my best to ensure the ride is to your liking.”

A playful smile danced about her lips. “I hope I can rely upon your driver’s discretion. I fear the rest of my fragile armor might fall away at any moment.”

The ruggedly handsome knight bowed and flashed a confident wink. “Why my dear, I’m positively counting on it!”

“Oh, Sir Greymane!” she swooned, falling into his arms. He guided her toward the waiting coach, stepping over the unconscious ogres on the floor.

<The story continues for many more chapters, laden with vehicle metaphors.>

A Steamy Romance Novel: Savage Passions

By

Unknown

A trail of dust followed the once-white stallion as he galloped through the garrison gates, stopping abruptly at the stables. Raven, the stable master, rushed to the weary mount and rider.

“Lord Marcus, let me help.” Raven’s strong, tanned arm took the rider’s hand in his own, pulling him off in a quick, smooth motion. He did not immediately let go, staring in disbelief at the paladin’s heavily stained armor.

Seeing concern on the man’s face, Marcus clasped his shoulder and smiled warmly. “Fear not old friend, only a little of it is my own.”

Raven hugged him fiercely. “That is good to hear!”

“Yes, yes. I’m fine! The journey was long, and often hard, but I have returned victorious!” Marcus exclaimed as he pulled a bulging sack from beneath his armor, placing it gingerly in Raven’s rough, steady hands.

The inquisitive stable master cupped the bag, squeezing gently to discern the contents without unwrapping the package.

“Don’t be coy, you know what’s in there. But I have something even better for you.” Marcus said with a knowing smile.

Raven closed his eyes. He held out his hands and spoke calmly, “Give it to me, please.”

His arms flexed slightly as he felt something heavy, strangely warm, and smooth along its length. “Oh, this is, hmm... familiar... okay, yes, I know that part... an enchanted sword!” Raven released the glowing weapon from one hand, letting it swing in front of him.

Marcus looked down and raised his eyebrows. “I’m glad you like it. Certainly not the first you’ve held?”

“Never one like this.” Raven replied with a wink. “We need to work on that grip, it’s too tight. Perhaps you have time for some practice?” Marcus asked, peering into Raven’s dark brown eyes.

Raven grinned. “I’ll go tie up your horse...”

<The remaining pages are not yet written. It appears to be a work in progress.>

A Steamy Romance Novel: Waves of Desire

By

Unknown

Lord Gravesbane stared out through the porthole, watching the waves rise and fall in time with the aching that tormented him inside. How long had she kept him waiting here in the cabin of his luxury schooner? He felt the keen edge of his desire growing more insistent, spurring his impatience.

At last the cabin door swung open. She paused in the doorway, torchlight playing about the hem of her low-cut silken gown as the shadows danced upon her pale sin'dorei skin. "Am I late, my lord?" she asked, chewing on the fullness of her lower lip.

He found himself speechless as his jaw dropped to the floor. He knelt to pick it up, rising as he snapped it back in place.

"Some things are worth waiting for, Lady Sunskin." He held out his hand, beckoning her closer.

For a moment, a look of uncertainty crossed the highborne's brow. her shallow breaths hung heavy with hesitation and longing. She brushed her fingertips across the cold, pallid skin of his cheek. "I hope your desiccation doesn't hinder your enthusiasm, Lord Gravesbane."

He took her hand and kissed it with his one good lip. "Fear not, darling. My jaw isn't what it used to be, but my tongue remains as limber as ever."

"Oh, Lord Gravesbane!" she swooned, falling into his arms. He relished the warmth of her skin as he guided her toward the leather harness hanging over

his bed.

<The story continues for many more chapters, laden with “porthole” puns.>

A Torn Journal

By

Stalvan Mistmantle

...Giles, the boy, seems a bit rambunctious and will be a challenge to educate. However the elder daughter, Tilloa, seems exceptionally smart. I couldn't help but to notice her captivating beauty as well. She is on the cusp of womanhood now. Supposedly the Lord has arranged her marriage for next year. But I digress. This week I will accompany the family to their summer cottage near the Eastvale Logging Camp in Elwynn, close to the Red Ridge Mountains. I hope to write more while there.

...most strange and uncontrollable feeling. Never have I felt the way I did today. Whilst assisting Giles with his history lesson, Tilloa was outside tending to the flower garden. After a few minutes she came inside and placed a scarlet begonia in my open palm and smiled at me in such a way that my heart felt as though it was trembling within my chest....

A Treatise On Military Ranks

By

Unknown

A TREATISE ON MILITARY RANKS

What follows are the military ranks of the Alliance,

proceeded by such information as is known for the races of the Horde. Each is presented in two sections, the officers and then the enlisted, with the ranks of each listed in descending order from highest to lowest. Long live the Alliance!

OFFICER RANKS OF THE ALLIANCE Part 1

Grand Marshal

Field Marshal

Marshal

Commander

Lieutenant Commander

OFFICER RANKS OF THE ALLIANCE Part 2

Knight-Champion

Knight-Captain

Knight-Lieutenant

Knight

ENLISTED RANKS OF THE ALLIANCE

Sergeant Major

Master Sergeant

Sergeant

Corporal

Private

OFFICER RANKS OF THE HORDE Part 1

High Warlord

Warlord

General

Lieutenant General

Champion

OFFICER RANKS OF THE HORDE Part 2

Centurion

Legionnaire

Blood Guard

Stone Guard

ENLISTED RANKS OF THE HORDE

First Sergeant

Senior Sergeant

Sergeant

Grunt

Scout

A Zombie's Guide to Proper Nutrition

By

Unknown

Brrrraaaaaiins. Braaaaaaaaaaaaaaiiiiiinnnnnnnnns.

BRRRRAAAIIIIIIINNNS!!!<This goes on for forty more pages.>

Absolon's Letter

By

Absolon

Dearest Noressa,

I write to tell you that I am still alive. The kindness of the very stranger before you spared me an exile's fate. Treat them well.

Regarding our daughter... forgive me, I could not find her. All evidence suggests she succumbed to life outside the Shield. Words cannot express my grief.

I cannot tell you where I am, nor can I return to you. This is a difficult, trying time for our people but I must stress to you: there IS still hope. I cannot risk exposing my saviors, but help is coming. Just hold on.

Love,

Absolon

Account of the Raising of a Frost Wym

By

Unknown

Account of the Raising of a Frost Wym

The hulking bones were nearly swallowed by the snow, but there was no mistaking the grim claw that jutted upward, twisted in solemn agony. The necromancers assembled without a word, forming a ring around the dragon's corpse. They stood still for a moment as the wind encircled them with gusts of snow. Then the ritual began.

Spokes of unholy light emanated from the center of the frozen bones, cracking through the snow and ice until at last the immense remains were fully exposed. With a gesture from Grand Necrolord Antiok, the bones shuddered and lurched above the ground, rotating slowly into place.

The necromancers' incantations swelled as they began forcing sentience into the creature's remains. Violent contortions racked the body as the wym's conscience fought against its corrupt reanimation. A thin shriek pierced the air and the beast was subdued. An icy glow ignited within its gaping ribs, spreading along its limbs and lending an eerie cognizance to the sockets of its eyes.

The Grand Necrlord came forward, and spoke. "The Lich King has seen fit to raise you to serve the Scourge. You will be our loftiest instrument of death, raining torment upon the villages of our enemies, feasting upon the living, and bearing our finest death knights."

The frost wym regarded them and dipped its head slightly in accord. The

conversion was complete. Rearing back, it flared its wings like a fan of knives across the sky.

Adherent Note

By

Unknown

Our search for the chamber rumored to be in this area has been a short one. One of the Bloodmane mongrels had already found it and has been pilfering artifacts from the chamber for weeks!

We found his den at the base of the mountain, he seems to have been making the trek to the chamber up the hill almost daily.

The crystals seem to have... altered him in some way. He is more calm than the other saberon. He speaks, though crudely, and has even given himself a new name: Leorajh.

Surely the beast cannot possibly comprehend the true power of the artifacts! I will continue to study its effects on him as I awaken the guardians within the chamber.

Then, I expect, we will dispose of him.

- Sol-Shaper Valarik

Admiral Barean Westwind

By

Unknown

Admiral Barean Westwind

Grand Admiral of the Scarlet Fleet

Citizen of Kul'Tiras

Lost off the Frozen Coast of Northrend

Admiral Proudmoore's Orders

By

Grand Admiral Daelin Proudmoore

Official Orders For The Kul Tiras Fleet

I, Admiral Proudmoore, shall lead the first landing upon the shores of Kalimdor.

Lieutenant Benedict will be second in command in my absence. All domestic Kul Tiras military matters will be handled by him. If I do not send word from Tiragarde Keep within 12 months time, Lieutenant Benedict will lead the second wave to hold the location.

Meanwhile, I am sending Lieutenant Alverold on an exploratory mission around the continent of Kalimdor. His forces are to complete their mission and then join our forces at Tiragarde Keep.

It is anticipated that Lieutenant Alverold's mission will last quite some time. The new land seems vast and dangerous. But should any misfortune befall myself or Benedict, Alverold's troops will retake the Keep.

We will send wave after wave until that stronghold is ours!

—Admiral Proudmoore

Admiral Taylor

By

Unknown

In honor of Admiral Taylor

Admiral Taylor was a true hero of the Alliance. His numerous accomplishments on the battlefield serving his people will not be forgotten.

He bravely set out to establish a garrison stronghold among these spires to further the Draenor campaign, but was cut down by his own men before his time.

May he rest in peace.

Admiral Taylor's Garrison Log

By

Admiral Taylor

Day 0

Arrived on the coast with most of our gear intact. Finn assures me this is an ideal location. Edward and Claudia constantly bickering since that last arakkoa attack. Ephial is obsessing over "ley lines" (whatever they are.) Can't even agree on the date since we went through the portal - feels like autumn? I'm calling this day 0.

Day 2

About a dozen lumberjacks have disappeared. The one who made it back had a wasp stinger in his gut the length of my arm. Dumberlin and Ephial offered to go out with a war party and clear out the place. I dispatched them with a couple followers. We desperately need the lumber.

Day 4

Visit from Vindicator Maraad. He's pleased with our progress. Suggested that we send laborers to a draenei town called "Elodor" to acquire food. I turned him down - no way I'm sending my best people halfway across the world for some food. I've made other arrangements. That friendly Pandaren, Madam Goya, has offered cartloads of food at reasonable prices. Seems on the up-and-up.

Day 7

Iron Horde attack! Thank the light we've got our walls up. Dumberlin was an absolute beast during the attack. Lots of good men were lost, though, many

with wounds on their backs. Ephial missing for hours after the attack. Something about this stinks. Gave the laborers the day off to bury the dead. Work will resume tomorrow. Barracks nearly complete. Almost have enough resources for an armory.

Day 12

Sir Edward arrived in the town hall today with the Black Prince Wrathion in tow. Hard to tell who was the captive and who was the captor. Wrathion seeks asylum in my garrison, claims he did something to cheese off the ogres. Edward barked that Wrathion is a fugitive from the Alliance. Lady Claudia and her troops fanned out with guns drawn. Tense situation. Told Wrathion he was welcome as our “guest,” provided he stayed under house arrest and full-time guard. Messages dispatched to the King. Black Dragon now ensconced in my garrison - what could go wrong?

Day 15

Barracks complete. Armory in progress. Huge shipment of resources arrived this morning - a “gift” from Wrathion to build us an inn. How does he do that? Went to speak with Wrathion and he told me to keep an eye on Ephial. I don’t trust either of them.

Day 16

Took some of guards aside and offered them substantial hazard pay to maintain a 24-hour watch on Wrathion. They lowered their eyes and admitted that Wrathion was already paying them to keep an eye on ME. That son of a...

Day 21

Got a letter from Gurgthock inviting us to participate in the Ring of Blood. Potential to really show what the Alliance is capable of. Will shift the prize money to Goya. Set out with Edward and Claudia to “Win one for the Wrynn.” Left Dunberlin in charge of security.

Day 25

Victorious! Edward can take a hell of a beating in the arena.

Day 27

Made it back. Chaos at the garrison. Goya's supplies never arrived. Dunberlin thought martial law was a good idea. He's taking orders from Ephial now. Wrathion nowhere to be found. Took some of my best followers with him. Time to roll up our sleeves and fix this.

Adventuring Journal

By

Unknown

Now that I found a S.E.L.F.I.E. camera I'm going to chronicle what I find in Tanaan behind the Iron Horde lines. I had to use a dozen potions and a few engineering tools but I finally managed to sneak past all the patrols and ships along the coast to make it in to the thick of Tanaan. The wilds are dangerous and even the Iron Horde seems content to leave them alone. I think I've found a place where the Ravagers just keep coming - I'm going to stay here for a while and stockpile hides before hearthing back to Ashran.

<The writing becomes increasingly frantic as the page goes on.> Huge mistake - remembered my S.E.L.F.I.E. camera, somehow didn't bring my hearthstone.

Ravagers keep coming

Backpack full

Tell my story

Aegwynn and the Dragon Hunt

By

Unknown

As the politics and rivalries of the seven human nations waxed and waned, the line of Guardians kept its constant vigil against chaos. There were many Guardians over the years, but only one ever held the magical powers of Tirisfal at any given time. One of the last Guardians of the age distinguished herself as a mighty warrior against the shadow.

Aegwynn, a fiery human girl, won the approbation of the Order and was given the mantle of Guardianship. Aegwynn vigorously worked to hunt down and eradicate demons wherever she found them, but she often questioned the authority of the male-dominated Council of Tirisfal.

She believed that the ancient elves and the elderly men who presided over the council were too rigid in their thinking and not farsighted enough to put a decisive end to the conflict against chaos. Impatient with lengthy discussion and debate, she yearned to prove herself worthy to her peers and superiors, and as a result frequently chose valor over wisdom in crucial situations.

As her mastery over the cosmic power of Tirisfal grew, Aegwynn became aware of a number of powerful demons that stalked the icy northern continent of Northrend. Traveling to the distant north, Aegwynn tracked the demons into the mountains. There, she found that the demons were hunting one of the last surviving dragonflights and draining the ancient creatures of their innate magic.

The mighty dragons, who had fled from the ever-advancing march of mortal societies, found themselves too evenly matched against the dark magics of the Legion. Aegwynn confronted the demons, and with help from the noble dragons, eradicated them. Yet, as the last demon was banished from the

mortal world, a great storm erupted throughout the north.

An enormous dark visage appeared in the sky above Northrend. Sargeras, the demon king and lord of the Burning Legion, appeared before Aegwynn and bristled with hellish energy. He informed the young Guardian that the time of Tirisfal was about to come to an end and that the world would soon bow before the onslaught of the Legion.

The proud Aegwynn, believing herself to be a match for the menacing god, unleashed her powers against Sargeras' avatar. With disconcerting ease, Aegwynn battered the demonlord with her powers and succeeded in killing his physical shell. Fearing that Sargeras' spirit would linger on, Aegwynn locked the ruined husk of his body within one of the ancient halls of Kalimdor that had been blasted to the bottom of the sea when the Well of Eternity collapsed.

Aegwynn would never know that she had done exactly as Sargeras had planned. She had inadvertently sealed the fate of the mortal world, for Sargeras, at the time of his corporeal death, had transferred his spirit into Aegwynn's weakened body. Unbeknownst to the young Guardian, Sargeras would remain cloaked within the darkest recesses of her soul for many long years.

Aftermath of the Second War

By

Unknown

The devastating Second War against the orcish horde left the Alliance of Lordaeron in a state of shock and disarray. The bloodthirsty orcs, led by the mighty warchief, Orgrim Doomhammer, not only smashed their way through the dwarf-held lands of Khaz Modan, but had razed many of Lordaeron's central provinces as well. The unrelenting orcs even succeeded in ravaging the elves' remote kingdom of Quel'Thalas before their rampage was finally stopped.

The Alliance armies led by Sir Anduin Lothar, Uther the Lightbringer, and Admiral Daelin Proudmoore pushed the orcs south into the shattered land of Azeroth - the first kingdom to fall before the orcs' ruthless onslaught.

The Alliance forces under Sir Lothar managed to push Doomhammer's clans out of Lordaeron and back into the orc-controlled lands of Azeroth. Lothar's forces surrounded the orcs' volcanic citadel of Blackrock Spire and laid siege to their defenses.

In a last-ditch effort, Doomhammer and his lieutenants staged a daring charge from the Spire and clashed with Lothar's paladins in the center of the Burning Steppes. Doomhammer and Lothar squared off in a titanic battle that left both mighty combatants battered and drained. Though Doomhammer narrowly succeeded in vanquishing Lothar, the great hero's death did not have the effect the warchief had hoped for.

Turalyon, Lothar's most trusted lieutenant, took up Lothar's bloodstained shield and rallied his grief-stricken brethren for a vicious counterattack. Under the ragged standards of both Lordaeron and Azeroth, Turalyon's troops slaughtered the bulk of Doomhammer's remaining forces in a glorious,

but terrible rout.

There was nothing left for the ragged, scattered orc survivors but to flee to the last standing bastion of orcish power - the dark portal.

Turalyon and his warriors chased the remaining orcs through the festering Swamp of Sorrows and into the corrupted Blasted Lands where the dark portal stood. There, at the foot of the colossal portal, the broken horde and the rugged Alliance clashed in what would be the last, bloodiest battle of the Second War.

Outnumbered and driven mad by the curse of their bloodlust, the orcs inevitably fell before the wrath of the Alliance. Doomhammer was taken prisoner and escorted to Lordaeron while his broken clans were rounded up and hauled north - back to Lordaeron.

Age of a Hundred Kings

By

Unknown

Long after the age of the Titans, when the mogu had turned to flesh and fallen on one another, the land was in chaos. Mogu warlords fought for territory and power. It was the Age of a Hundred Kings.

This was the era of Lei Shen. Young and proud, he saw the ruined works of his forefathers scattered across the war-torn landscape. He lived with a profound sense that his people were not living up to their purpose or potential. The titans no longer spoke. Lei Shen took it upon himself to speak for them.

Agents of Order

By

Unknown

Mogu legends tell of an age of golden light, when order was brought to a chaotic world. It is said the mogu walked among the titans with skins of earth. Their numbers were legion, and their only will was the will of their masters.

According to the stories of this age, mogu hands carved the very mountains and valleys of Pandaria herself. Every river, every lake, every mountaintop was sculpted according to a divine plan.

The mogu called their titan master “The Storm.” He was their keeper. They were an extension of his will: agents of order, obedient and mighty, forging a new world.

Airbase in a Box Brochure

By

Unknown

Congratulations on your purchase of the patented Bilgewater Airbase-in-a-Box!(TM)

Your new airbase is guaranteed to function for up to ten years of “pimpin’ and blimpin’.” Simply deploy it on any flat, stable surface.

The horizon is yours, friend: reach out with both hands, clutch its cloudy blue bosom, and bite bite BITE the sky.

WARNING: AIRBASE-IN-A-BOX IS NOT UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES TO BE DEPLOYED ON A MOUNTAIN PEAK.

Airwyn's Journal

By

Airwyn Bantamflax

Fascinating! It's some sort of piece of an old god! This is exactly why I was sent here! Our assumptions were right!

Celebratory beers are called for.

Starting to feel woozy. Something is not right. Perhaps it's the beer?
Investigating.

It wasn't the beer, it was the artifact. I should have known it. I'm sending the artifact up to Ironforge for further analysis.

That Garley Lightrider from the Reliquary has been eying me lately... I think she suspects something. I am hiding this journal where she has no chance of finding it.

Now, back to the beer.

Albreck's Findings

By

Apothecary Albreck

Greetings, learned Antonivich: I hope this letter finds you in Thrallmar, productive in your studies. My trappings here in Spinebreaker are adequate for my own experiments, though at times I do wish to be back in the Undercity with a full range of implements and servants to aid me... Ah, the laments of a corpse.

Pleasantries aside, I have some interesting news—the blood that <name> gathered from the fel orcs shows a concentration of demonic taints. It is almost identical to the taint of the original fel orcs of Azeroth... the taint of Mannoroth.

It is impossible for Mannoroth's influence to reach across to Outland—the beast has been dead for years—but I fear another Pit Lord may be at play here. A Pit Lord of Mannoroth's power... one able to corrupt the indigenous orcs.

I will continue my studies of Bleeding Hollow Blood, but I urge you to pursue the trail. And, I fear, that trail may lead deep into Hellfire Citadel.

Scholarly Yours,

Apothecary Albreck

Alicia's Poem

By

Alicia

Do not stand at my grave and weep,

I am not there, I do not sleep.

I am in a thousand winds that blow,

across Northrend's bright and shining snow.

I am the gentle showers of rain,

on Westfall's fields of golden grain.

I am in the morning hush,

of Stranglethorn's jungle, green and lush.

I am in the drums loud and grand,

the thunderous hooves across Nagrand.

I am the stars warmly gleaming,

over Darnassus softly dreaming.

I am in the birds that sing,

I am in each lovely thing.

Do not stand at my grave and cry,

I am not there. I do not die.

Alliance Missive

By

Admiral Taylor

Whatever you're up to, <name>, make an end of it.

The Horde and their savage monkeys are preparing to attack.

They outnumber our forces considerably and must not be allowed the time to train their forces.

Put an end to whatever distractions you're engaged in and return to Pearlfins Village at once.

- Admiral Taylor

Alliance Orders

By

Unknown

By order of King Wrynn, this land is to be scoured in all haste until the White Pawn is found and returned to safety.

No expense is to be spared in this effort, including - if necessary - the blood of any subjects who find themselves serving in this foreign land.

The families of any such heroes lost in this noble endeavor will be well cared for, and the one who secures the asset may name his reward.

Always Remember

By

Unknown

Even by mogu standards, Emperor Lao-Fe was a monster among beasts. His favored punishment among pandaren slaves was to separate families. Slaves who displeased him would have their children sent to the Serpent's Spine, to suffer and die as fodder for the mantid swarms.

This was the fate that befell a young pandaren monk named Kang. Kang was so grief-stricken over the loss of his cub that he chose to wear all black. In a moment of clarity, he saw the mogu overlords for what they were: weak. They possessed dark magics and horrific weapons, but their empire was completely reliant on slave labor.

The servant races were not permitted to carry weapons during the reign of the mogu, so Kang determined that the pandaren themselves would become the weapons. So it came to pass that pandaren monks began their training in the martial arts, and Kang became known as the Fist of First Dawn.

History does not report if Kang and his son ever met again, but it was this father's love that sparked the rebellion that would change the face of Pandaria forever.

Amber

By

Unknown

Amber is the cornerstone of mantid society. They use this material in their architecture, their art, and their technology. Masters of sound, the mantid long ago found a way to use amber to extend the range of their acoustic casting. In this way they are able to communicate over vast distances. No army has successfully marched on mantid lands undetected, and even lone travellers are urged caution as their movements are no doubt being watched the moment they venture beyond the wall. The Empress and her council of Klaxxi safeguard the great trees of Townlong Steppes - the “kypari” they are called - as the only source of their precious amber. Legend has it that the kypari once flourished east of the wall, but the mogu cut them all down in their never-ending war against the mantid swarm.

An Exotic Cookbook

By

Unknown

1. Get one or eight man
2. Hit man hard
3. Hit man more
4. Put man in fire
5. Eat man

An Undelivered Letter

By

Stalvan Mistmantle

Dear Noble Sir,

Word of your need for a tutor for your children has traveled to me here in Goldshire, where I take up temporary residence in the Lion's Pride Inn. Due to the unfortunate state of events in the region, I was forced to abandon my post as Headmaster of the Moonbrook Schoolhouse. Please accept my application to serve as tutor for your offspring. Headmaster Crillian of the Academy can speak to you of my abilities if necessary.

I shall travel to meet you in person when the winter rains subside and the roads are suitable for travel once again.

Until then,

Stalvan Mistmantle of Silverpine

An Unopened Tome of Advice

By

Unknown

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Chapter 1 - The Dead and You

Chapter 2 - Maintaining a Ghoulish Figure: Seven Easy Exercises

Chapter 3 - Keeping the Chill Out: Choosing a Coordinated Coffin

Chapter 4 - Graveyard Guarantees: Fifty Sure Signs of Love

<The tome is in pristine condition and appears to be completely unread>

Ancient Dragonforged Blades

By

Unknown

Rare indeed are the ‘prismatic’ blades forged by the combined will of the five dragonflights. Among the greatest of these blades were the sister swords of Quel’Serrar and Quel’Delar.

In her wisdom, the dragon queen Alexstrasza gifted one of the blades to each of the elven peoples of Azeroth. Quel’Serrar was to be borne by a valiant kaldorei warrior, while Quel’Delar was entrusted to a quel’dorei champion.

Each blade transformed in the hands of its wielder, molding its magic to its master’s strengths...

Ancient Highborne Tome

By

Unknown

THE DEFIANCE OF FARONDIS

Queen Azshara's pact with the demon lord Sargeras went mostly uncontested by her subjects. One of the few that dared to defy her was Prince Farondis.

As one of the queen's trusted advisors, Farondis was in regular contact with the Highborne of Zin-Azshari, but his palace in Azsuna was several leagues away from the elven capital. As such, he was able to witness Sargeras' influence on the Highborne court without falling sway to the demons' temptation.

THE WRATH OF THE QUEEN

Farondis' plan was bold, but simple: destroy the Well of Eternity in Zin-Azshari. Doing so would close the portal to Sargeras' realm and stem the tide of evil before it even started. In order to accomplish this task, he would use the power of an artifact stored deep within Nar'thalas Academy: The Tidestone of Golganneth.

Unfortunately, the queen's influence in Farondis' palace was already deep-seated. Vandros, a young noble in Farondis' court, caught word of Farondis' plans to defy the Queen, and reported the insurrection to Queen Azshara herself.

THE FATE OF AZSUNA

Azshara wasted no time in punishing Farondis and his people. In a frightening display of arcane power, she destroyed the Tidestone of

Golganneth, and in doing so, released a wave of dark energy over all of Azsuna and its inhabitants.

Since that day, the elves of Azsuna have been unable to experience the release of death. Their spirits - our spirits - wander the land indefinitely... all because of our prince's unwise allegiances.

Ancient Korune Tablet

By

Unknown

In the one-hundred-and-seventieth year of the Thunder King's reign, the Korune spellweavers came to Lei Shen with their greatest creation. A bell cast from the makers' flesh, shaped by stars' fire, and bound by the breath of darkest shadow. This bell, when rung, could shake the world and call to the heavens.

Taken to war, the bell's cacophonous tones stirred the hearts of Lei Shen's warriors. It fueled their hatred and anger, lending them strength on the field of battle. The bell's screaming voice struck fear and doubt into the hearts of the Emperor's enemies, sending them fleeing in his path.

Awed by its power, the Thunder King described the instrument as "the voice of the gods," and named it Shenqing, the Divine Bell.

Ancient Neltharion Tablets

By

Izgarogg

Know that I, Izgarogg, last of the scales, has transcribed this knowledge as dictated by my lord, Neltharion, Earth Warder of Azeroth.

This tablet marks our fiftieth attempt at merging the elements into a binding ore. My lord believes this shall be the ultimate tool in his rise to power, but we may be many many years, if not ages, away from discovering a stable solution.

Below is the recipe of our search to remove impurities. It has proven powerful but will need additional refinement.

Ancient Tablet

By

Unknown

The Mallet of Zul'Farrak

To create the Mallet of Zul'Farrak, one must first travel to the Altar of Zul and obtain the sacred mallet from a troll Keeper.

Next, one must bring the sacred mallet to the altar atop of the troll city of Jintha'alor.

Using the sacred mallet at the altar will infuse it with power, and transform it into the Mallet of Zul'Farrak.

Annals of Darrowshire

By

Unknown

The Annals of Darrowshire

Darrowshire, named from the Darrowmere Lake to its west, is a village tucked into the southern foothills of Lordaeron. Known for humble yet hardworking residents, Darrowshire stayed in the background of Lordaeron history until the Second War.

Heroes were made during that war. And heroes were lost.

The Battle of Darrowshire

The Battle of Darrowshire took place in the middle of the Second War, when scourge forces rampaged across Lordaeron. Darrowshire was cut off from the bulk of Alliance forces, but the town was bolstered by a company of troops, a contingent of paladins of the Silver Hand, and a staunch group of local militia led by Captain Joseph Redpath.

The Scourge's first assaults on Darrowshire were sparse. Small groups of marauding skeletons and corpses wandered the outskirts of the village and were repelled. But the Scourge were not balked by the defenders' tenacity, and responded in kind; soon after the first wave of attacks a second wave emerged. Champion ghouls, servants of the ghoul lord Horgus, screamed down from the hills and clashed with beleaguered Darrowshire defenders.

The Defenders weakened, but were relieved by paladins, disciples of the Silver Hand. Their leader, Davil Crokford, was a native of Darrowshire. He brought his followers to the village when he heard of the impending attack, and together with the defenders they held back the servants of Horgus.

When Horgus himself entered the battle, he met with Davil. For many minutes they fought and Davil eventually prevailed, but he suffered a mortal wound and died soon after defeating the ghoul lord.

The battle continued, and Captain Redpath led his militia bravely. And it might have been won, had the captain not been corrupted by the death knight Marduk the Black.

In the middle of the fray Marduk rode up to Redpath, and with black magic he tore loose Redpath's spirit, twisting it into an evil shadow of the brave captain.

The corrupted Captain Redpath then spread his evil taint among the defenders of Darrowshire, who betrayed their allies and slaughtered them. They then turned on the town of Darrowshire and killed all who hid in their homes.

The remaining scourge army, along with the corrupted spirit of Captain Redpath, then left the ravaged village of Darrowshire and tore into Lordaeron, adding to the pain and death of the Second War.

Another Clue to Sanders' Treasure

By

Unknown

Now from this here barrel, face ye North. Straight as the crow flies, keep ye walkin' till you see the empty jug next to the lone windmill on the sea bluffs. If ye poke around that jug, ye just might find what you're lookin' for.

Another Direhorn Casualty

By

Unknown

To his mightiness, the War-God Jalak,

Them direhorns gored another training beastcaller. The fool got himself bit by a compy and lost his concentration. The whole fetish he was assembling crumbled and the direhorn ripped him apart.

We be rushing this too much. Our beastcallers need years of training. I know we need a larger army but it won't be serving us much if our beasts be killing our own people.

We wish to serve, but you know better than any we cannot be sending children to do a troll's job.

Apothecary Furrows' Notes

By

Apothecary Furrows

<The Apothecary's notes are scribbled in a cramped hand, with complex alchemic formulas interspersed among childlike doodles of skulls and lightning bolts. Squinting, you can make out parts of a recent passage:>... most magnificent corruption, embedding itself deep within living tissue. Extremely contagious when <several words are smudged> via food chain. Today's tests confirm it is only partially biological in origin. Foulhoof, my <illegible> companion, preoccupied with vengeance and blind to the more 'constructive' applications of his <a greenish ichor stains the remainder of the paragraph.> Research progresses slowly. Hope my companions at Althalaxx fare better.

Aquarium of Wonders

By

Unknown

The Aquarium holds the largest collection of diverse sea life in the city.

The “Makrura” are notorious for their hard shells, tasty tails and fearsome claws.

The Murlocs are simple creatures, happy to swim about and gurgle incomprehensibly.

Please keep your hands off the glass.

Aquatic Wonders

By

Unknown

DAILY FEEDING DEMONSTRATION

Ask a friendly staff member for feeding times and directions to our gift shop!

DID YOU KNOW? Lion Seals are named for their fearsome roar, similar to that of the common Land Lion. We believe that their captivity has made them shy, however, so they no longer roar.

This is why conservation efforts are so important. Your small donation to the Menagerie can ensure we expand our exhibits in the millenia to come!

Arathor and the Troll Wars

By

Unknown

As the high elves fought for their lives against the trolls' fierce onslaught, the scattered, nomadic humans of Lordaeron fought to consolidate their own tribal lands. The tribes of early humanity raided each other's settlements with little heed for racial unification or honor.

Yet one tribe, known as the Arathi, saw that the trolls were becoming too great a threat to ignore. The Arathi wished to bring all of the tribes under its rule so that they could provide a unified front against the troll warbands.

Over the course of six years, the cunning Arathi outmaneuvered and outfought the rival tribes. After every victory, the Arathi offered peace and equality to the conquered people; thus, they won the loyalty of those they had beaten. Eventually the Arathi tribe came to include many disparate tribes, and the ranks of its army grew vast.

Confident that they could hold their own against the troll warbands or even the reclusive elves if need be, the Arathi warlords decided to construct a mighty fortress city in the southern regions of Lordaeron. The city-state, named Strom, became the capital of the Arathi nation, Arathor. As Arathor prospered, humans from all over the vast continent traveled south to the protection and safety of Strom.

United under one banner, the human tribes developed a strong, optimistic culture. Thoradin, the king of Arathor, knew that the mysterious elves in the northlands were under constant siege by the trolls, but refused to risk the safety of his people in defense of reclusive strangers. Many months passed as rumors of the elves' supposed defeat trickled down from the north. It was only when weary ambassadors from Quel'Thalas reached Strom that

Thoradin realized how great the troll threat truly was.

The elves informed Thoradin that the troll armies were vast and that once the trolls had destroyed Quel'Thalas, they would move on to attack the southlands. The desperate elves, in dire need of military aid, hastily agreed to teach certain select humans to wield magic in exchange for their help against the warbands.

Thoradin, distrustful of any magic, agreed to aid the elves out of necessity. Almost immediately, elven sorcerers arrived in Arathor and began to instruct a group of humans in the ways of magic.

The elves found that although humans were innately clumsy in their handling of magic, they possessed a startling natural affinity for it. One hundred men were taught the very basics of the elves' magical secrets: no more than was absolutely necessary to combat the trolls. Convinced that their human students were ready to aid in the struggle, the elves left Strom and traveled north alongside the mighty armies of King Thoradin.

The united elf and human armies clashed against the overwhelming troll warbands at the foot of the Alterac Mountains. The battle lasted for many days, but the unflagging armies of Arathor never tired or gave an inch of ground before the troll onslaught. The elven lords deemed that the time had come to release the powers of their magic upon the enemy.

The hundred human magi and a multitude of elven sorcerers called down the fury of the heavens and set the troll armies ablaze. The elemental fires prevented the trolls from regenerating their wounds and burned their tortured forms from the inside out.

As the troll armies broke and attempted to flee, Thoradin's armies ran them down and slaughtered every last one of their soldiers. The trolls would never fully recover from their defeat, and history would never see the trolls rise as one nation again. Assured that Quel'Thalas was saved from destruction, the elves made a pledge of loyalty and friendship to the nation of Arathor and to the bloodline of its king, Thoradin. Humans and elves would nurture peaceful relations for ages to come.

Arcane Rune

By

Teegli Merrowith

Those of us who are agile of mind, but not quite so agile of body, must find... alternative methods of self-preservation. Many such people choose to pursue a career in matters magical.

<name>, I've been observing you, and you have a mind like a steel trap. However, to thrive in this time of upheaval, a person such as yourself will need to master the arcane arts. And to master the arcane arts, you're going to have to talk to me.

Come speak with me in Anvilmar. We've much to discuss.

-Teegli Merrowith

Archavon's Log

By

Archavon

<It appears Archavon has been keeping a journal. It appears to be written in multiple languages. A tally has been kept on the cover. >

Horde:

Keep Defended: \$4024w

Keep Captured: \$4022w

Alliance:

Keep Defended: \$4025w

Keep Captured: \$4023w

Day 10

The Makers are gone. I have been left to watch.

-ARCHAVON

Day 10500:

The halls are quiet. Empty.

I thought the Makers wanted me to watch the hall, but they never specifically said, "Archavon, watch the hall..." Maybe it's okay if I watch outside too? It would probably be less boring outside. It's decided - I am now responsible for watching the hall AND the outside. I shall take on my new responsibility

next month.

-ARCHAVON

Day 20120:

The outside is much more open than the hall. There are convenient cliffs and mountains bordering it. I'm now confident that the Makers meant for me to watch this too. I hope they don't notice that I've only been in the hall for the first decade.

-ARCHAVON

Day 1051213:

I invented a new game today too, it's called "Kick the Revenant." I made it from the front of the keep to the main road today. Before next year, I'm going to try to land it over the river.

-ARCHAVON

Day 2145617:

Some little green people came today. I have added them to my watching responsibilities.

-ARCHAVON

Day 2145657:

The little green people have built extra buildings here now. More buildings seems good. I think I will speak to them this week and thank them.

-ARCHAVON

Day 2145666: I thanked one of the little green people today for the extra buildings. He told me that he'd be bringing more people for me to watch soon - lots of them.

I'm excited to have more things to watch.

-ARCHAVON

Day 2145866:

The little green people brought a lot of others, pointed them at each other, and then they all started fighting!

I have trimmed my watching responsibilities back to the hall for safety, but I brought a lot of their baubles with me so that it can maybe be less boring this time.

-ARCHAVON

Day 2146240:

Things have gotten much worse. I am not sure what the Makers want me to do. I'm trying to stay in my hall, but the violent people come in after me several times a day. They take my baubles.

-ARCHAVON

Day 2147021:

My brothers are back! It turns out they were sleeping in other closed off halls.

I'm a little mad that they left me alone to do all the watching, but I shared my shinier baubles with them anyway because I'm tired of being alone and attacked all the time.

-ARCHAVON

Day 2147060: The violent little people have started attacking my brothers, which is sad. They leave me alone mostly now though, which is not sad.

I think they want the shiny baubles I gave away. I feel guilty.

-ARCHAVON

Archimonde's Return and the Flight to Kalimdor

By

Unknown

Once Kel'Thuzad was whole again, Arthas led the Scourge south to Dalaran. There the lich would obtain the powerful spellbook of Medivh, and use it to summon Archimonde back into the world. From that point on, Archimonde himself would begin the Legion's final invasion. Not even the wizards of the Kirin Tor could stop Arthas' forces from stealing Medivh's book, and soon Kel'Thuzad had all he needed to perform his spell.

After ten thousand years, the mighty demon Archimonde and his host emerged once again upon the world of Azeroth. Yet Dalaran was not their final destination. Under orders from Kil'jaeden himself, Archimonde and his demons followed the undead Scourge to Kalimdor, bent on destroying Nordrassil, the World Tree.

In the midst of this chaos, a lone, mysterious prophet appeared to lend the mortal races guidance. This prophet proved to be none other than Medivh, the last Guardian, miraculously returned from the Beyond to redeem himself for past sins. Medivh told the Horde and the Alliance of the dangers they faced and urged them to band together.

Jaded by generations of hate, the orcs and humans would have none of it. Medivh was forced to deal with each race separately, using prophecy and trickery to guide them across the sea to the legendary land of Kalimdor. The orcs and humans soon encountered the long-hidden civilization of the Kaldorei.

The orcs, led by Thrall, suffered a series of setbacks on their journey across Kalimdor's Barrens. Though they befriended Cairne Bloodhoof and his mighty tauren warriors, many orcs began to succumb to the demonic bloodlust that had plagued them for years. Thrall's greatest lieutenant, Grom Hellscream, even betrayed the Horde by giving himself over to his baser instincts.

As Hellscream and his loyal Warsong warriors stalked through the forests of Ashenvale, they clashed with the ancient night elf Sentinels. Certain that the orcs had returned to their warlike ways, the demigod Cenarius came forth to drive Hellscream and his orcs back. Yet Hellscream and his orcs, overcome with supernatural hate and rage, managed to kill Cenarius and corrupt the ancient forestlands.

Ultimately, Hellscream redeemed his honor by helping Thrall defeat Mannoroth, the demon lord who first cursed the orcs with his bloodline of hate and rage. With Mannoroth's death, the orcs' blood-curse was finally brought to an end.

While Medivh worked to convince the orcs and humans of the need for an alliance, the night elves fought the Legion in their own secretive ways. Tyrande Whisperwind, the immortal High Priestess of the night elf Sentinels, battled desperately to keep the demons and undead from overrunning the forests of Ashenvale. Tyrande realized that she needed help, so she set out to awaken the night elf druids from their thousand-year slumber.

Calling upon her ancient love, Malfurion Stormrage, Tyrande succeeded in galvanizing her defenses and driving the Legion back. With Malfurion's help, nature herself rose up to vanquish the Legion and its Scourge allies.

While searching for more of the hibernating druids, Malfurion found the ancient barrow prison in which he had chained his brother, Illidan. Convinced that Illidan would aid them against the Legion, Tyrande set him free. Though Illidan did aid them for a time, he eventually fled to pursue his own interests.

The night elves braced themselves and fought the Burning Legion with grim determination. The Legion had never ceased in its desire for the Well of Eternity, long the source of strength for the World Tree and itself the heart of

the night elf kingdom. If their planned assault on the Tree was successful, the demons would literally tear the world apart.

Archive of the Tirisgarde

By

Edirah

Archive of the Tirisgarde

Penned by Tirisgarde Researcher Edirah.

Aluneth

Azeroth is filled with legendary relics and artifacts, but none compare to Aluneth. For hundreds of years, Guardian Aegwynn used this greatstaff to defend Azeroth from the Burning Legion.

Yet that alone is not what makes this weapon unique. An entity of pure arcane energy known as Aluneth is bound to the greatstaff. Harnessing this unruly being and its power requires tremendous precision and focus. An ordinary mage could never hope to control Aluneth.

Fortunately, you are no ordinary mage.

Aluneth, Part One

The wise and mirthful blue dragons were the first creatures on Azeroth to discover Aluneth. While manipulating the fabric of reality, they tapped into another realm of existence and made contact with the strange arcane entity.

The blue dragons loved unraveling mysteries and delving into the secrets of the universe. They were so intrigued by Aluneth's existence that they summoned the entity into the world for further study.

Aluneth immediately went on a rampage through the blue dragons' lair, the

Nexus. The arcane presence destroyed countless rare artifacts and tomes of power before finally being contained. The dragons were not angry about what had happened—they were delighted by Aluneth’s capricious nature.

After years of conducting harmless experiments on Aluneth, the blue dragons satisfied their curiosity and sent the entity back to its own realm.

Aluneth, Part Two

From chapter forty-three of *Ancient Magic and How to Wield It Without Destroying the World*:

“And so we come to the story of the Highborne named Meitre and the source of his power, Aluneth. Few subjects are as hotly debated. Last year alone, five magi were treated for severe burns after their discussion of Meitre escalated into a fiery brawl. Let us put the rumors to rest and focus on the facts.

“Meitre lived during the height of the night elf empire, and he was one of his race’s most gifted sorcerers. As the story goes, he spent years exploring the world in search of knowledge. His extensive travels brought him into contact with an unknown blue dragon, from whom Meitre discovered the existence of the arcane being named Aluneth and the otherworldly plane where it dwelled.

“The sorcerer never enslaved Aluneth—the being was far too strong and unwieldy for that. Yet Meitre found a way to draw power from the entity, thereby using its energies to enhance his own spells.”

Aluneth, Part Three

From chapter fifty of *Ancient Magic and How to Wield It Without Destroying the World*, concerning the Burning Legion’s first invasion of Azeroth:

“Most Highborne sorcerers sided with the Burning Legion and used their powers to help the demons invade the world. Meitre did not. He joined the night elf resistance and fought to defend the world. It was during these troubling years that Meitre mastered his connection with Aluneth.

“In one battle, he and a group of night elf defenders found themselves surrounded by an overwhelming force of demons. Death was imminent, but Meitre did not abandon hope. He called on Aluneth’s energies and wove a mass teleportation spell that transported him and his comrades to safety.

“Let this be a lesson that what makes magi great is not only their ability to destroy but their ability to save lives. True wisdom is knowing the right time to use one instead of the other.”

Aluneth, Part Four

From chapter sixty-one of Ancient Magic and How to Wield It Without Destroying the World, concerning the aftermath of the War of the Ancients:

“Following their victory over the Legion, the night elves outlawed the use of arcane magic. They believed that the sorcerous arts were not safe and that wielding them would only lead to another disaster like the War of the Ancients.

“Meitre could not give up magic. Doing so would mean breaking his connection with Aluneth. The sorcerer quailed at the thought of losing his ability to draw on the entity’s power. Perhaps he lacked confidence in his own skills. Whatever the case, Meitre retreated from society and became a recluse.”

Aluneth, Part Five

No one knows exactly what became of Meitre, but he left behind a wealth of scrolls that would form the basis of modern magic. His writings included a number of spells that the sorcerer had created himself.

Even thousands of years after the War of the Ancients, high elf and human magi continued learning from Meitre’s knowledge. The ability to cast spells from his scrolls was seen as an important milestone in a young apprentice’s education, and a measure of a pupil’s aptitude.

Though many magi delved into Meitre’s scrolls, no one knew of Aluneth. The entity that had played such a critical role in the sorcerer’s life was

forgotten... until the time of Guardian Aegwynn.

Aluneth, Part Six

Aegwynn was the Guardian of Tirisfal, a sorceress imbued with extraordinary power and charged with protecting Azeroth from the Burning Legion.

Like all magi of her era, Aegwynn was familiar with Meitre and his scrolls. During her apprenticeship, she had mastered the ancient elf's spells much earlier than the other students.

Something had always perplexed Aegwynn about Meitre. While studying his writings, she realized that the elf had wielded immense power-more than any regular sorcerer should have been capable of. After Aegwynn inherited the mantle of Guardian, she became obsessed with finding out how.

Aegwynn discovered a series of lost scrolls written by Meitre. They described Aluneth in detail, and even included spells the elf had used to tap into the being's power.

Aluneth, Part Seven

Guardian Aegwynn believed she could use Aluneth as a formidable weapon against the Burning Legion. Yet unlike Meitre, she would not simply tap into the entity's energies; she would bring the being into Azeroth and bind it to her will.

Aegwynn summoned Aluneth with ease, but it would not obey her commands. The fickle creature thrashed against the Guardian's containment magics and nullified her spellwork. Aegwynn reveled in the challenge of taming Aluneth. After many setbacks, Aegwynn finally bound the entity to an enchanted greatstaff. The task of containing Aluneth was done, but it would take the Guardian years to truly harness its power.

Aluneth, Part Eight

An excerpt from *Fire in the North: The Battle between Aegwynn and Sargeras*, by the historian Llore:

“Of all the trials Aegwynn faced, of all the foes she fought, none rivaled Sargeras. In the frozen wastes of Northrend, the Guardian confronted the ruler of the Burning Legion.

“This was not Sargeras in his true form, only an avatar containing a portion of his strength. Even so, Aegwynn’s opponent was powerful beyond measure.

“Aegwynn raised Aluneth high and called down a storm of arcane magic to annihilate Sargeras. Nothing happened. The entity bound to Aegwynn’s weapon resisted her command. As she struggled to assert her will over Aluneth, Sargeras launched a furious assault against the Guardian.

“Ultimately, Aegwynn put Aluneth aside and opted for a more reliable weapon. She summoned Atiesh, a mighty staff passed from Guardian to Guardian, and renewed her attack against Sargeras.”

Aluneth, Part Nine

Though Aegwynn defeated Sargeras, the battle changed her forever.

Unbeknownst to the Guardian, the Legion’s ruler had transferred a portion of his spirit into her soul. Aegwynn’s demeanor darkened. As the years passed, she grew suspicious of the Council of Tirisfal, the order of magi that had imbued her with power and given her the mantle of Guardian.

To distance herself from the council, Aegwynn used Aluneth to forge a secret refuge.

Atop a nexus of magical ley lines that coursed through Azeroth, the Guardian crafted her spell. She harnessed the full potential of Aluneth’s energies, and reality warped and shifted around Aegwynn.

Legend has it that a great tower then rose from the earth. It would become known as Karazhan.

Aluneth, Part Ten

For centuries, Aegwynn strengthened her control over Aluneth. She dispatched the Legion’s demons with ease and secured Azeroth’s safety for

generations.

Aegwynn eventually gave birth to a boy named Medivh, who would become the next Guardian. In time, Aegwynn planned to bequeath Aluneth to her son, but that day would never come.

The spirit of Sargeras had passed from Aegwynn to Medivh. Over many long years, the demon lord twisted the new Guardian's thoughts. Sargeras used Medivh to help the mighty orcish Horde invade Azeroth and bring war to the world.

Aluneth, Part Eleven

An excerpt from The Fate of Aegwynn, by the historian Llore:

“When Aegwynn learned of Medivh's actions, she confronted him. Mother and child unleashed the full fury of their magics upon each other in a battle that would decide Azeroth's future.

“Even with Aluneth at her command, Aegwynn could not best Medivh. She only narrowly survived her encounter with the corrupted Guardian.

“Medivh was later vanquished, but that brought Aegwynn little solace. She was tormented by what had become of her son-by the darkness that she had unwittingly passed to him. For a time, Aegwynn retreated from society, and she entrusted Aluneth to the Kirin Tor of Dalaran.

“To prevent anyone from abusing Aluneth's power, the Kirin Tor locked the greatstaff away. For years, it would remain in an enchanted vault, under the watchful eyes of blue dragons.”

Felo'melorn

Felo'melorn. Flamestrike. Sword of kings. Bane of trolls. Its legend stretches back through the millennia. It stands as a symbol of hope, loss, and power-of destruction and renewal.

Those who have wielded Felo'melorn have forever etched their names into history. Will you do the same?

Felo'melorn, Part One

Though it is not known for certain, rumors that have passed down through generations suggest that a young Dath'Remar Sunstrider, who would one day become king of the high elves, dreamed of the weapon Felo'melorn. In that dream, the arcane blade burned like the sun and dispatched so many enemies that it created a swift-flowing river of blood.

Dath'Remar would later recount the specifics of the blade's appearance to the renowned magesmith Luminarian as he crafted the weapon on his arcane forge.

Felo'melorn, Part Two

From the personal writings of Serena Everwind, night elf priestess during the War of the Ancients:

“Dath'Remar wielded Felo'melorn, Flamestrike, like an elf possessed. He was an unstoppable force, at once majestic and graceful yet savage and deadly. The runes of the blade seemed to pulse in rhythm with the pounding of Dath'Remar's fierce heart as he separated limb from body and head from shoulders.

“When the fighting was done, Dath'Remar stood painted in demon blood. As night fell, we knew that more battles remained, and yet, with this elf and this blade among us, we held out hope that victory did not lie beyond our grasp.”

Felo'melorn, Part Three

In the hands of Anasterian Sunstrider, great-grandson of the high elf king Dath'Remar, Felo'melorn became a legendary troll-killer.

Among the trolls, whispers spread of a spellbound blade, empowered by arcane magic not only to slay the most formidable and cunning of its enemies, but also to cut through superior numbers and irrigate battlefields with their blood.

Troll witch doctors set about casting hexes and curses against the infamous

weapon, but history bears out that even the darkest voodoo did little to negate the effectiveness of Felo'melorn during the Troll Wars.

Felo'melorn, Part Four

An account of the battle between the death knight Arthas and Anasterian Sunstrider during the attack on Quel'Thalas, from the personal writings of the former priestess Liadrin:

“All fighting came to a halt. Silence fell over the battlefield. I watched from a distance, helpless as the former prince Arthas cast a spell freezing Anasterian in a coat of ice. The king cast a counterspell, freeing himself as the death knight advanced. Felo'melorn and Frostmourne met, the strident clash of their impact rolling out over the ice and across the blood-drenched tiles.

“The force of their meeting cleaved Felo'melorn, Flamestrike, in half. Arthas's swing continued, severing the right leg of our aged, beloved king. Even as Anasterian dropped to his remaining knee, he struck out, burying his broken blade in the death knight's thigh. Arthas whirled Frostmourne up, over, and down, thrusting it to the hilt behind Anasterian's collarbone and deep into his chest.

“The death knight yanked his blade free; Anasterian pitched forward onto the ice.

“The great king of the high elves was dead. And for many of us that day, our hopes and our hearts died with him.”

Felo'melorn, Part Five

Excerpt from the journal of Lor'themar Theron, concerning Prince Kael'thas's return in the immediate wake of Quel'Thalas's destruction:

“Our fallen king, Anasterian, lay upon a table in the tavern hall; his broken blade, Felo'melorn, rested upon his chest, the two pieces joined. I told our prince that the weapon had been shattered in the battle with the death knight Arthas.

“Kael’t has walked to his father’s body and ran his finger over the fracture, remarking that he did not believe it possible for Flamestrike’s blade to be sundered.

“I was left wondering what legacy, if any, awaited our people and the legendary blade that now symbolized not strength or dominance, but fallibility.”

Felo’melorn, Part Six

In the time following the devastating Scourge attack on Quel’Thalas, Prince Kael’t has renamed the high elf survivors the sin’dorei, or blood elves. While the prince and a band of blood elves assisted the human troops of Grand Marshal Garithos against the remaining undead forces, it was rumored that Kael’t has kept the pieces of his father’s sword, Felo’melorn, on a sideboard in his dilapidated quarters.

Kael’t has dreamed of making Flamestrike’s blade whole again so that it might serve once more as a symbol of hope, to show his people that even in the face of overwhelming hardship, the blood elves would not be broken.

Felo’melorn, Part Seven

In time, Prince Kael’t has Sunstrider realized his dream of rejoining the broken pieces of Felo’melorn.

It is said that the sword was reforged with “magic, and hatred, and a burning need for revenge.”

There are some who speculate that the sword was taken to a descendant of Luminarian, the magesmith who originally created the weapon on his legendary arcane forge before the War of the Ancients. This assertion has never been independently verified.

Felo’melorn, Part Eight

An account of Kael’t has Sunstrider’s battle with the death knight Arthas, from the personal writings of Kael’t has:

“The death knight charged, his blade, Frostmourne, arcing down. I blocked with my staff, but it was no use; the stave shattered. It was then that I revealed my surprise...

“Felo’melorn. Flamestrike, mended, made whole once again. It burned with righteous fury as our two swords clashed. Each of us held steady, blades pressed tight. I smiled and asked Arthas if he remembered Felo’melorn.

“He snidely replied that he saw it snap beneath Frostmourne in the instant before he slew my father. When he shoved me back, I told him that I had found the blade, had it reforged...

“‘Broken swords are weak where they are mended, elf,’ the despicable former prince said.

“‘Human swords, perhaps,’ I replied. And I knew... that day I knew this one thing at least: I might not win, but Felo’melorn would not be broken again.

“Filled with renewed purpose, I attacked.”

Felo’melorn, Part Nine

From the journal of Lyandra Sunstrider, distant relative of King Anasterian:

“Today, at last, my efforts to uncover the location of my birthright have borne fruit.

“It is now made known to me that the sword of my ancestors, Felo’melorn, Flamestrike, resides within the Lich King’s stronghold of Icecrown Citadel.

“It was there that the blade was taken to after leaving the possession of the traitor Kael’tas Sunstrider.

“At last, I shall validate my claim to the Sunstrider throne. I shall seek out Flamestrike, and I shall realize my destiny.”

Felo’melorn, Part Ten

Last journal entry of Lyandra Sunstrider, distant relative of King Anasterian:

“Icecrown Citadel, I curse your name.

“Along empty halls I made my way, through a twisting labyrinth of black saronite, until I beheld a warm, red glow pouring from a room at the end of a dismal passage.

“I entered and saw... Felo’melorn. Flamestrike, mounted upon a dais. At last, the sword that would solidify my claim to the Sunstrider throne! I approached, awestruck, reached out...

“And the door slammed shut behind me. The prize I had so long sought was at last within my grasp...

“But now... I am trapped. Surely death awaits me. Or perhaps... something worse.”

Felo’melorn, Part Eleven

Excerpt from a speech given by Aethas Sunreaver:

“My brothers, in the time since the Sunreavers’ expulsion from the Kirin Tor, we have endeavored to secure readmission. I tell you now that the key to our salvation exists... it exists within the frozen black halls of Icecrown Citadel, in the possession of a fallen elf—Lyandra Sunstrider.

“She dwells there now as a reanimated shell of her former self, but I have learned that it is Lyandra who holds the infamous blade of kings, Felo’melorn. Flamestrike. It has been trusted to remain in her keeping by the Lich King himself, to aid in battle against the Legion. Lyandra was obsessed with the blade while she was among the living, and when she ventured to Icecrown to claim it, that obsession proved to be her downfall. However, Lyandra’s tragic misstep provides us with an opportunity...

“An opportunity for the Sunreavers to retake our rightful place... among the Kirin Tor!”

Ebonchill

The half-elf Alodi wielded Ebonchill during his long tenure as the first

Guardian of Tirisfal. He infused the greatstaff with his extraordinary power, and he began a tradition of passing the weapon down from mage to mage. For thousands of years, this practice continued uninterrupted. Some of Azeroth's mightiest spellcasters used Ebonchill to hunt down and vanquish the Burning Legion's wicked agents.

When the Legion stole Ebonchill, the tradition put in place by Alodi was broken... but only for a time. Now, in your hands, the greatstaff can once again fulfill its purpose to safeguard Azeroth.

Ebonchill, Part One

The tale of Ebonchill begins with a half-elf mage named Alodi. Though he did not create the staff, he made it into the legendary weapon it is today.

Alodi never knew his real parents. From infancy, he was raised in an orphanage for magically gifted children in Dalaran. His only connection to his parents was Ebonchill, which they had left with the boy when they abandoned him at the school.

His dubious parentage and mixed ancestry made life difficult for Alodi. Most magi pitied him, but others treated him with scorn. No one believed he would rise to greatness. They were mistaken.

In time, the orphan would become the first Guardian of Tirisfal, one of the most powerful magi to have ever lived.

Ebonchill, Part Two

Alodi became Guardian at a dire time for the Council of Tirisfal. This secret order of magi was created to protect Azeroth from demons. For many years, its members succeeded in their quest.

Then a dreadlord named Kathra'natir changed everything. The demon infiltrated Dalaran and thwarted the council's attempts to stop him. Kathra'natir sowed unrest in the streets, threatening to engulf the city in turmoil.

To defeat Kathra'natir, the Council of Tirisfal's magi took drastic measures. Through a complex ritual, they infused all of their power into Alodi. It was an act of great trust and faith.

Kathra'natir was no match for the newly empowered Alodi. The Guardian unleashed his astonishing power on the demon and banished him from the world in short order.

Ebonchill, Part Three

From his early days in the Dalaran orphanage, Alodi had been fascinated with frost magic. This was due in part to the icy enchantments woven into Ebonchill. With the staff, Alodi learned how to freeze water and manipulate air temperature, often to the chagrin of the orphanage headmaster.

Shortly after Alodi became Guardian, he honed his mastery of frost magic and imbued Ebonchill with his own powers. A wintry aura enveloped the staff. Much to the astonishment of Alodi's companions on the Council of Tirisfal, the weapon never felt cold to the touch. Ebonchill contained only a sliver of Alodi's might, but even that was more than most magi could ever hope of wielding.

Ebonchill, Part Four

During Alodi's tenure as Guardian, he used Ebonchill to hunt down every demon that stalked the lands of Azeroth. Many records tell of him calling down vicious ice storms to overwhelm his enemies, or encasing the Legion's agents in solid blocks of ice before exiling them from the world.

Near the end of Alodi's one hundred years of service as Guardian, he turned his attention to his apprentices. He had trained and tutored many young magi in the ways of the arcane. They had become the family that he had never had, and he treated them all as his own sons and daughters.

Alodi decided to pass on Ebonchill to one of these learned apprentices. He did not choose the most powerful. More important to Alodi were compassion, wisdom, and comradery. After much consideration, he entrusted his greatstaff to the apprentice who most embodied these traits.

So began a tradition of bequeathing Ebonchill that would endure for millennia.

Ebonchill, Part Five

All was well with the Council of Tirisfal until the rise of Guardian Aegwynn. The gifted mage grew suspicious of the order. She believed that the council was abusing its power by manipulating the politics of human kingdoms. At the end of her one hundred years of service, she refused to step down as Guardian.

Aegwynn's disobedience eventually forced the council's hand. It formed the Tirisgarde, a group of talented magi charged with hunting down and subduing the wayward Guardian.

Among the Tirisgarde was a promising but arrogant young spellcaster named Tarthen. His aging master had long ago inherited Ebonchill, and he was in the process of choosing which apprentice would take it up next.

Tarthen fully expected to receive the greatstaff. He eclipsed his fellow apprentices in raw power and potential. But Tarthen's master put little weight in such things.

When the day of the ceremony came, the elderly mage gave Ebonchill to another apprentice—one who embodied the qualities of compassion, wisdom, and comradery.

Ebonchill, Part Six

After his master passed on Ebonchill to a different apprentice, Tarthen wallowed in anger and bitterness. He believed he had been wronged, and he was determined to prove himself.

Tarthen stole Ebonchill from its new owner, taking great care to cover up evidence of his crime. In secret, he practiced with the greatstaff and learned to wield its extraordinary energies.

Only a handful of Tarthen's most trusted Tirisgarde allies knew of his theft.

They alone witnessed him bending Ebonchill's magics to his will, and they were in awe of the power at his fingertips.

Once he was confident he had mastered Ebonchill, Tarthen set out to do what no other Tirisgarde had thus far managed—he would defeat Aegwynn and forever etch his name in the histories.

Ebonchill, Part Seven

An excerpt from a missive sent to the Council of Tirisfal:

“We have studied the residual magics at the battle site. Here is our assessment of what transpired.

“Tarthen confronted Aegwynn in Stranglethorn Vale. In terms of the power used by the two magi, the duel that ensued was one of the greatest to have ever occurred between a Tirisgarde and the renegade Guardian. But it was also one of the shortest.

“Tarthen bore Ebonchill in battle—the greatstaff reported stolen some months ago. When he unleashed the weapon's stored power on Aegwynn, she immediately turned the energies back on him with a counterspell. A storm of frost magic surged over Tarthen, encasing him in a layer of diamond-hard ice.

“Despite the hot weather in the region, Tarthen was still frozen solid when we found him. It took considerable effort to thaw his corpse and free Ebonchill from his lifeless hand.”

Ebonchill, Part Eight

The Council of Tirisfal magi who recovered Ebonchill returned the greatstaff to its owner. Over the following years, the tradition of handing down the weapon from master to apprentice continued. Many of these magi used Ebonchill to protect Azeroth from demons, but not the human named Arrexis.

Arrexis was a lover of knowledge. For days on end, he would lock himself in his personal archives, poring over ancient tomes and scrolls. When Ebonchill

passed to him, he decided to study the greatstaff rather than wield it in battle. Arrexis knew well the weapon's history and deadly potential.

From his examinations, Arrexis believed that he could employ Ebonchill as a catalyst to power great spells—feats of magic that normally only a Guardian would be capable of. Over time, he harnessed the weapon's energies and used them to research new types of warding spells.

Ebonchill, Part Nine

Arrexis lived in a time of upheaval and turmoil for the Council of Tirisfal. The current Guardian was named Medivh, and he was the son of Aegwynn. Like his rebellious mother, he shunned the council and largely kept to himself.

Unbeknownst to the council and the rest of the world, a great evil stirred in Medivh's soul. Sargeras, leader of the Burning Legion, had possessed the Guardian.

Due to Sargeras's manipulation, Medivh forged a pact with the orcish Horde and began paving the way for its invasion of Azeroth. To prevent the Council of Tirisfal from meddling in his affairs, the darkened Guardian secretly assassinated some of its members.

Medivh's gaze soon fell upon Arrexis and Ebonchill.

Ebonchill, Part Ten

In pursuit of his studies, Arrexis gathered his apprentice magi and established a research camp near Medivh's domain, the tower of Karazhan. The structure was built atop a nexus of potent ley lines. The energies that coursed through Karazhan sometimes warped reality in the region.

Arrexis and his followers experimented with their warding magics outside Karazhan, attempting to neutralize the tower's strange powers. The records indicate that Guardian Medivh visited the magi at this time and offered his advice. He suggested that Arrexis could apply his warding spellwork in new ways, specifically to prevent demons from clawing into the world.

Though some members of the Council of Tirisfal distrusted him, Arrexis did not. He welcomed Medivh's support.

Arrexis's trusting nature would be his downfall.

Ebonchill, Part Eleven

No one knows for sure what Medivh did during his visit with Arrexis. The details are shrouded in mystery and hearsay. Some rumors claim that the Guardian altered Ebonchill so that it would disrupt Arrexis's warding spells and destroy the venerated mage.

Whatever the truth, it is known that Arrexis heeded Medivh's advice. The elderly mage and his followers conducted a great ritual to protect an area from demonic incursions. The spell was only meant to be a test, but it had disastrous consequences.

When the magi began their casting, they inadvertently opened a path between Azeroth and the realm of demons, the Twisting Nether. Arrexis and all of his followers were ripped through the gateway and were never seen again. One account states that within the Twisting Nether, a handful of demons fell upon the shocked magi and slaughtered them to the last.

The demons were led by an eredar known as Balaadur. He took Ebonchill as a trophy of his bloody victory, and the ancient tradition of passing the greatstaff from master to apprentice died alongside Arrexis and his doomed protege.

Note from the Author

Research efforts press on! There's more information to be uncovered in these texts. The only thing that can hold me back is time!

Come back after further research has been completed and I will continue to expand this tome.

- Head Researcher Edirah

Archmage Antonidas

By

Jaina Proudmoore

Archmage Antonidas, Grand Magus of the Kirin Tor

The great city of Dalaran stands once again - a testament to the tenacity and will of its greatest son.

Your sacrifices will not have been in vain, dearest friend.

With Love and Honor,

Jaina Proudmoore

Archmage Khadgar of the Kirin Tor

By

Antonidas

Archmage Khadgar of the Kirin Tor

Former apprentice of Medivh. Supreme Commander of the Alliance Expedition that marched into the orc homeworld of Draenor. Presumed deceased.

Never did one so selflessly delve into the dark heart of magic and warfare. We wish you well, bold wanderer. Wherever you are.

- Antonidas - Archmage of Dalaran

Arellas Fireleaf

By

Unknown

Arellas Fireleaf

High Wizard of the Scarlet Crusade

Citizen of Quel'Thalas

Locked in eternal combat with the Necromancer Diesalven

Argoram's Journal

By

Argoram

In my years hunting with the Thunderlord clan, I have come to know them as a brave and cunning people. Though I was not born into their clan, they allowed me to fight alongside them and earn my place. In my prime, I stood side by side with their best hunters as we felled beasts that I had previously thought invincible. It is this togetherness that gives them strength.

However, many Thunderlord speak legends of one of the earliest of the giant-slayers, who could fell these beasts single-handedly. Though their culture is greatly focused on synergy, there are still those who strive to become like these ancestors of legend. To this end, some of the most powerful in the clan will seek the weapon Gronnsbane, which is said to be the key to this power.

As I find myself growing longer in the years, I have found myself wondering if such a power exists. There are very few scholars among the Thunderlord, so I am taking it as a personal cause to unravel the mystery of Gronnsbane, so that it may be returned to its people.

The stories of Gronnsbane speak of the hero Brakor, who wielded Gronnsbane when the orcs were still enslaved by the ogres of Frostfire. It is said that the weapon was blessed by the elements of the land and its beasts, and that its power faded when it left Brakor's hands. Indeed, it seems that a weapon matching the description of Gronnsbane has been found many times since, but has never possessed this fabled power.

It is my belief that the weapon does not possess the power on its own, but that the aforementioned blessings are what give its potency.

When speaking with the clan's shaman, I have uncovered more about these

blessings. In the time of the Thunderlord's formation, just as the orcs began winning their freedom from the ogres, the ancient shaman were said to be granted their powers from powerful shamanstones. These stones granted the orcs with the blessings of frost and fire, which aided the Thunderlords in their liberation. These stones may be the key to the elemental blessings originally possessed by Gronnsbane.

The stones were left behind when the orcs fled their cruel enslavers, and it is believed that the ogres now use them to enhance their own magics.

In a recent raid against the Bloodmaul ogres, one of our warriors spotted what sounds to me like the Molten Shamanstone, which is said to offer the Blessing of Fire. He describes an ancient monolith, perched upon the edge of a precipice extending from the cliff where the searing magma falls into the sea. I believe the location he speaks of is just overlooking Tor'goroth's Tooth.

I borrowed a rylak from one of our sky riders to scout the ogre camp myself. As I was maneuvering away from the great boulders hurled at me by the ogre brutes, I glanced what looked like another monolith atop the tallest of the snow-capped towers in Bloodmaul. Perhaps this is the Frozen Shamanstone, which is thought to grant the Blessing of Frost.

If these are indeed the sources of the ancient elemental blessings, then I may be very close to recovering the legacy of Gronnsbane. The last piece to unravel would be the blessing of beasts, which seems to be the final part of the enchantment.

I believe that this enigmatic blessing of beasts may be tied to the legends around Brakor's first kill with Gronnsbane. It is said that Brakor proved his might by bloodying the spear against one of the ancient black rylaks that inhabit the tallest spires of the Stonefury Cliffs. The tales indicate that the weapon grew in power after that point, so the rylaks must be the final key!

High in the Stonefury Cliffs, I have seen an altar where the ogres have left offerings to these ancient beasts. Perhaps I could use it to lure one of them down.

It seems that the pieces have come together, and I just may be able to recover Gronnsbane to its rightful home among the Thunderlord clan. Today I leave for Magnarok, which is the last known location of the weapon. Once found, I will seek out the blessings and restore Gronnsbane to its legendary status.

Arthorn's Research

By

Arthorn Windsong

Since your departure from the Evergrove, I've continued my studies of the Book of the Raven and I've discovered some information that will help you defeat the raven god.

Freeing the spirits has bound them to you, so I expect they will freely offer their assistance in the fight against the raven god.

When you first unleash the spirits, they will be dormant, as they have been for centuries. Using your heal-over-time spells, you can infuse them with energy, bringing them to life and gaining their aid in combat. When the magic fades, they will return to their slumber.

What follows is a collection of my notes on each bird spirit:

The Falcon Spirit

The spirit of the falcon is imbued with incredible speed and agility, highly regarded among the arakkoa for its keen hunting skills. It will lend you a measure of its speed in spellcasting and melee combat if you energize the spirit with a heal-over-time spell.

The Eagle Spirit

Arakkoa tradition holds that the eagle spirit was not as fast as its falcon brother, but possessed the greatest skill in the hunt. The eagle spirit will use its skills against your enemies if you use a heal-over-time spell to awaken it from its slumber..

The Hawk Spirit

The tablet speaks highly of the hawk, as though he might have once been in league with the raven. An ancient arakkoa symbol for vengeance, the hawk spirit was often invoked by victims of wrongdoing. Using a heal-over-time spell to awaken the spirit will allow you to share in its power, damaging those who do harm to you.

Artificer Maatun's Journal

By

Artificer Maatun

My father called the stone the Dream of Argus, though I've come to understand it has been known by other names in the past. It was a crystal of great power, capable of sustaining an entire village on its energy alone. Some say that it was a gift passed on to our family by the naaru during the exodus from Argus - a connection that would explain its fabled power. Such speculation is for naught, however, since the crystal has been broken for as long as I can remember. The Shards of the Dream, as I call them, appear as powerless as any of the latent crystals found in the deep mines of Shadowmoon. I continue to seek a means of rejoining them in hopes that one day the Dream of Argus can be reborn, and that the draenei people could use it to flourish on our home of Draenor.

On a prospecting mission with some of the local Rangari, we happened upon a small enclave of Shadowmoon orcs, who were investigating the same mineral deposits. In idle discussion, the orcs spoke of rituals that they use to fuse smaller crystals together into large structures that can be stored with magical energy. I had never held previous interest in the Shadowmoon orcs' strange magics, but it seems it may hold the key to restoring the Dream of Argus.

I must investigate this further.

The prelate council has denied my request for an envoy to be sent to the Shadowmoon orcs. They believe such an investigation to be folly, and that I am simply desperate to restore a broken relic. They cannot force me to stay, however. On the morrow I will strike out on my own, in hopes that the Shadowmoon will be willing to assist me in my efforts.

I have travelled for days and have yet to come upon an orc of the Shadowmoon clan. Though there had been a noticeable lapse in trade with the orcs, we were unaware at how reclusive they had become recently. It is clear that I must make the perilous trek up the western cliffs. I can see the massive stone monoliths carved with the runes of their clan looming above the plateaus. I must seek the Shadowmoon there.

It appears that the Shadowmoon have withdrawn into their fortifications, though for what reason I am unsure. As I reached the top of the cliffs, I could see the members of their clan gathered in numbers I have never seen before in one place. The orcs acted strange, however they were not unfriendly. They called this place the Pillars of Fate, and it appeared as if they were readying some great magical rituals. When questioned about the purpose of the rituals, or the recent reclusiveness of their clan, the orcs only offered cryptic responses.

They did seem to be willing to discuss their methods of crystal reconstruction. An orc that was tending to some crystal structure of unknown purpose directed me to one called Lor Stonefist. She was a warrior of the Shadowmoon, as I understood it, and showed a particular affinity for the crystals native to the land.

I was told she spent most of her time in the crystal cave to the north of the encampment. There she studied the native crystals for ways to improve their potential abilities. I will seek her there.

Stonefist was a tall and imposing woman. Her brutish features belied her intelligence, and I was quite surprised at how knowledgeable she was when we discussed the restoration of the crystal. She boasted that with the help of the Shadowmoon's magics, she could recombine any crystal to be as flawless as it would have been in nature. I would need to enlist the help of two other orcs in the camp in order to accomplish this: Vok Blacktongue and Koros Soulsplinter.

Blacktongue, was a high ritualist of Shadowmoon, and a master runecarver. The ritual required a precise arrangement of runes, and due to the unique nature of my crystal we would require the work of an expert. She mentioned that the orc could normally be found in one of the runemaster's huts in the

southern part of the camp. They could be identified by the standing stones surrounding the structure, as well as the floating runestones above.

The other, Koros Soulsplinter, may be more difficult to locate. A reclusive hermit, Soulsplinter preferred to spend his time out of sight of the living. It is said, however, that he can often be seen among the graves upon the high hill, overlooking the camp below. There he would commune with the dead ancestors, whom it is said he preferred over his living brethren.

I have managed to locate the two orcs, and they have agreed to assist myself and Stonefist. I will admit that their magic is strange to me, but I am mostly ignorant of these things. If their magic will help in restoring the Dream of Argus, then it is far from me to question it.

We located an empty cave on a terrace overlooking the Shadowmoon's great keep, Anguish Fortress, and under the instruction of Stonefist, I began constructing an altar. With the combined knowledge of draenei artificing and Shadowmoon mystic rune carving, we should be able to create a device capable of combining any crystal into its original form. The Dream of Argus will be reborn!

Construction continues on the altar device, however my allies appear to be growing restless. Some unknown force is stirring among the Shadowmoon, and they grow more hostile by the day. The orcs assisting me constantly argue in their language that I do not understand, and I fear they may not wish to help me much longer.

I will continue to work, despite the growing tension. The fate of the draenei may very well rest on this crystal.

The device is nearly complete, though I am growing concerned with my presence among the Shadowmoon. The clan seem to be mobilizing an army, and I can see their sorcerers conjuring foul beings from the forbidden realms. I am beginning to feel like a prisoner here among the pillars.

I can only hope that the Shadowmoon will let me return to the draenei once my mission is complete.

I have been betrayed. We had completed the device, but before I was able to activate it and restore the crystal, the orcs turned on me. Stonefist stuck the blow, which left me broken and useless at the foot of the device. I could only watch as each orc took a piece of the crystal for themselves before I was dragged away. I now sit chained to the base of a heavy runestone, awaiting my fate. My only wish now is to see my people again one last time.

Asgrim the Dreadkiller

By

Unknown

Here lies Asgrim the Dreadkiller. His hatred for the kvaldir was unmatched and he made it his life's work to slay as many of Helya's minions as possible.

His deeds were so great, Helya sent the Naglfar for him. Though it cost him his life and his warband, he sent the dread ship emptyhanded back to Helheim.

ATTENTION: Geists

By

Instructor Razuvious

I warned the lot of you that the next campaign on which I spent more time cleaning my boots than kicking infants, heads would roll! Dung cleanup shifts are henceforth doubled in length and number for all geists!

—Instructor Razuvious

Auberdine Memorial

By

Unknown

In Memory

Shaldyn, Gershala, Volcorand those who never made it home.

Baelog's Journal

By

Baelog

I have found a method to enter the Chamber of Khaz'mul!

Take the Medallion of Gni'kiv from my chest.

Defeat the trogg Revelosh in the chamber before the map room and retrieve the Shaft of Tsol.

Join the medallion and the shaft into the Staff of Prehistoria.

Use the staff in the map room to unlock the door to the Chamber of Khaz'mul.

Do these things, and the chamber will be yours!

-Baelog

Banner of the Mantid Empire

By

Unknown

While the mantid do use windwool and imperial silk, their preferred material is a type of “fabric” fashioned from the wings of various insectoid creatures - including themselves. This banner is an example.

This specimen was donated by the esteemed <class>, <name>.

Barely Legible Note

By

Dhink

Dumb moosey people don't know we take their stuff! It is easy pickings for us here on the outside. No more tunnels! I going to get my candle. Keep by our stash. Moosey people won't bother you here!

- Your taskmaster, Dhink

Barely Legible Scroll

By

Unknown

They said it could not be done but soon I will show them! Only a few more days out here and I will prove that any orc brave enough can live off goren eggs.

The small cold eggs are getting harder to get as the goren eat them as well. Maybe those don't hatch. I will have to go out further and find new nests.

I managed to find two glowing eggs! The first one was easily cracked and I so hungry I just upended it and drank the whole thing in a couple of gulps. There were some big chunks in there but I just ate it all like a true orc! I don't feel so good but at least I'm full.

Barely Readable Diary

By

Unknown

Pa set me taking care of Ol' Bess again. I think he likes watching her try to kick me to pieces. It's not my fault that she doesn't like me as much as the others - it was only the once that I ate the apple intended for her. I don't even know how she knew.

Bath'rah's Parchment

By

Bath'rah the Windwatcher

Below you will find that which is needed for my spell to summon the great Cyclonian. May fortune go with you.

—Bath'rah the Windwatcher

Liferoot: This may be gathered from the wilderness, or gained from the Withervine Beasts of Dustwallow Marsh. It's power will be necessary to draw the life essence of Cyclonian to this world.

Bloodscalp Tusks: The tusks of the Bloodscalp Trolls in Stranglethorn Vale have a rare quality. The depravation of the Bloodscalps is concentrated in their tusks, and if ground into powder their vile powers may be unleashed.

Essence of the Exile: This essence is gained through the fusion of the three charms of the elemental exiles of the Arathi Highlands. Gather Thundering, Burning and Cresting Charms from the elementals, then place eight of each in my cauldron. From the charms, the essence of the exile will form.

Battlelog of Warlord Bloodhilt

By

Warlord Bloodhilt

Goblins and elves. These creatures are the very embodiment of selfish pride and narcissism. Not an hour passes I do not question Garrosh's acceptance of their aid in this assault. True, the spell breakers have been invaluable to our defense strategems. And Gallywix's forces have proven an amazing counter to the gnomish inventions being thrown at our walls daily. But I do not trust them. And though they live and die for the Horde, they have given me little reason to trust them.

I caught one of the elves deciphering a mogu artifact the other day. Was his information shared with me? No. Though I am sure Lor'themar has a full account of these ancient writings. The mogu did not leave behind pots and pans, they left behind weapons and ancient power.

And the goblins! Every time I turn around I catch one or two trying to build a new type of bomb. How we have not exploded yet is a mystery to me. Gallywix keeps providing us with new recipes for chemicals that will help in the war but I know he is learning more than he is letting on.

I will not suffer subversion in my ranks. If these activities continue I may have to start "dismissing" a few key culprits.

Beasts of Barren Savannas

By

Unknown

This enclosure closely replicates a barren landscape, where these particular creatures thrive.

DID YOU KNOW? Tigers are furry friends and very warm. They are perfect for snuggling up next to on a cold night, if it were not for our weather being magically controlled. Scratching behind their ears will be sure to elicit a wonderful purr.

DID YOU KNOW? The monohorn within are a rare breed, their distinctive hides being used for all manner of fashion, including hats, coat linings, and other fine apparel.

There is some discussion within the zoological community to naming these magnificent beasts “unicorns,” but the majority agree that monohorn is a much more fitting name.

PLEASE DO NOT TOUCH THE EXHIBITS - Management.

Beasts of the Sky

By

Unknown

Long ago the Zandalari lost a war with the Pandaren. They trained serpents to cut down our bat riders and change the face of war. We had nothing that could stand against them.

But the years be long since that day. We looked and we learned and we found our counter. The beasts of the sky! Come the pterrorwings to rip the heavens apart and rain destruction down upon our enemies. The serpents of the pandaren be dexterous, but our pterrorwings be fast and vicious.

Soon we gonna put these little birdies to the test. Be ready, train hard, and show no mercy!

Beginnings of the Undead Threat

By

Unknown

The undead's beginnings upon Azeroth did not truly begin with the corruption of Prince Arthas-it began long before that event. The events that brought downfall of Lordaeron were long set in motion before that point; it began with the coming of the orcish clans and the Burning Legion.

The orcs of Draenor (the world which they originally came from) were noble and shamanistic. They were powerful warriors, strong of body and will. It was for these reasons that the Burning Legion sought them out. Kil'jaeden, a demon of great power among the Legion, wished to enslave the orcish clans and use them as his army against the worlds the Burning Legion had yet to conquer.

Kil'jaeden came to the leader of the clans, a powerful shaman named Ner'zhul. He promised Ner'zhul untold mystical power and knowledge if he made a pact with the demon that would enslave the clans to the Burning Legion. This pact sealed not only their fate, but that of their world forever.

As time passed, Ner'zhul realized the fate of the clans at the hands of the Burning Legion, and the orc shaman began to defy Kil'jaeden. The demon, angered by Ner'zhul, turned to the shaman's own apprentice, Gul'dan, who was far more corruptible than Ner'zhul.

It was Gul'dan who was responsible for the decline of shamanism throughout the clans. The promise of power and control over one's enemies made his offers even more tempting. With Kil'jaeden's help, Gul'dan began his manipulation of the clans. The orcs, once noble, became corrupt, mindless savages. With the introduction of demon blood into their bodies, the orcs were even more ruthless and barbaric.

Even though Kil'jaeden had corrupted Gul'dan after his failure with Ner'zhul, Kil'jaeden hated the shaman and vowed to enforce their original pact. Kil'jaeden captured Ner'zhul and began an incredibly slow physical torture on the shaman. While Ner'zhul begged for death, Kil'jaeden reminded Ner'zhul that their original pact was still binding. Kil'jaeden killed the orc, but only physically. Kil'jaeden held the orc shaman's spirit fast before it could find its way to the Twisting Nether.

Kil'jaeden placed Ner'zhul's spirit within a block of ice gathered from the Twisting Nether. While it was trapped within the ice, he infused it with even more power. The loss of his body and the introduction of such incredible power was the defining line in Ner'zhul's transformation.

Kil'jaeden hurled the block of ice through dimensions back to Azeroth, where it landed in the continent of Northrend, introducing this great evil to our world. Ner'zhul was gone forever; in his place was a throne of ice and hatred. The once respected shaman leader had become the incredibly powerful Lich King.

Because Kil'jaeden did not trust the Lich King, he sent his dread lords to watch over the spirit and ensure that the Lich King followed his orders. The vampiric servants came to Azeroth willingly, drawn to the destruction and power of the Lich King and the potential genocide of a planet's entire race.

Over a decade passed. During this time, the Lich King used his vast powers to gain control over the minds of the creatures of Northrend, whom he commanded to erect a great citadel over his frozen throne. Now that all of Northrend was under his domination, the Lich King knew he needed to begin his infiltration of Lordaeron. Trapped within the ice, the former orc shaman began seeking more minds to manipulate and control. His call reached out across the continents.

The Lich King's summons did not go unnoticed, especially by a small handful of powerful individuals. Among them was the Archmage Kel'Thuzad, who was a powerful member of the ruling body of Dalaran, the Kirin Tor. His pursuit of all types of magic violated the Kirin Tor's policies against learning dark magics. Kel'Thuzad abandoned the Kirin Tor and all his ties to conventional thought and vowed to learn as much as he could from

the Lich King.

A pact was struck between the two. Kel'Thuzad would receive immortality and immense power in return for servitude to the Lich King. Kel'Thuzad's first task was to use his wealth and influence in Lordaeron to found the Cult of the Damned. The Cult promised equality and eternal life to all its members as long as they swore an oath to Ner'zhul, the 'god' of the Cult of the Damned.

Ner'zhul then created artifacts that were designed to spread the plague among the human civilizations of Lordaeron. He gave them to Kel'Thuzad, and ordered the wizard to spread them across the land. His Cult followers were to protect the artifacts at all costs.

Once in place, the plague began to seep into the land and affect its ignorant citizens. As Kel'Thuzad watched, the Lich King's army grew quickly and he soon gained control over large portions of the land. This army became known as the Scourge, for its sole purpose was to scour humanity from all of Azeroth.

Bel'dugur's Note

By

Keeper Bel'dugur

The Star of Xil'yeh An ogre in Alterac, Grel'borg the Miser, was the last known owner of this gem, whispered to empower its owner with the ability to commune with other worlds. Sources tell us Grelborg wanders the Ruins of Alterac in the Alterac Mountains, searching the rubble and debris for more relics.

The Hand of Dagon Dagon is a creature of the deep waters, worshipped by Murlocs in Dustwallow Marsh. They entice him to the surface with a special sea kelp, enchanted by their shamans. Hunt the Murlocs, gather their enchanted kelp, then place it on the Murloc's altar. Dagon will come, and you will be waiting.

I want that hand.

The Legacy Heart

Old texts say that he who possesses the Legacy Heart fears not the grave. Perhaps this is true, for the owner of the heart, the troll Mogh, is known as Mogh the Undying. A witchdoctor of the Skullsplitter tribe, Mogh dwells in Stranglethorn in the Ruins of Zul'Mamwe.

Bring me these items, the Star, the Hand and the Heart, and I will give you a copy of the Yagyin Digest.

-The Keeper

Belamoore's Research Journal

By

Warden Belamoore

Kegan Darkmar, leader of the small group of undead who came to us in search of asylum from their "brethren," defies our common attitudes toward his kind. His skin may be rotting and blood may have long stopped flowing through his veins, but he acts very nobly and seems to care more for his compatriots' safety than his own.

Indeed, there is a humanity within him that, I confess, I sometimes see lacking in the humans around me.

But why do I mention this? I do so to give credence to what I am about to write, for these words came from Kegan's lips and it is my hope that my colleagues will, upon reading this journal, know why I believe what he said: "Remnants of the Old Gods still linger in the deep hollows of the world. New forces seek to harness that ancient power, and those who succeed will have a terrible weapon against their enemies."

That is what Kegan uttered as he handed his bloodstone pendant to me, and there was fear, and maybe reverence, in his eyes as he did so. And as his hands met with mine they lingered, as if reluctant to give up the pendant. Revulsion swept through me, yet to this day I know not if I reviled against his dead flesh pressed to mine, or if the pendant itself made my skin crawl.

For I felt a power within it. A deep, hidden, hungry power. And one yearning for release.

Although my colleagues in Dalaran were cautious to study the bloodstones that Kegan and his followers brought with them, instead quarantining the four refugees and leaving the bloodstones on their persons, the sincerity of Kegan

obliged me to study his bloodstone pendant.

My hopes were to verify for my colleagues that this type of stone did possess magical properties, and if we wizards of Dalaran did not wish to exploit the power of bloodstones, we should at the least learn their properties, since our foes may one day use them against us.

And so my studies began.

I started my tests with the assumption that bloodstone was a type of rock, like quartz or obsidian. So I began a series of procedures to determine: what minerals were contained within bloodstone, what forces were applied to produce its color and hardness, and other properties common to rocks and ore. But the bloodstone pendant, to my frustration, did not react to my procedures as would normal ore.

In fact, it often acted in precisely the opposite fashion as expected! It was almost as if the pendant was deliberately fouling my experiments.

Like it was thinking, and alive.

Angered but not discouraged, I switched from assuming the pendant was an inert piece of rock, to assuming it was a living thing. But again, I failed.

None of my new tests brought to light any revelations of the origin of bloodstone. At the time the only riddle I solved was that bloodstone was neither living, nor dead!

But it was then, at the brink of failure, that a breakthrough was made. My latest test involved a glass beaker whose brim was chipped, leaving a small, jagged space along its edge. When the test was over, again revealing nothing, I went to clean my worktable and cut myself on the beaker.

The cut was not deep but nevertheless bled fiercely. Before I could wrap my injured finger in a bandage, a good deal of my blood had spilled on my worktable.

And as I was cleaning up this new mess, I noticed the strangest thing...

The blood that had spilled near the bloodstone pendant was slowly moving toward the piece of jewelry, as if gravity had somehow bent itself toward the bloodstone. The blood that touched the pendant seemed to disappear, and the red color of the stone deepened as it drank more of my blood.

After seeing this my head grew light, perhaps from my recent injury (though I did not believe I had lost that much blood) or perhaps because I had finally, after so much frustration, uncovered one of the bloodstone's properties. I reached behind me for my work stool and sat down, pondering. Thoughts and questions raced through my head, dizzying and threatening to topple me. Does bloodstone drink blood? Does it crave blood? Does it attract blood?

Or, is bloodstone made of blood? And if so, then whose blood? Mine? The blood of any human? Any animal? Or maybe bloodstone is the blood of some unknown thing, the very thing that Kegan had both feared and revered when he handed me his pendant.

That is the question that must be answered. It is the key.

Fire rekindled within me, I then dove back into my experiments. This time I made no assumptions, methodically performing every test at my disposal. This increased my required efforts tremendously, but I would be more likely to make discoveries. And, although my lab here is small and I have no subordinates to spare to aid, I did find one more intriguing quality of bloodstone...

In addition to blood, there are elemental forces fused within the stone. Fire, water, thunder and rock are mixed with the blood (but again, the blood of what?), and although this mixture is outwardly inert, all these forces seem to rage inwardly against each other. So many more questions were then raised about this amazing, and foreboding material.

But to answer those questions, more studies and experiments must be performed on the pendant, and I fear that the Lordamere Interment Camp cannot marshal the manpower nor the equipment for the task. So I sent the bloodstone pendant with a courier to Dalaran with specific instructions on how to test it, so they may avoid my earlier frustrations.

As I waited for the results of these tests, I spent my time speaking to Kegan. Although I constantly pressed him for what he knew about bloodstones, he never told me more than what he said the day he gave me his pendant. And he did not often speak of his time within the fold of what he called “the Forsaken,” which is the name he calls his clan of undead.

But Kegan was very eager to speak on other subjects, particularly his time growing up in Lordaeron before its fall. He still holds much love for that lost kingdom, even though it is now ruined, and dead.

My growing fondness for Kegan gave me patience as I waited for my test results.

But after weeks of no news my patience faltered, and upon further inquiries to Dalaran I learned that the bloodstone never reached my colleagues. My courier was somehow lost on the way, and the bloodstone pendant was lost with him!

This is grave news, for although Kegan and his followers still have bloodstone specimens with which we may experiment, I fear the pendant may fall into unsavory hands.

I have sent another messenger to Dalaran, and hear that even now they are scouring for the pendant, in the ruins outside our protective sphere.

I only hope we’re not too late.

Berard's Journal

By

Berard

Through study of various fossilized creatures I have deduced that in ancient times, a great plague swept through the waters of Lake Lordamere. What caused this? We might never know. But the rate of contamination appears to be extremely high based on dense concentrations of remains distributed across the lake bed.

In an attempt to uncover the past, I have begun to examine the creatures of the present in hopes of finding the missing clue to this mystery. The Lake Skulkers and Lake Creepers are ancient beasts who inhabit the islands in the center of Lake Lordamere. There is a moss which grows on them that resembles trace materials on some of the fossils. More research needs to be done before I can speculate as to what this connection means.

While trying to collect moss samples I came across the scene of a bloody battle. The Vile Fin tribe of Murlocs had come under siege by a marauding band of Gnolls. There were both Gnoll and Murloc corpses littering the battlefield. As I passed a mangled Murloc body I noticed a strange hardened tumor protruding from the wound. As I began to study the tumor it became clear it held similar properties to the moss I was collecting. Unfortunately, I could find no other tumors besides the one.

Beyond the Dark Portal

By

Unknown

Only a few months after Nethergarde's completion, the energies of the dark portal coalesced and opened up a new gateway to Draenor. The remaining orc clans, under the leadership of the elder shaman, Ner'zhul, charged forth into Azeroth once again. Intent on stealing a number of magical artifacts that would increase Ner'zhul's power, the orcs planned to open up new portals in Draenor that would allow them to escape their doomed red world forever.

Convinced that Ner'zhul was planning a new offensive against the Alliance, King Terenas of Lordaeron sent his armies into Draenor to end the orcish threat once and for all. Led by Khadgar and General Turalyon, the Alliance forces clashed with the orcs across the burning landscape. Even with the aid of the elven Ranger Alleria, the dwarf Kurdran and the veteran soldier Danath, Khadgar was unable to prevent Ner'zhul from opening his portals to other worlds.

The tremendous magical storms caused by the portals' converging energies began to tear the ravaged world apart. Ner'zhul, followed only by his most trusted servants, managed to escape through one of the portals as Khadgar fought desperately to return his comrades to Azeroth. Realizing that they would be trapped on the dying world, Khadgar and his companions selflessly decided to destroy the dark portal so that Azeroth would not be harmed by Draenor's violent destruction.

By all accounts, the heroes were successful in destroying the portal and saving Azeroth - but whether or not they escaped the death throes of Draenor remains to be seen.

Bilgewater Cartel Contract

By

Unknown

The contractee (herein after referred to as “you”) agrees to execute any and all orders dispatched by the Warchief or his officers. These orders are to be followed to the letter with the following caveats: No interruption of profit to and for the Trade Prince Gallywix, herein after referred to as “me”.

Any orders issued from me or my officers are to take priority over any other Horde command. Failure to comply will result in lawsuit and non-payment. By reading this you agree that your life is collateral for this contractual arrangement and all properties there within.

Additional exceptions include Horde orders that may result in the collapse of Horde financial infrastructure. Do not let the Horde bankrupt itself in this war! I have salvage rights on all Alliance war machines and I intend to collect. Any actions that lead to the bankrupting of Garrosh and his forces (even if he gives the order himself, which he probably will) shall result in immediate transfer of the Warchief’s debt to you and anyone you’ve ever met that might help cover that debt.

The ink of this parchment acts as a legal binding agent and you are now subject to all laws and... Well let’s face it. You back out of this I’ll have my bruisers on you faster than a Blood Elf on a corrupted power source.

Binding Raptors

By

Unknown

Since the dawn of our people we have hunted with raptor. These beasts be smart, lethal, and loyal. A troll and his raptor be more than friendship. It be a bond of blood. You each be needing the other.

Usually you be having many years to get better with your raptor. But time is short, and the Zandalari be needing raptors for the war. We have awakened the old ways. Take the blood of the raptors. Bind their essence to the fetishes. There not be time to bond with them the natural way.

Such be our times.

Blackened Pamphlet

By

Unknown

A GREAT DAY COMES

Our lives are fleeting. Our accomplishments are dust. Our existence is pain. Sargeras seeks to free us from this torment. This is your only chance to take your place at his side and have a true, lasting impact on the cosmos. An eternity of servitude is better than a flash of freedom. If you are worthy, the Burning Legion will accept you, train you, empower you, and set you loose upon all existence. And if you are not worthy, your passing will be quick.

Blackrock Invasion Plans

By

Unknown

Shadowhide gnolls and Blackrock orcs are setting up a massive offensive to attack Stormwind.

Blackrock Orc Missive

By

Unknown

<This entire page is written in orcish. You can't understand anything on the document.>

Blood Elf Plans

By

S.

Survey the extent of the islands and report back.

Remember, do not get caught!

Do not fail me, Candress!

S.

Blood Ledger

By

Senior Archivist Filius

The Blood Ledger

As recorded by Senior Archivist Filius Sparkstache.

The Kingslayers

As instruments of death, these daggers are exquisite. As tools of assassination, they are unparalleled. And every moment of every day that you carry them, they will seek to bend your mind to the will of their master, Kil'jaeden.

Perhaps one day you will be able to thank him personally for that.

The Kingslayers, Part One

These daggers were forged to spill the blood of heroes and innocents. In the hands of Garona Halforcen, they did just that.

Anguish and Sorrow were named well. In their history, they have killed kings, commanders, soldiers, magi, demons, and countless others. If things had gone a little differently, it might have been these weapons that allowed the first Horde to conquer Azeroth.

The story of these daggers begins on Draenor, soon after the Burning Legion had sunk its claws into the orc clans.

The Kingslayers, Part Two

In the early days of the Horde, Gul'dan had taken Garona under his care. As a half-orc, half-draenei outcast, Garona had found survival to be brutally difficult since she was born. She had learned quickly how to avoid unwinnable fights, and how to quietly kill relentless pursuers.

Gul'dan bound her mind to his will and began to secretly train her in the art of assassination. She did not fully understand his intentions, but she grew to resent his cruelty. Still, she obeyed. Survival demanded nothing less.

Garona proved to be skilled with almost any weapon she held, but Gul'dan was not satisfied. His grip on the Horde was still tenuous; assassinating his enemies could backfire if the involvement of his Shadow Council became known.

He needed weapons that would allow Garona to kill for him with impunity.

The Kingslayers, Part Three

The Horde's first warchief held the solution to Gul'dan's problem. Warchief Blackhand and his clan, the Blackrocks, had the most advanced weapon foundries among all the orcs of Draenor. Gul'dan approached them quietly, asking how their ancestors had created the powerful, legendary weapon of Doomhammer.

"It was a gift from the fiery heart of Draenor," they told him.

That was no help. Gul'dan wanted to break the orcs' reverence of the elements; asking the Furies of Draenor for more weapons might strengthen it instead. Gul'dan turned to Kil'jaeden for assistance, imploring the Burning Legion for aid.

Kil'jaeden saw the value of having a covert assassin at the Shadow Council's command. He gave Gul'dan strict instructions... and the raw materials needed to create two of the deadliest weapons Draenor would ever know.

The Kingslayers, Part Four

Warchief Blackhand was intrigued by Gul'dan's request. The warlock had

asked for two daggers created from a mysterious type of ore that no orc had ever seen before, and he wanted them imbued with a power that would only reveal itself when the time was right. Blackhand agreed to make the weapons himself in his foundry.

As Blackhand quenched the blades, he felt a terrible, dark presence fill them with unspeakable might. This was no Elemental Fury-it was the raw hatred of Kil'jaeden sinking deep within the daggers.

Blackhand could feel untamed agony radiating from the weapons. He named them Anguish and Sorrow, for he knew they would never be satisfied unless they were drinking the blood of new victims.

The Kingslayers, Part Five

Gul'dan was delighted with the daggers' power. Not only were they brimming with the dark presence of a Burning Legion lord, but they also were imbued with the means to control the will of the one who wielded them.

To test the weapons' potential, Gul'dan handed them to Garona and gave her a simple command. She obeyed instantly. An unfortunate Shadow Council acolyte had no chance to defend himself before she tore open his throat with one slash.

It was not a pleasant death. But it was fast, quiet, and efficient. When the orc took his last breath, the wound that killed him became irregular. Nobody would be able to tell whether he had died to a knife, an axe, or a spear. Gul'dan saw the possibilities immediately. A mysterious death could be used to sow confusion and redirect suspicion wherever he pleased.

These daggers would prove to be extremely valuable.

The Kingslayers, Part Six

As the Horde waged war on the draenei, Gul'dan dispatched Garona with care and precision. Influential orcs who expressed doubt or dissent were often found dead shortly after a skirmish with draenei forces. The wounds did not look as if they had come from orcish weapons, so Gul'dan was never

suspected.

Nor was Garona. As a “half-breed,” she lived beneath the notice of most orcs, and those who noticed her saw only a servant of Gul’dan, held on a tight leash.

Her quiet work aided the Horde in securing victory against the draenei, and then her blades helped maintain control in the war’s aftermath. Life on Draenor withered due to the presence of fel magic, but tensions within the Horde stayed manageable.

Whenever they didn’t, Gul’dan gave the command, and Garona obeyed. Her daggers were busy.

The Kingslayers, Part Seven

For many years, Garona was bound to the will of the Shadow Council. She obeyed them to survive; she killed on their behalf to appease them. She often dreamed of using these daggers to slay her masters, but when she woke, her ensorcelled mind buried those thoughts, keeping her loyal.

That power, fortunately, seems to have died decades ago, along with Gul’dan in the Tomb of Sargeras. And to be clear, nobody is happier to see these daggers exacting payback from the Burning Legion than Garona.

The Kingslayers, Part Eight

When the Horde invaded Azeroth, Gul’dan ordered Garona to find the sorcerer Medivh and keep an eye on him. In time, Garona would reveal herself to Khadgar, seeing humans as a potential means of escaping Gul’dan.

Had she known that these daggers helped the warlock control her actions, she might have abandoned them, and history would have gone down a very different path. In the end, though she tried to resist, Gul’dan manipulated her into murdering the king of Stormwind, Llane Wrynn.

Garona was now considered a traitor. She was forced to return to the Horde, bringing these daggers back with her.

The Kingslayers, Part Nine

Garona did not receive a hero's welcome from the Horde. Warchief Blackhand had been killed by Orgrim Doomhammer in a mak'gora. Gul'dan was in a coma, and his Shadow Council was on the run. Garona was tortured for information on the Shadow Council's location.

As the Horde moved to finish off the human-led Alliance, Garona made her escape. With only these weapons and her survival instincts, she set out across Azeroth to find a new life.

The poor Horde trackers sent to hunt her down never really had a chance.

The Kingslayers, Part Ten

Eventually, as Garona was pulled into the events of the Second War, she began to understand the power these daggers were exerting on her will. Even so far away, she could feel Gul'dan trying to compel her back into his clutches.

She sought out the help of an undead mage named Meryl Winterstorm, asking him to hide the blades somewhere beyond anyone's reach. Garona wanted to make sure that no other victim would die to them, and that no other mind would be subject to Gul'dan's tricks.

These daggers remained buried for decades.

The Kingslayers, Part Eleven

These weapons do not have a history of glory. They did not earn honorable victories. They were meant to cause pain, and they have caused untold damage to both Draenor and Azeroth.

Respect their power. Never forget the innocents who have died to them.

Make the Burning Legion pay for every drop of blood their wielder was forced to spill.

The Dreadblades

As you probably guessed, these cutlasses were not forged on Azeroth. Be very careful with them. They were designed to trap weak, greedy minds. Though their master was sent back to the Twisting Nether, he may try to return and influence you in the future. Stay vigilant.

The Dreadblades, Part One

The Bloodsail Buccaneers surely had no idea, at first, that they were meddling with the Burning Legion. By the end, it seems they assumed they had snatched a piece of forbidden power from under the demons' noses. But if they believed there would be no consequences for their "gift," they were tragically mistaken.

It was not happenstance that these weapons fell into Admiral Goreblade's possession. It was planned and carefully executed by a Burning Legion commander who had plenty of experience corrupting fools and turning them against their own worlds.

These cutlasses were meant to do that here, on Azeroth.

The Dreadblades, Part Two

The eredar who created these cutlasses is named Talgath. It's impossible to say for certain when he first began to study Azeroth and its inhabitants, but it is certainly no accident that he crafted a pair of weapons that caught the eye of a pirate crew leader.

Talgath's role in the Burning Legion is to help Kil'jaeden corrupt the native populations of different worlds. He has brought down countless civilizations, and he knows how to tempt mortal hearts. Sometimes he has found heroic champions who could be turned, but very often he has discovered willing minds among those who live on a world's fringes.

The Dreadblades, Part Three

Talgath stumbled upon an effective method of corruption: find the selfish, the greedy, and the ruthless... and make them compete for power. Not only would he learn which among them were the strongest, but the "winners"

would struggle so hard to obtain their prize that they would be unwilling to question its true cost until it was too late.

Azeroth's pirates must have immediately seemed vulnerable to this tactic. They raided one another in search of treasure, giving little thought to the risks they would undertake.

The choice to create a pair of nimble cutlasses, the sort of weapons favored on the high seas, meant Talgath saw great potential in corrupting pirates to the Burning Legion's cause.

The Dreadblades, Part Four

These weapons first showed up on Azeroth a few decades ago. Several Alliance ships reported that they had escaped a band of pirates whose leader carried glowing blades oozing black smoke, and soon it became clear that those ships were the lucky ones. A newly empowered crew of pirates was preying on Alliance vessels, and when the raiders captured a ship, they left no survivors.

Grand Admiral Daelin Proudmoore led the search for the rogues, and after weeks of hunting, his small fleet cornered their ship a few miles off the Eastern Kingdoms' shores. The pirate crew seemed to be possessed, barely human, but after a coordinated cannon barrage, Proudmoore sent their vessel, the Bellwether, to the bottom of the ocean.

The admiral sailed away, believing he had killed them all. In truth, one had survived.

The Dreadblades, Part Five

The single person who swam away from the sunken Bellwether was a teenage boy, a young pirate recruit who had seen his crew descend into corruption and madness firsthand. He had joined them for profit, so watching his captain and shipmates succumb to uncontrollable bloodlust had been a truly horrific experience.

He was compelled to retrieve these cutlasses from the ship's wreckage, but

when he heard them whispering in his mind, he had the good sense to resist. He took the weapons and the treasure back to his crew's old lair and buried them deep underneath an isolated island. He believed the riches were cursed, and so he left them behind.

The weapons would remain buried for years.

The Dreadblades, Part Six

It took the upheaval of the Cataclysm to unearth these cutlasses again. A ship carrying some Bloodsail Buccaneers, a small but dangerous pirate crew, took shelter near a patch of tiny islands as the seas heaved to and fro. After the initial elemental unrest passed, their leader, Admiral Eliza Goreblade, noticed that rogue waves had revealed something beneath the sand.

When they looked closer, they found a cache of gold, jewels, and old weapons. It was the last stash of the Bellwether, a windfall nobody knew had been missing.

The buccaneers gleefully took it all. Admiral Goreblade reserved a pair of gleaming cutlasses for herself, the only weapons in the cache that hadn't become rusted and worn over time. Unfortunately, that decision led her crew to ruin.

The Dreadblades, Part Seven

After claiming these cutlasses, Goreblade was taken by a vision. She saw herself commanding an impossibly large pirate fleet, one that could conquer the high seas and all the nations of Azeroth. Every ship that dared to challenge her burned, and every city gave up its treasures or was destroyed.

It was an intoxicating sight, and she drank every drop of its promise. When she awoke, she had her crew set sail for a rival pirate hideout. The corrupted Bloodsail Buccaneers proceeded to slaughter all the unfortunate souls they found there.

The loot they took was secondary. The killing was what truly satisfied them. These weapons had taken root deep within their minds, and now there was no

escape.

The Dreadblades, Part Eight

Goreblade's buccaneers became an unseen, deadly menace on the South Seas. The master of these weapons, Talgath, had seen what attracting too much attention would do, so he encouraged Admiral Goreblade to attack only isolated ships and make certain they did not escape.

For several years, the pirate crew did exactly what they were told. They killed without mercy, and the power of the cutlasses grew ever stronger. When other Bloodsail Buccaneers learned how deep into insanity this crew had fallen, they tried to intervene. Goreblade's pirates survived the counterattack and managed to steal the Bloodsail Buccaneers' most prized ship, the Crimson Veil, for themselves.

Soon, some crew members began to change. Their forms withered and faded. Only their skeletons remained.

Admiral Goreblade did not mind. The cutlasses hungered for blood, and now, so did she.

The Dreadblades, Part Nine

Shortly before the Legion's recent arrival, Admiral Goreblade finally discovered the true power behind her weapons. Talgath revealed himself and told her that she had only tasted a meaningless drop of the Burning Legion's strength. If she aided the demons in the coming war, he promised that she would ascend to immortality and find out what might the Legion could truly bestow.

The admiral agreed immediately. She made a pact, giving the souls of all her crew to Talgath's tender care.

She had already come to enjoy being the unseen terror of the seas. The possibility of bringing a world to ruin consumed her mind.

The Dreadblades, Part Ten

When the Legion attacked, so did Admiral Goreblade. It now seems clear that several convoys of reinforcements—from both the Horde and the Alliance—were destroyed by her crew before they could reach the Broken Isles.

It is fortunate that the Bloodsail Buccaneers' true leader, Fleet Admiral Tethys, sought help. Had she been left unchecked, there is no telling what more damage Goreblade could have done to the Legion's enemies.

At least that threat is over.

The Dreadblades, Part Eleven

Talgath, the master of these blades, was defeated. His spirit is back in the Twisting Nether, waiting to return.

His grip upon these cutlasses has been broken. The madness he infused into them, the thirst for blood, has been lessened. That does not mean he won't try to lay claim to the blades again.

But perhaps he will not. After all, he has plenty of reason to fear the creature who now possesses them.

Fangs of the Devourer

Exercise caution with these daggers. The assassin you killed, Akaari, paid a terrible price to wield them. Their history is filled with silent, secret murders across countless worlds, but never before have they been used by someone who still possessed their free will.

You will become one of the most dangerous killers the universe has ever known. Tread carefully.

Fangs of the Devourer, Part One

These daggers may have passed through the hands of a master weaponsmith, but their danger wasn't born of his hands. No. These are fangs, ancient yet well preserved, taken from the maw of a slain felhound. This creature was more dangerous than any of its like that we've ever seen. Indeed, it seems that this particular hound was the pet of the Great Enemy, Sargeras.

He must have cared deeply for this hound—in his own way—for he sculpted its power, gifting its sharp teeth with enough shadow energy to pierce reality itself. How many terrified innocents died to these fangs? We may never know.

But we do know this creature's name. Sargeris called it Goremaw the Devourer.

Fangs of the Devourer, Part Two

When the Legion invaded a new world, Goremaw would often accompany them, tearing enemy soldiers to shreds. Between battles, the felhound's eredar caretakers would collect the shadow energy dripping from its fangs, using it to craft powerful new weapons and reagents.

Goremaw's end came on an unremarkable world. It had already been pacified, its leaders corrupted and its heroes slain. A child, burning with righteous fury for his dying world, crept into the Legion's stronghold and killed several eredar guards—and Goremaw—while they rested. When Sargeris saw his slain hound, he was consumed with rage. That world, and all who lived upon it, was scattered as ashes in the Great Dark. Such a quick death was perhaps a small mercy for them.

But though Goremaw had died, its usefulness to the Legion had not ended.

Fangs of the Devourer, Part Three

A dreadlord, Mephistroth, believed that Goremaw could still serve the Legion. He extracted the felhound's fangs and took them to a great demon forge on the eredar homeworld of Argus. There were many challenges in preserving the fangs' dark energies. Mephistroth dared not handle the task himself. His subordinates were eager to distinguish themselves, even at great risk. But the fangs' twisted power often proved too dangerous. When it pierced their minds and inflicted unspeakable agony, the dreadlord simply discarded them, giving their souls to the demon forge and finding another servant to take their place.

But in the end, their work was successful. The fangs had been sharpened to a permanent edge, their shadow powers preserved for all time.

Mephistroth had created two of the deadliest weapons the universe had ever known. These daggers could twist the air and bend light, allowing their wielders to conceal themselves effortlessly. He presented the daggers to Sargerass, who was greatly pleased. Goreman had been a terror on the battlefield; in the hands of a skilled assassin, its fangs would be a terror in the shadows.

Fangs of the Devourer, Part Four

It took time for Sargerass to find someone worthy of wielding the Fangs of the Devourer. Loyalty was a concern. Skilled assassins are deceptive by nature, all too capable of betrayal. Sargerass would not abide the thought of Goreman's legacy falling into the hands of the Legion's enemies.

Consider that for a moment: using these weapons against the Legion will be a personal affront to the Legion's lord.

Fangs of the Devourer, Part Five

Finally, Sargerass found someone suitable to carry these daggers into battle. An eredar tracker named Akaari had distinguished herself in several Legion invasions, silently murdering those who suspected that the demons' promises were laced with doom.

She was summoned to Argus and told of the great honor being offered to her. Sargerass promised Akaari that she would become a fearsome instrument of death, one of the deadliest creatures alive in any known realm. The price? Akaari would need to give up her will. If she wanted to be this living weapon, betrayal would become impossible.

It was a grim bargain, but Akaari accepted it.

Fangs of the Devourer, Part Six

There are dark places beneath the surface of Argus. In these secret chambers,

weapons are forged and wills are broken. Akaari spent centuries down there, her essence being shaped and molded, intertwined with the daggers' power. The souls of other eredar assassins were sacrificed and bound to hers, granting her the experience of a hundred lifetimes and thousands of kills.

Just as Goremaw had been changed, so was she. She emerged from those chambers a remorseless construct of death, perfectly obedient to Sargerass. He knew that the daggers were safe in her hands, because her hands were an extension of his will.

And in her hands, the daggers spelled doom for those who opposed the Burning Legion.

Fangs of the Devourer, Part Seven

Sargerass had his eyes on a small, militaristic world. Its inhabitants would have fought hard against a Legion invasion. Though they would have fallen eventually to direct force, Sargerass believed they might be vulnerable to fear and paranoia. This world was Akaari's first mission with her newly granted powers. A test. She infiltrated its strongholds alone.

Within a month, the world was in chaos. Tales of an unseen assassin had spread like wildfire, and as heroes and leaders died silently, the world's warriors broke into factions, believing each other to blame for Akaari's assassinations.

When the Legion finally revealed itself, the world begged to surrender. An eternity of servitude seemed better than living in fear of daggers striking from the shadows.

Akaari had passed her test in stunning fashion. She was brought back into the ranks of the Legion to support their efforts directly.

Fangs of the Devourer, Part Eight

Akaari proved she was an indispensable ally. Her weapons allowed her to play with kings and other leaders like toys. Not only could she eliminate whom she wanted, but she could also take their place in disguise, perfectly

mimicking their appearance and manner.

A world does not fall because of a single assassin. But it certainly falls more quickly. A dagger through the right person's heart can win a battle or topple a kingdom. A panicked army that just lost its leader is more easily destroyed than a stalwart, determined force.

The Legion already had plenty of experience in corrupting weak minds and mortal hearts. Akaari was the demons' proof against failure. Whenever someone had the strength or the sense to resist temptation, Akaari's blades handled the rest.

Fangs of the Devourer, Part Nine

Yes, Akaari was Sarger's asset, loyal and unquestioning. But even though her will was gone, her guile remained. She requested that Sarger allow her to roam the Twisting Nether for a time. He agreed, curious to see how she would further the goals of the Burning Legion.

She spent time skulking among the ranks of Sarger's own armies, rooting out discontent and erasing ambitious demons who hoped to seize power at the Legion's expense. She became skilled in the art of interrogation, able to inflict untold pain and suffering upon any creature able to scream. She built a citadel on a dead world to hold prisoners and extract knowledge from them.

Over time, her actions created malcontents within the Legion. The demons imagined her daggers in their throats, and their constant fear of her inspired thoughts of escape.

Fangs of the Devourer, Part Ten

When the location of Akaari's citadel became known to the rest of the Legion, she made a show of abandoning it. It had become useless, an unhelpful symbol. But it had served its purpose. She would return to the citadel in time, but only in secret, and only to prepare for particularly difficult invasions or to interrogate particularly important prisoners.

She returned to Sarger with new skills and a new philosophy: fear was a

double-edged sword, useful, but not always the right choice. An unseen assassin inspired terror, yes, but an unknown assassin inspired complacency. An enemy could not prepare to face a danger that seemingly did not exist.

Akaari dedicated herself to becoming truly invisible. A silent killer. Her work continued.

And then she met her end in her most secure stronghold. It was probably not the fate she imagined for herself.

Fangs of the Devourer, Part Eleven

We may never know what compelled Akaari to sacrifice her free will in service to Sargeras. But there can be no doubt that she served him well.

She embraced the intricacies of fear and knew how to strike it into the hearts of her victims. When confronting those without fear, she skillfully eliminated them. When terror became counterproductive, she learned how to kill without being noticed at all.

These lessons were once employed by the Burning Legion. Now they belong to its enemies.

Only time will tell how Sargeras will respond.

Note from the Author

Research efforts press on! There's more information to be uncovered in these texts. The only thing that can hold me back is time!

Come back after further research has been completed and I will continue to expand this tome.- Senior Archivist Filius Sparkstache

Blood Oath of the Horde

By

Unknown

Lok'tar ogar! Victory or death - it is these words that bind me to the Horde. For they are the most sacred and fundamental of truths to any warrior of the Horde.

I give my flesh and blood freely to the Warchief. I am the instrument of my Warchief's desire. I am a weapon of my Warchief's command.

From this moment until the end of days I live and die - For the Horde!

Blood-Spattered Zandalari Journal

By

Unknown

I tell them others the loa don't speak to me, but I see them all over, I hear them talk about me, I hear them tell me to give up. They hungry for flesh, them loa. They hungry for hate. They give up on me. I learn fast I better take what I want because no spirit going to give me nothing.

I tell the elders I want put in the ring, they tell me I crazy, going to get killed. Tell me to take the rock test. Lift them heavy stones over my head, show my back is strong, get a job pushing plow living on dirt. Them elders don't see the real me. But I see the spirits, all around their heads, even the ones they don't see. Them spirits see right through me. Hate me. Gotta prove them wrong.

I get in the ring, get them heavy hammers in each hand. They feel good. Feel better when I smash some heads. Feel best slick with blood. When a troll got nothing to lose they see it, I don't care how big they are. They don't show the fear but the spirits see. Can't hide fear from the spirits.

I ain't supposed to draw blood but I go for the head, that's where the hate feels best. Spirits abandon them others once I done with them. Now they afraid of me. Better that way. I see you, spirits. I know you best.

Bloodsail Orders

By

Fleet-Master Firallon

Bloodsail Orders

Pay close attention to these here words, me hearties. This be our final shot at Booty Bay.

Pretty-Boy has failed me for the last time. His replacement remains in the north. He'll lead the invasion by land, through that blasted tunnel.

Captain Keelhaul and the Riptide will come in from the southwest and negate any cannon fire from the tip of the Cape. He'll need men, gunpowder, and plenty of extra ropes.

The Damsel's Luck will drive directly into the harbor and open fire. Her captain will be ordered to take no prisoners - any man, woman, or child found consorting with the Blackwater Raiders of Booty Bay will be sent straight to Neptulon's locker.

I'll lead the attack from the rear, with the Crimson Veil. We'll offer cannon support and protect from any raiders that come to defend their precious Booty Bay.

There is no exit plan here, boys. Once we arrive in Booty Bay, we burn her down and take her over, or we die trying. Take that message to heart.

—Fleet-Master Firallon

Bloodsail Orders

By

Fleet-Master Firallon

Bloodsail Orders

Pay attention to these here words closely, me hearties, for we only got one shot at Booty Bay.

I've sent Ol' Dunken scouting to the north and told him to wait for the signal.

The Damsel's Luck will drop anchor off the southern cape for purposes of supply. Captain Stillwater, the little shorty, is to have his crew prepare to haul up all the plundered loot. I'm sure Brutus, that blockhead, will be on top of things.

I want Captain Keelhaul to bring The Riptide up to shore from the southeast. We'll send his crew in on foot when the signal is given. That big lug, Salthoof, can take the men in swinging. I want the black spot placed on Revilgaz and Seahorn. Send 'em right to the bottom of the sea for all I care.

You blokes are responsible for salvaging anything that might be of use for our little project with Van

Cleef in the Deadmines.

I'll give the order for Ironpatch to fire the guns. The artillery barrage will keep any Blackwater ships from leaving or entering the port.

After The Crimson Veil has unloaded her guns, I'll bring her alongside The Riptide for support and provide reserves as needed.

Once Salthoof and his boys have fired the town and all hands are on deck, we set sail and give the Bay one more shelling from the Savage Coast for good measure.

—Fleet-Master Firallon

Bloodscalp Lore Tablet

By

James

Moon Over the Vale

A Moon over the Vale shines

Casting its glow upon the jungle

Where proud Warriors heed the call

To defend our Nation and sacred grounds.

A Moon over the Vale shines

Far above the cries of battle

Where blood is spilled

Of foe and comrade alike.

And when our brethren pass

Into realms beyond the known

The soul-spirit hardens

Deep beneath the Vale.

And when our brethren pass

Into the Mountain's Temple

We shall protect their eternal spirit

Encased within the holy blue crystal.

And when our brethren pass

A Moon over the Vale shines.

Gri'lek the Wanderer

Tale of Gri'lek the Wanderer

[...The beginnings of the tablet were worn and erased. But the end was legible...]

Gri'lek stamped through the jungle. And his eyes burned and his chest rumbled, for there was great anger in him.

In fury he roared to the sky, and he raised his arm. He raised his left arm, grown strong and sure from hunting without its twin.

For Gri'lek's right arm was gone, and it would not return.

And so he wandered, and he searched. And his arm remained lost to him. And so he cursed and roared as he walked.

But Gri'lek had long ago turned his ear away from the spirits, and they were angered and would not listen to his curses.

Doomed was Gri'lek. Doomed to wander, armless.

Fall of Gurubashi

Rising from the ocean, a tower of water, Neptulon sent the great Krakken to doomed I'lalai. So huge were their forms that jungles of kelp swayed through their limbs, and leviathans swam through bodies.

The largest Krakken then raised his arms high and crashed them into the sea, sending waves about him. And they raged toward I'lalai.

The Krakken roared, and their voices thundered like an ocean storm:

“We come.”

Min’loth, standing firm, called forth his magic. The waves sent to I’lalai parted and washed to both sides, and they flooded the jungle beyond. Min’loth then bade his minions chant spells of binding, and a din rang out as dozens of troll voices rose.

And one voice rose above the rest.

Min’loth bellowed and his magic gathered the power of his minion’s spells, and he cast it at the approaching Krakken.

The seas parted and Min’loth’s spell sped toward the servants of Neptulon. Lightning tore the sky and the spell struck them, and a thousand bolts fell, boiling water and burning craters in the earth.

Min’loth cried in triumph, knowing his spell would fell the great beasts.

But the Krakken are old, very old. They remembered when the land was first born from the sea.

They remembered when the Old Ones ruled and when the Travelers came and cast them down. They remembered when magic was new.

They are old and they hold many secrets. And though Min’loth’s spell was strong, it, like the troll, was mortal.

And so it failed.

It failed to bind the Krakken, but it enraged them. Not in aeons had a mortal caused them pain, and the troll’s spell was painful.

And so they shed the bindings of Minloth’s spell, but then roared and struck with fury.

A rumble was heard as great waves rose from the deep and raced toward the land. When they reached I’lalai they cast a shadow on the city.

But before they destroyed it the Krakken halted, poised.

The troll witchdoctors trembled and cried out to their master. Min'loth gazed at the mountains of the sea, doomed and defiant. He turned to his adepts and whispered, and the trolls etched his last words into stone. Min'loth then faced the looming Krakken.

He grimaced and hurled his staff, his last bold act.

The Krakken then bent their fury upon Min'loth, and an ocean fell upon I'lalai.

And it was no more.

And then the waters fell upon the jungle, washing clean all they met. Trolls and beasts cried out as the waters smashed and drowned them.

Many Gurubashi wondered why the ocean swallowed them, but then they died and knew nothing.

And finally, when the waters reached the mountains, they stopped. Appeased, they retreated back beyond the shores, and they left a wake of death.

They retreated, but they surged around I'lalai and remained, drowning it forever.

And the chief Var'gazul, safe behind the mountains in Zul'Gurub, went out to the jungle and found it washed clean of his people.

And he despaired, for his dreams of conquest were thwarted.

And never was Min'loth the Serpent found.

The Emperor's Tomb

By moon and fire,

By flesh and bone,

Scribed in blood,

Carved in stone.

Leave this place

Or meet your doom

Death stands guard

Over the Emperor's Tomb.

Bloodstained Fortune

By

Unknown

Don't despair. Your special ogre is out there somewhere.

Bloodstained Fortune

By

Unknown

Put up your sword, your maul, and your lance. The crystals have told us to give peace a chance.

Bloodstained Fortune

By

Unknown

Wisdom comes in many shapes, but always flows from the crystals.

Bloodstained Fortune

By

Unknown

You will make an enemy today, and promptly kill it.

Bloodstained Fortune

By

Unknown

Sorry, you weren't a winner this time. Please play again.

Bloodstained Fortune

By

Unknown

Lucky Numbers: 13 9 17 4 n

Bloodstained Fortune

By

Unknown

Think positive! A large gut to one is a pair of love handles to another.

Bloodstained Fortune

By

Unknown

Two heads are better than one! Then you'll always have a friend.

Bloodstained Fortune

By

Unknown

You are special, no matter what your friends, relatives, associates, random strangers, or your conscience may tell you.

Bloodstained Fortune

By

Unknown

Let sleeping gronn lie.

Bloodstained Fortune

By

Unknown

The meaning of life is... (The rest of this message has been accidentally eaten.)

Bloodstained Fortune

By

Unknown

You have been chosen by the great metal hand in the sky! Now get to work.

Bloodstained Fortune

By

Unknown

Warning: The giblet was not safe for human consumption.

Bloodstained Fortune

By

Unknown

You will meet someone special tomorrow, so remember: you draw more friends with kindness than clubbing them to death.

Bloodstained Fortune

By

Unknown

You need not fear with a head full of beer!

Bloodstained Fortune

By

Unknown

This message was brought to you by the Ogri'la Exploitation Committee.
Made in Gadgetzan.

Bloodstained Fortune

By

Unknown

Your inclination for dancing brings a smile to everyone's face.

Bloodstained Fortune

By

Unknown

Seek a higher path in life. That way, you can avoid low-lives.

Bloodstained Fortune

By

Unknown

Drunkenness is next to godliness.

Bloodstained Fortune

By

Unknown

When all else fails, it's time to bail.

Bloodstained Note

By

Unknown

My dearest, this is our big chance! While everyone is distracted with all this demonic invasion nonsense we have the opportunity to escape from our overbearing parents and strike out on our own! When you have the chance, sneak out of your place and head to the small isle near the mill. I'll be there waiting.

Bloodstained Note

By

Unknown

BEWARE.

st.... ..ito... cri..... to d.....<The bottom half of the page is covered in dried blood>.

Bloodvalor's Notes

By

Knight-Lord Bloodvalor

<name>,

The creation of the blood-tempered ranseur requires a variety of rare and volatile materials, resulting in a fearsome weapon of superior craftsmanship. I will list the materials in order from easiest to most difficult to obtain.

Do not forget that you must also secure your Blood Knight insignia before the materials will be accepted and the forging process can begin.

Blood of the wrathful - In order to properly temper the metal of your weapon, it must be quenched in the blood of the wrathful. Though the blood of most demons holds a substantial amount of power, common blood is not sufficient for the forging of your ranseur.

Discreet inquiries with the warlocks of Orgrimmar have proven helpful in locating a supply of the blood. The Searing Blade cultists within Ragefire Chasm possess an orb filled with the kind of blood we'll need for your weapon. I am told the orb is guarded by an orc calling himself Jergosh the Invoker.

Exercise caution, as in all your dealings with demonic powers. You can never tell what might happen when handling such a powerful substance.

Crate of bloodforged ingots - On its own, steel is a fine metal, but a weapon forged from it is unremarkable. Bloodforged ingots represent a superior material created in a process that is a well-kept secret. Rumor has it that any smith bold enough to handle and work the metal becomes cursed, but our craftsmen have proven this false.

The metal's reputation increases its scarcity, but the Forsaken have sent word that a supply may exist within Shadowfang Keep. A skilled smith by the name of Landen Stilwell grew curious enough to smuggle a crate of ingots into the keep. It is not known where Stilwell keeps his stash, but our informant tells us the smith is being held prisoner in the keep's dungeon. Use any means at your disposal to obtain the ingots.

A corrupted kor gem - The magisters' tomes record that these gems are used by some spell casters to hold energy for their magics, making them even deadlier. Although purified versions of the gem can be safely used by journeyman spellcasters, they are too weak for our purposes.

In the caves of Blackfathom Deeps, naga spellcasters have imbued kor gems with their own dark powers, augmenting them in a way that makes them perfect for use in your ranseur. Slay them mercilessly until you have secured the gem you will need.

The insignia that you will wear as an adept was last carried by a brave and fearless Blood Knight from the Dawnstar family. His exemplary service is a good omen for your own life in the order.

Blood Knight Dawnstar led a daring, but unsuccessful attack on the Scourge stronghold of Deatholme. His body rests where he died, locked in combat with our greatest foes. Find him, <name>, and return his insignia to me. Your success will bring honor to him, to you, and to all true Blood Knights.

Blue Punch Card

By

Unknown

Do NOT let this information fall into enemy hands!

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01010100 01101000 01100101 00100000 01100111 01101110 01101111
01101101 01100101 00100000 01101011 01101001 01101110 01100111
00100000 01110111 01100101 01100001 01110010 01110011 00100000
01101110 01101001 01100111 01101000 01110100 00100000 01100101
01101100 01100110 00100000 01110101 01101110 01100100 01100101
01110010 01110111 01100101 01100001 01110010
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Bone Pile

By

Unknown

Judging by the bite and acid marks marks left in the bone, this corpse was eaten by Goren. The armor, meat, and most of the bone of whatever this creature was have been eaten away with equal vigor.

Bonegrip's Note

By

Gerrig Bonegrip

The Star of Xil'yeh

Grel'borg the Miser has the Star. He is a greedy ogre who spends his days in the Alterac Mountains, in the Ruins of Alterac, searching for baubles. Most of his collection is useless, but one item, the Star of Xil'yeh, has valuable properties.

The Hand of Dagon Ancient texts claim that claws of Dagon excrete a poison that does not kill his prey, but mutates it into something else—a member of the old races. Its value to us is unquestioned.

Dagon lives in the deep sea, but is regularly enticed to the surface by a tribe of Mirefin Murlocs in Dustwallow Marsh. Their oracles summon him with an enchanted sea kelp. If you kill enough oracles you'll find the kelp. Then place it on the Murloc altar, and Dagon will come.

The Legacy Heart

Mogh the Undying is a troll witchdoctor in Stranglethorn. And he possesses the Legacy Heart, said to stave off death to those who can unlock its secrets. You will find Mogh in the Ruins of Zul'Mamwe. Defeat him, if you can, and bring me the Legacy Heart.

Bring me these three items, the Star, and Hand and the Heart, and Yagyin's Digest will be yours.

-G.B.

Boulderfist Plans

By

Lump

Stupid,

Find food. Blue taste good. Lantresor say it ok. Bring food back to Lump.
Lump eat first then stupid eat. Ok? Go fast or Lump eat you.

-Lump

Brazie's Dictionary of Devilish Draenei Damsels

By

Brazie Getz

Are your tastes more exotic? Do you desire someone a little out of this world? Are hooves your thing, but succubi a little too much for you?

Read on, my friend...

I'd just arrived off the boat to Azuremyst when I stopped a group of Draenei dames around the ripe young age of 230. They were laughing and having a great time. What luck, still on the docks and I'd found exactly the type of fun, energetic Draenei women I wanted to meet on this trip.

At first a bit anxious, I breathed deeply and reminded myself, "they too are here in Azeroth on vacation, looking to meet new people and have a great time."

Sure enough, they were delighted to see one devilishly charming Gnome like myself in the Exodar. It even turned out we were both staying near the Vault of Lights. We exchanged deep, penetrating glances into each others eyes, promising to meet again near A'dal later that night.

The next day, I met another beautiful Draenei woman - the gleam of her horns gave only the gentlest of glimpses into her refined tastes. I asked why she was visiting the Exodar, when in shock, she told me she wasn't visiting - she lived here.

The words I spoke to myself before returned to my mind:

“She is on vacation, looking to meet amazing people and have a great time.”

I had it all wrong, she wasn't on vacation at all! Then suddenly, the grinding gears of my mind clicked: I'd been claiming to myself that they were so receptive because they were on vacation. What a gnollish excuse!

I'm a fun, interesting guy who any sensible minded girl would love to group with, on vacation or not! Now when I meet Draenei girls, I remind myself of the simple truth:

“She too is looking to meet people and have a great time.”

The following 497 pages of this dictionary consistent entirely of oddly angled pictures taken from a Super Snapper FX 2000.

Brazie's Document On Dwarven Dates In Dun Morogh

By

Brazie Getz

How to date a Dwarven woman:

1. Ask her to buy you a drink.

Brazie's Guide to Getting Good with Gnomish Girls

By

Brazie Getz

“Roleplaying”

Good roleplaying skills are essential. No Genius Gnomish gal wants a giant bore. Regale her with tales of your future cross-continental adventures:

“You and me, babe, we’re gonna fly to Kalimdor, etch our names into the side of Teldrassil and spend the rest of our lives swinging from the trees in Un’goro Crater.”

“Storytelling”

Share stores of your exciting future together! The more implausible, the better. Nothing gets a Gnomish girl excited like an ambitious plan. It also makes for great conversation starters!

“With our brilliant minds combined, we could retake Gnomeregan....\swhy haven’t we retaken Gnomeregan anyways?”

“Teasing”

Teasing is the art of making fun of a woman in a humorous way. Be careful, you can easily go too far. Calling her a “Goblin Ganking Gnat” will leave you walking home wearing that Green Gordok Grog you just bought. Try something a bit more subtle.

If she acts childish and refuses to stop jumping onto tables in the middle of

the bar try:

“I hear there’s an opening for star entertainer at the Stormwind orphanage.”

If she won’t stop talking about herself playfully try:

“Where’s your off switch?”

IMPORTANT NOTE: Gnomish girls do NOT have an off switch. Attempting to find it may result in the loss of life, limbs or wallet.

Brazie's Handbook to Handling Human Hunnies

By

Brazie Getz

There's nothing like wooing the heart of a human girl. Infinitely forgiving, endlessly caring and fantastically fun, human girls have been the downfall of countless heroes throughout the ages. (See Chapter 3: "Jaina Proudmoore and the men who loved her")

However, generation after generation has proven it takes something more than just money, looks or an epic suit of armor to attract the woman of your dreams. Not even the power of Gnomish invention can help you here.

To truly charm the heart of another, you should possess these qualities.

- * Be Fun & Friendly

- * Be a Challenge

- * Be a Man

Be Fun & Friendly

Ever have a friend who shows up at your house and brings everybody down? Yep. Everyone does. Does he get invited back to the parties? Not unless he's bringing the ale. If you want to be an attractive person, live an attractive lifestyle.

You'll find that the more you enjoy socializing with others, the more they will enjoy socializing with you!

There's no faster way to ruin a girl's night than bringing in that needy, apologetic vibe. Let it go, embrace the fun and your confidence will soar.

Be a Challenge

Too many Gnomes these days walk with their head slung low, shuffling along sadly from tavern to tavern, hopelessly holding on these limiting beliefs that no human girl would ever want them. They rush into the tavern, shower her with compliments and free drinks, then go home dejected.

Well, let me be the first to tell you, friend, when you give your self away so cheaply, you diminish the value of your unique, exquisite personality. You've been told by society that you are not the prize, that women will never acknowledge you, that you must beg for love and attention.

They are wrong. Don't give your affection away so freely. Instead of asking yourself, "Does she like me?" ask yourself instead, "Do I like her?"

Challenge her - show her you're looking for a girl who offers more than a pretty face. If she can't keep up with your life, move on. If she shows she's got something to offer, you're at the beginning of a beautiful thing.

Be a Man

In an age where we've been banished from our homes, forced to fight for our very survival and faced down horrors never before known to Azeroth, you would think that the nature of manhood would be better understood.

Sadly, the art of masculinity has been lost, washed away in the glitz and glamor of battle. However, all is not lost! With practice and confidence, you can come back in touch with yourself.

Once you've met the human girl of your dreams and she's shown herself to be worthy of your affections:

- * Take the lead - show her everything that is beautiful about your world
- * Hold her hand - develop a close, affectionate relationship

- * Show respect - for yourself, for her and for the world around you

Above all:

- * Be responsible

Troubleshooting

While everything doesn't always go the way you expect, that's what make life unpredictable and exciting. However, there's a few tips to help you a long way in improving your life. Here's some common blunders:

- * Don't chase

- * Don't be needy

- * Don't get stuck on someone who dislikes you

These all stem from a core belief that women you must have the woman you're talking to right now. Break free - there's many women out there in this beautiful world and if one doesn't work out, let go. You'll find you become more attractive the less clingy you are.

Brazie's Notes On Naughty Night Elves

By

Brazie Getz

Let's be honest. Since the end of the Third War, Night Elf girls have heard it all. In fact, they'd already heard it all long before you or I was born.

If you want to engage the mind of a Night Elf girl, you're going to have to stand out. Sure, we've all heard the tales of Night Elf lasses dancing on mailboxes and stripping to pay for Nightsaber training. True or not, if you want to light that lovely lady's lips up with a smile, you gotta be unique, memorable and confident.

Start off by showing that you're looking for more than a gal with looks. Sure, she can bounce, she can dance, but can she hold a decent conversation? Does she even understand the proper use of a samophlange? Does she know how to have a fun time?

There's nothing worse than bringing a Night Elf to a party, only to watch her stand awkwardly by herself, breaking conversation only to lament the loss of her Highborne sister during the War of the Ancients.

Brazier of Invocation: User's Manual

By

Unknown

BRAZIER OF INVOCATION: USER'S MANUAL

Where to find Haunted Loci

INTRODUCTION

Contained within these pages are the locations of the fallen and corrupted spirits and souls involved in the Lord Valthalak's Amulet Incident. Though you have already saved these former companions of mine, it would be my conjecture that repugnant echoes of the evil that once twisted their spirits still linger at those haunted loci. Such was the malevolent power of Lord Valthalak's spirit.

Additionally, the brazier can be used to summon forth Lord Valathalak, though as before, extreme caution should be taken in doing so.

The brazier itself functions just as the Brazier of Beckoning did. Simply place it within range of any of the five haunted loci and it will invoke the spirits of the dead.

As a side note, because I know that you'll be interested in knowing, the Banner of Provocation can be used in similar fashion at the arena in Blackrock Depths. Be sure to teach Theldren and his goons a lesson for me every time you get a chance when you're there.

Read on should you desire further enlightenment.

ISALIEN

Night Elven Priestess of the Moon

When Isalien decided to take her leave of the company, she did so with the intention of making a pilgrimage to Dire Maul, the fallen, ancestral night elven city once known as Eldre'Thalas. Therein still stands a library of great knowledge, a sanctum that a small number of night elves have been able to hold back the tide from. She was intent upon finding answers both to her heritage and possibly concerning the amulet pieces. It should be noted that she was also a good friend of Falrin Treeshaper.

Unfortunately, as she and her companion hippogryph, Empyrean, were entering the city, they were assailed by Alzzin the Wildshaper and his minions. There she fell, never to rise again. Perhaps it is for the best that Isalien never unlocked any further secrets from the evil magic that Lord Valthalak put into containing a portion of his essence in the amulet.

The open-aired chamber where Alzzin resides is one of these haunted loci.

MOR GRAYHOOF

Tauren Druid and First to Fall

Mor Grayhoof was ever a stalwart and trusted companion within The Veiled Blade. It is unfortunate that he was the first to fall to Lord Valthalak's evil minions.

As we fled from Valthalak, we were being pursued by a veritable army of his spectral assassins and stalkers. The flight from Blackrock Spire was chaotic, to say the least. Unfortunately along the way, Mor somehow lost his footing, though I suspect that he was pushed. In any case, he fell down in to the recesses of the lower portion of the spire.

Later, we discovered that Mor had actually survived the fall. But there was to be no happy ending for my good friend; he was taken prisoner by the trolls of Tazz'Alaor. Not long after, as he was being tortured by War Master Voone, a group of Valthalak's assassins jumped in and finished the job.

Should you seek to raise the echo of Mor Grayhoof's spirit, War Master Voone's chamber is a haunted location.

JARIEN AND SOTHOS

Siblings and would-be members of the Scarlet Crusade

Jarien and Sothos were two of the most intolerant people that I knew. Yet their skills as combatants were exceptional, and they came from money, which I suppose is why Anthion, the leader of The Veiled Blade, kept them on.

The siblings eventually found themselves enamored with the teachings and philosophy of the Scarlet Crusade. They had always exhibited a certain zeal in vanquishing any of the Scourge that we ran across in our travels, and it was suspected that their family had ties to the organization.

So it was that they found themselves facing the trials that are required of those that seek to join the Crusade. Of particular interest to them was a position of knighthood within the ranks; something that required more difficult testing apparently. For it was later discovered that Sothos actually failed his final test. Jarien would not have it though, and in open defiance she insisted that he be able to join her amongst the knights. From what we have gathered, Grand Crusader Dathrohan slew them both right on the spot in the middle of his chambers.

Thus it is that another of these haunted loci is The Crimson Throne inside The Scarlet Bastion at Stratholme.

KORMOK

Two-Headed Ogre Necromancer

What can be said about Kormok? He was a two-headed ogre of the caster variety who didn't used to be all that bad. When we first took him into the fold it was as a prisoner on some job we'd accepted in Burning Steppes. He proved himself invaluable in helping us to get out of a sticky situation we fell into there, however, and so he came on as one of the company's premier

mates.

The odd thing about him though was the completely different nature of his two heads. One was always cheerful if not a little foolish, while the other was sly, calculating and had an almost dead look to its eyes. Kind of creepy really.

Later, through the course of our travels, Kormok became exposed to the necromantic side of magic. Unfortunately the creepy head exhibited an affinity for raising dead spirits, and took a perverse pleasure in it, especially in summoning forth the exiled spirits of Purgation Isle to do his bidding.

After the company disbanded, Kormok enrolled at the Scholomance to further his 'education'. The spectral assassins found entrance to the school all too easy, and slew him right there in front of his new master, Ras Frostwhisper.

This makes Ras Frostwhisper's chamber one of the haunted locations where the brazier can be successfully utilized.

LORD VALTHALAK

Draconid Noble and former General of Blackrock Spire

Before General Drakkisath, there was Lord Valthalak, a draconid warlock of immense power. It is common for the leadership of the Spire to change hands, and unfortunately for us, we were going to play a part in the latest shift in power.

We'd been commissioned by a goblin smuggler-wizard out of Booty Bay, Gremnik Rizzlesprang, to steal Valthalak's spellbook. We don't know if he wanted to study it or sell it (or both), and it doesn't matter now. What does matter is that we infiltrated the upper reaches of Blackrock Spire and slew Lord Valthalak in his lair. That's when the fun really began.

We had no idea of the depths of Valthalak's magical knowledge where soul-manipulation was concerned, or we probably would never have taken on the job in the first place. But take it we did, and it proved to be the last job we

ever would take.

Having slain Lord Valthalak, and taken his spellbook, Kormok must have sensed something about his amulet. He insisted on taking it as his share of the loot, which quickly devolved into a heated argument, and almost a fight, over the thing. We didn't know at the time that the amulet actually housed a good portion of Valthalak's spirit; we found that out later, much to our displeasure.

Splitting the amulet into pieces, we fled from the newly risen ghost of Valthalak, as well his army of spectral assassins. And the noise we made fighting over the amulet had roused a number of the Spire's remaining defenders!

Almost all of us made it out of Blackrock and thought we were safe. But, even from the beyond, Valthalak sent his minions at us no matter where we hid. The Veiled Blade soon broke apart after that mission, and then we were really easy pickings.

As you must know, this makes Lord Valthalak's abode, what is now The Beast's chamber in Blackrock Spire, the last of the haunted locations.

Brubaker's Report

By

Brubaker

Keeshan, if you're reading this note, I'm dead. Likely that my position was compromised.

Orcs are committing unspeakable atrocities against their prisoners. Yes, prisoners, Keeshan. They've got cages full of P.

O.W's. If you're gonna blow up this valley, you'll need to free the prisoners first.

Tell my wife I love her and to take out the damned trash.

-Brubaker

PS - They've got black dragons.

Call to Arms Announcement

By

Keeper of the Rolls

To all able-bodied men and women:

The Scourge have returned and we must set aside our squabbles to face this threat. The Argent Dawn will turn away none who wish to take arms against the Scourge menace.

Those who would defend our lands are mustering at Light's Hope Chapel in the Eastern Plaguelands. Together, we shall prevail.

Keeper of the Rolls

The Argent Dawn

Calligraphed Letter

By

Bao

I am glad you are interested in taking up the ways of the monk. I have come from afar to bring the wisdom of my people to your kind.

I have taken up residence in the abbey, training any who wish to learn our arts. Come, visit, and I shall train you.

Yours,

Bao

Calligraphed Note

By

Shoyu

I have been visiting with your tribe for a while now, and while some have tried to learn our arts, none have shown the promise that you have. Please, come meet me at Camp Narache. I have learned so much from your tribe, I feel it is time I return the favor.

-Shoyu

Calligraphed Parchment

By

Gato

I came here from afar to learn of your people's ways, and to teach you mine. You do me a great honor by volunteering to learn the ways of the Monk. In time, there is much I will show you, but for now, we must meet for our first lessons. Come, meet me in the Valley of Trials, and we will begin your training.

-Gato

Calligraphed Sigil

By

Laoxi

Hello, <class>.

I have seen that you are interested in learning the ways of the monk. I would be honored to begin your training, as you seem like quite an auspicious pupil. Come to Aldrassil, on the lower levels.

-Laoxi

Calor's Note

By

Calor

Master Carevin,

The bearer of this note has shown <himself/herself> to be upstanding in the Light, capable of battling the undead and demons that plague the borders of Duskwood, and willing to join the Carevin family in their cause of Light.

I would thereby suggest that you give this warrior of the Light further duties—perhaps to investigate some of the townsfolk that are under suspicion of succor to the enemies of the Light.

Yours faithfully,

Calor

Captain's Documents

By

M

The Bleeding Sparrow: Manifest

(20) barrels rum. Destination: Theramore

(50) sacks flour. Destination: Theramore

(2) crates assorted gnome tools. Destination: Ratchet

(30) bolts cotton cloth. Destination: Theramore

(4) crates spices. Destination: Theramore

(3) passengers. Destination: Theramore

Captain,

I wish you fortune in your journeys. Regrettably, fortune did not favor our first abduction attempt.

When our team made contact with the target in the Stormwind/Ironforge tunnels, they found only a decoy. It appears he showed more wisdom than we accredited him.

But our second plan is already in motion. Defias agents are prepared to intercept the target as he approaches Theramore. Soon Stormwind will feel our bite all too keenly..

-M

Carelessly Dropped Note

By

Unknown

Ancient warnings be damned! I should have made this pilgrimage years ago. The spark of Tyr possesses... memories! It has granted me amazing visions of history.

It led me here, and showed me how the wounded Tyr was aided by his noble companion, Jotun. It was Jotun who helped replace the watcher's hand and engraved his warhammer with Tyr's new symbol. The stone giant still lives, wandering this broken pathway!

It is time to meet this Jotun. Once he recognizes the spark, I have no doubt the giant will aid our cause!

Caruk the Simple

By

Unknown

Caruk Bloodwind, known amongst our people as the first leatherworker in Highmountain, was the inventor of what we call “tanning”. How he discovered this process, though, is quite a story.

As one of the oldest legends amongst the Highmountain tribes, details are vague. As the story goes, our ancestors would use the hides of the animals they killed to protect themselves from the elements of Highmountain.

Of course the hides would be cleaned, but even that could not prevent them from eventually spoiling and rotting away. As such, our people were forced to continuously hunt for more hides in order to survive.

Caruk hated the smell of rotting hides and as a result, he would fill his tent with things that he loved the scent of: bark, fruit, and the leaves of many different plants. He even slept on them so as to have them as close as possible to his discriminating snout.

One particularly hot Highmountain summer, Caruk would leave his tent, drop his hides to the ground and go hunting. While he was gone, the hides sat upon the ground with the sun beating down on them.

Day after day, Caruk continued his routine. After many months, he realized that his hides had stopped rotting. They even smelled as good as his tent.

From smell alone, Caruk could tell that the essences of the fruits, bark, and wood in his tent were soaking into his hides. The smell must have also pleased the nose of An’she, because the great sun spirit blessed his hides, allowing them to last much longer.

And so, our people learned the art of tanning. In time, tribes all over Highmountain began tanning their hides... and Caruk's legend was born.

Caution!

By

Unknown

- DO NOT ENTER -Legion agents have been sighted in this area.

Please report any suspicious activity to Warden Alturas in the Violet Hold immediately.

Certificate of Thievery

By

Unknown

The bearer of this certificate is entitled to the respect and regard that any first rate pilferer and thief deserves.

Charge of the Dragonflights

By

Unknown

Satisfied that the small world had been ordered and that their work was done, the Titans prepared to leave Azeroth. However, before they departed, they charged the greatest species of the world with the task of watching over Kalimdor, lest any force should threaten its perfect tranquility. In that age, there were many dragonflights.

Yet there were five flights that held dominion over their brethren. It was these five flights that the Titans chose to shepherd the budding world. The greatest members of the Pantheon imbued a portion of their power upon each of the flights' leaders. These majestic dragons (as listed below) became known as the Great Aspects, or the Dragon Aspects.

Aman'Thul, the Highfather of the Pantheon, bestowed a portion of his cosmic power upon the massive bronze dragon, Nozdormu. The Highfather empowered Nozdormu to guard time itself and police the ever-spinning pathways of fate and destiny. The stoic, honorable Nozdormu became known as the Timeless One.

Eonar, the Titan patron of all life, gave a portion of her power to the red leviathan, Alexstrasza. Ever after, Alexstrasza would be known as the Life-Binder, and she would work to safeguard all living creatures within the world. Due to her supreme wisdom and limitless compassion for all living things, Alexstrasza was crowned the Dragonqueen and given dominion over her kind.

Eonar also blessed Alexstrasza's younger sister, the lithe green dragon Ysera, with a portion of nature's influence. Ysera fell into an eternal trance, bound to the waking Dream of Creation. Known as the Dreamer, she would watch

over the growing wilds of the world from her verdant realm, the Emerald Dream.

Norgannon, the Titan lore keeper and master-magician, granted the blue dragon, Malygos, a portion of his vast power. From then on, Malygos would be known as the Spell-Weaver, the guardian of magic and hidden arcanum.

Khaz'goroth, the Titan shaper and forger of the world, bestowed some of his vast power upon the mighty black wyrm, Neltharion. The great-hearted Neltharion, known afterwards as the Earth-Warder, was given dominion over the earth and the deep places of the world. He embodied the strength of the world and served as Alexstrasza's greatest supporter.

Thus empowered, the Five Aspects were charged with the world's defense in the Titans' absence. With the dragons prepared to safeguard their creation, the Titans left Azeroth behind forever. Unfortunately it was only a matter of time before Sargeras learned of the newborn world's existence....

Civil War In the Plaguelands

By

Unknown

Ner'zhul, the Lich King, knew that his time was short. Imprisoned within the Frozen Throne, he suspected that Kil'jaeden would send his agents to destroy him. The damage caused by Illidan's spell had ruptured the Frozen Throne; thus, the Lich King was losing his power daily. Desperate to save himself, he called his greatest mortal servant to his side: the death knight Prince Arthas.

Though his powers were drained by the Lich King's weakness, Arthas had been involved in a civil war in Lordaeron. Half of the standing undead forces, led by the banshee Sylvanas Windrunner, staged a coup for control over the undead empire. Arthas, called by the Lich King, was forced to leave the Scourge in the hands of his lieutenant, Kel'Thuzad, as the war escalated throughout the Plaguelands.

Ultimately, Sylvanas and her rebel undead (known as the Forsaken) claimed the ruined capital city of Lordaeron as their own. Constructing their own bastion beneath the wrecked city, the Forsaken vowed to defeat the Scourge and drive Kel'Thuzad and his minions from the land.

Weakened, but determined to save his master, Arthas reached Northrend only to find Illidan's naga and blood elves waiting for him. He and his nerubian allies raced against Illidan's forces to reach the Icecrown Glacier and defend the Frozen Throne.

Cliffwatcher Longhorn Report

By

Cliffwatcher Longhorn

Nataka, all is well in Thousand Needles. The centaur annoyance is nothing more than that... occasionally attacking, nothing substantial as a real threat. However, there does seem to be some news of centaur clans uniting.

We always pondered the threat of a united ruthless race such as the centaur... I try not to dwell on such ideas, as you know... nothing could penetrate the pure hatred they have... even of each other.

-Cliffwatcher Longhorn

Cloth Request

By

Harlan Bagley

To the Schneiders,

Good day. I trust business in the canal district is good. We are booming here in the trader's square.

We are in need of knitted cloth goods, as our supply is all but depleted. Please send the standard load as soon as you are able.

Good fortune, and I hope your son Thurman's studies progress well,

—Harlan Bagley

Coming of Age

By

Unknown

There is no room for weakness among the Zandalari. Strength, ferocity, stamina, power: These are the traits by which success is measured. At adolescence, those Zandalari males not chosen to be priests or scholars must prove their strength to the council, the king, and the gods themselves.

Any display of physical power will do. Tournaments and competitions are held as children come of age. Adolescents prepare for their trials with years of training, communion with the spirits, and by tattooing sigils of power onto their skin. A common rite is to travel to one of the violent, beast-ruled islands near the capital to steal or subdue a wild creature. The lesser troll races have their own, humbler versions of this tradition. But the mastery of ravasaurs or raptors is nothing compared to the power required to call upon a devilsaur or direhorn.

Compass

By

Unknown

The compass is old and weathered with use.

It appears to be malfunctioning - the compass arrow is erratically changing direction and never settling at true North.

Compendium of Fallen Heroes

By

Unknown

Tartek the Enraged. One of the most powerful abominations the Scourge has ever created. Assembled by lich Amnennar the Coldbringer to assist in setting up a base at Razorfen Downs. Tartek single-handedly felled more than 1200 quilboar before finally being overcome. His sacrifice provided the corpses for Amnennar to quickly raise an undead quilboar army of his own, ultimately assembling the first major Scourge outpost on Kalimdor. Some of Tartek's remains were reanimated and used to create Glutton, Amnennar's current lieutenant.

Obrahiim, the Traveler. Brilliant architect, pivotal in the conception of Naxxramas, and mastermind behind the creation of Acherus. Quickly rose up the ranks from lowly skeletal peon to one of Kel'Thuzad's most trusted advisors.

Always the scholar, Obrahiim traveled the world in search of knowledge, notably taking most of his early inspiration from the architecture of the Nerubians and the magic of the orc warlocks. He was last seen several years ago, headed west to study the Ruins of Zin-Azshari in Kalimdor.

Diodor the Damned. Human necromancer, one of the first members of the Cult of the Damned, and decorated hero of the First War. Successfully led a contingent of Scourge to victory during the First and Second Summertide Assaults upon Scarlet Monastery. Killed in action during the Third (and final) Summertide Assault, which was successfully repelled by Scarlet Crusade operatives that had finally figured out his modus operandi.

Kirkessen the Zealous. Powerful lich who reported directly to the Lich King himself. A decorated veteran of countless battles, Kirkessen designed and led

the Siege of the Sanguine, one of the largest organized assaults on Light's Hope Chapel. Despite overwhelming odds, his attack was quickly countered, and his forces suffered enormous damages. Kirkessen himself received a critical blow from Lord Maxwell Tyrosus, and is no longer able to assume a corporeal form.

Compendium of the Fallen

By

Unknown

With Kel'Thuzad's success in Lordaeron, the Lich King made the final preparations for his assault against human civilization. Placing his plague energies into a number of portable artifacts called plague cauldrons, Ner'zhul ordered Kel'Thuzad to transport the cauldrons to Lordaeron where they would be hidden within various cult-controlled villages.

The cauldrons, protected by the loyal cultists, would then act as plague generators, sending the plague seeping out across the unsuspecting farmlands and cities of northern Lordaeron.

The Lich King's plan worked perfectly. Many of Lordaeron's northern villages were contaminated almost immediately. Just as in Northrend, the citizens who contracted the plague died and arose as the Lich King's willing slaves.

The cultists under Kel'Thuzad were eager to die and be raised again in their dark lord's service. They exulted in the prospect of immortality through undeath. As the plague spread, more and more feral zombies arose in the northlands. Kel'Thuzad looked upon the Lich King's growing army and named it the Scourge - for soon, it would march upon the gates of Lordaeron... and scour humanity from the face of the world.

Compiled Research

By

Unknown

One of the outcast slaves happened upon some writings today from the time of Terokk, detailing the workings of an ancient Apexis device. Based on the writings, the device appears to be linked to the Amulet of Rukhmar - an artifact said to empower the wearer with the essence of Rukhmar herself! We have yet to discover where the device is located, or how to activate it, but even now our scholars are working to unearth further writings in the ruins of Skettis.

Further deciphering of the writings reveals that the device needs to be activated remotely before it can be used. It seems these activation points have been placed in secret in the low places of the Spires, presumably to hide them from our brethren on the wing.

We have found a forgotten outcast scroll that seems to be linked to this device. It refers to a key, which may be referencing one of these remote access points: "The first key is kept in the high reaches of upper Skettis. It lay where the dead can protect it from the talons of the unwanted." If the first device is indeed in Skettis, we must make haste to uncover it.

Another piece of the puzzle has been unearthed in the outcast's ancient writings. The text reads: "Beneath the third fall of the great Skettis river lay the second key. May the ever-rushing waters sweep away those that might seek it."

Yet another writing from the ancient outcasts mentions a third key: "The final key has been housed deep within the fungal caves where the river makes its final drop. Though the pale orcs that dwell there may be vile, they should prove a worthy deterrent."

I believe we have pieced together the location of this device, and with the activation keys, we should be able to operate it. Various writings refer to the location being “against the fungal shore, within the shrine to the raven god.” This may be referring to the ruins in Lost Veil Anzu. We must send our researchers there to investigate.

Consecrated Letter

By

Brother Sammuel

I hope this letter finds you well, <class>. I say that with great pride, because not many can profess such profound faith, but also know that they are among the most elite of Azeroth's protectors.

Always remember, first and foremost, it is your duty to go to battle against those who seek to harm our world and bring corruption into our homes.

I have been given authority over your training for the time being. When you are ready, seek me out inside Northshire Abbey.

-Brother Sammuel, Paladin Trainer

Consecrated Note

By

Sunwalker Helaku

I have been awaiting your arrival, sunwalker. Chief Hawkwind himself told me of your interest in our order and I have agreed to begin your training. Please meet with me in the circle at the center of Camp Narache when you are ready to begin your instruction.

Sunwalker Helaku

Consecrated Rune

By

Bromos Grummner

Some fear our kind more than dragons. Some envy us more than the most skilled blacksmiths. Some praise our strength in battle. Others revel in our faith. Some are just jealous that we can drink them under the table! But know this, <class>, you are among the most elite protectors in all of Azeroth. The Holy Light gives us strength as much as we strengthen it.

I would tell you more when you've gotten acquainted with the land some. Find me inside Anvilmar above the Valley.

-Bromos Grummner, Paladin Trainer

Control Console Operating Manual

By

Unknown

The samophlange control console can be used to automatically regulate the flow of fuels, gasses, liquids, and related machinery. Once initial configuration has been completed, it should run worry free with minor maintenance.

Brief listing of control console components (from left to right)I. Main Power Lever

The engaged position enables the samophlange. The control mechanism will not automatically disengage when the lever is put in the off position. This will merely

begin the cooldown process, at which point it will take roughly one to two minutes (depending on the situation) to turn off.

IMPORTANT NOTE: The main power lever can only be manipulated when the three control valves on the actual machinery have been disengaged. These valves can be shut off in any order.

The first is the MAIN CONTROL VALVE, which can be found at the base of the large, vertical smokestack. Next, the FUEL CONTROL VALVE can be found on the large pipe which leads

from the fuel tanks (there should be three of them) to the smokestack. Finally, the REGULATOR VALVE can be found on the lower of the two large, cylindrical tanks that flow into the smokestack.

II. Fuel Gauges

Displays the current pressure in the primary, secondary, and tertiary fuel tanks.

III. Flow Gauge

Displays the current rate of flow within the system.

IV. Flow Controls

Increase or decrease the flow rates. This is automatically controlled by the samophlange control mechanism.

V. Temperature Gauge

Displays the operating temperature of the system in general.

Corpulous' Mess Hall Rules

By

Unknown

Corpulous great cook of Acherus who make good food for you. He proud to feed mighty Scourge and make stronger. No make Corpulous mad, he no feed you.

Rules:

Death Knight eat first, ghoul wait turn.

No eat ghoul next to you. Need clean plate first.

Ok add own maggots and lice to food. Corpulous not offended.

Got vermin? Bring to Corpulous!

Ok eat human or elf. Elf other white meat.

Mess part of meal. Corpulous see napkin, Corpulous hang head in shame.

Ok bring back food not rotten enough. Corpulous got three free armpits.

Ok eat with hands or swords. No eat hands or swords.

Zombie need try more food. Think outside the brains.

No eat self.

Covert Ops Plans: Alpha & Beta

By

Unknown

Okay, you should have your NG-5 charges and detonators ready. I've labeled them for you... Blue is for the lumber mill. Red is for Windshear Mine.

I did some scouting, and there are enough explosives throughout Windshear Crag that it shouldn't be a problem at all for you to get in, plant the explosives, and then get out before detonating them.

Remember, this is a distraction. Get far from the wagons before the goblins get there to check out what happened, then sneak in behind them.

Be careful with them by the way. The Nitromirglyceronium alone could reduce you to dust. I've encased some of the liquid in copper tubes which should keep it stable and safe.

The scroll you got from Collin I used on the detonator boxes. They will now send a silent message to the NG-5 charges after you've set them. I used a simple Stalthwargon mechanism to make sure the wire conductivity is optimal and the flow of the Nitroglyceronium between the differential fluid is better than average.

Before I get back into the details about my design, let me explain where you should place the explosives.

Plan Alpha- the lumber mill: There's a wagon out in front of the lumber mill (this is northeast of their deforestation and lumber collection construct). I suspect the engineering plans are inside of the lumber mill.

To plant the charge, head to the back of the wagon. Once it's set, make haste

and get some distance.

When you're ready, hit the detonator.

I've ensured a strong signal by routing copper and silver wires with a Melthusian antennae array within the casing of the box. That should give you good range. Just be careful of the goblins nearby. They won't appreciate my creation if they catch you in their site.

Oh, just in case it wasn't obvious, don't be near the wagon when it blows... it'll hurt.

Plan Beta- Windshear Mine: I saw the goblins using another wagon of explosives north of the mine's entrance. I think that should be a good enough place to plant NG-5 Charge (Red). After you set the charge in the back of the wagon, get some distance and hit the button. If the goblins don't come running to check out the commotion, it's probably because the mountain came down on top of their heads.

The Venture Co. Letters are outside the mine... I think on some crates on the bottom level.

Good luck, and remember... Blue Charge: lumber mill

Red Charge: mine

Oh, and destroy this letter after you've accomplished your mission. Hmm, maybe I should look into a way to make these things destroy themselves after they're read. That's not a bad idea...

Crafty's Shopping List

By

Crafty Wobblesprocket

Okay, \$N, this is a list of all the stuff that I'm going to need for our new super-secret, er..., super weapon. For now, let's just call it "Crafty's Ultra-Advanced Proto-Typical Shortening Blaster". Trust me, it's going to be far more revolutionary than that old, hokey world enlarger!

Anyway, don't think too hard about it right now. Just get me this stuff and we'll be golden!

My Tools

First things first... I need my tools. For a project this intricate no others will do!

When we had to run for our lives to escape from the pumping station—that's a whole different story—I didn't have time to pick them up. I mean, come on, I was running for my life! But I do remember that I left them under the pumping station to the east.

An Overcharged Capacitor

Any engineering hack worth their salt should be able to whip one of these up for you if you can't create it yourself. Hell, I'd make one for you, but I'm missing my tools at the moment, remember? So, do whatever it takes, but get me one. The project's going nowhere without it. If you have to, head back to the southern continents and scour the auction house!

A Handful of Rocknar's Grit

This last bit might be a little tricky to get, but it's necessary to fashion the blaster's lens from only the finest sand. That means obtaining it from a top-notch elemental.

Rocknar will do nicely. He was spotted to the southeast in the Frozen Reach between Unu'pe and the Wailing Ziggurat. Go break down his icy exterior to get to his rocky core and bring me back a handful.

Crate of Horseshoes

By

Argus

A note is attached to the crate. It reads:

“Verner - sorry to hear Redridge is having such trouble. Here are the shoes you need. Please pay me 100 silver at your earliest convenience.”

“Or if you like, you can pay me in underbelly scales from black dragon whelps (I hear Dragon Whelps are common in the Redridge Mountains). Because we’re friends... 4 scales will be enough. Thanks—Argus”

Crawgol's Silithid Field Guide

By

Crawgol

<Crawgol's handwriting is large and uneven, little better than a childlike scrawl.>

The sillu- scilla- <Several misspellings are crossed out> silithid are bug-type animals, not vegetables (at least without a fight). They live in the under the ground, except when they are not. Some of them fly? (I think).

They taste REAL BAD.

Most silithid are made of bug parts. They have between none and eightish legs (depending on how they died?)

Burning makes them die. They have shells (called "cara pieces" because they are made from cara obviously) that can't be stabbed unless you do it hard.

They can dig fast but I don't know how fast because they dig in the dirt.

THE ORIGIN OF THE SILITHID

Almost all silithid come from holes, usually in the ground.

Creatures That Owe Sal'salabim Golds

By

Unknown

(1) Raliq the Drunk: Ogre. He never leaves cantina. Mean. Ugly. Fat. Mean. Also very fat.

[Next Page]

(2) Coosh'coosh: This little annoying spore-man from Zangarmarsh has mushroom garden on border of Zangarmarsh and Terokkar. Lost many golds to Sal'salabim in game of "What's That Smell." Tried to pay Sal'salabim with stupid mushroom called glowcap. Say it as good as golds! Hah!

[Next Page]

(3) Floon: Arakkoa. Lost many golds to Sal'salabim. Sal'salabim killed bird-man for not paying. Now ghost bird-man walks in northwest part of Bone Wastes.

Crulgorosh's Orders

By

Reglaak

I am nearing a breakthrough on imbuing armor with Felbreaker magic. If I accomplish this we can equip any soldier with this magic. We will be unstoppable! I am not to be disturbed for any reason. The Sorcerer King is already angry at how expensive and time consuming this is, we cannot afford any mistakes!

Reglaak

Crumpled Bill of Sale

By

Unknown

Darkmoon Faire Bill of Sale

6x Super-effective Gnoll Decoy*

60g 20s 300c

*Effectiveness of Super-effective Gnoll Decoy may depend on intelligence of opponent. Not warranted for use against Humanoids, Dragonkin, or other semi-sentient creatures.

Crumpled Note

By

Unknown

Fleeing from the Zanzil in that rotting boat seemed wise at the time, but I start to think death would have been a more suitable fate.

I thought my ancestors had granted me a boon by allowing me to escape their wrath. But now I wonder what wisdom I shall gain if I live through my imprisonment.

Crumpled Pamphlet

By

Unknown

EMBRACE THE LEGION

The demons are not the enemy we have been led to believe. They seek only to purge the corruption that rots at the heart of the Horde and the Alliance. Our leaders want us to think otherwise. They want us to fight the demons so that they can keep their precious thrones and lofty titles. Do not die for them. When the demons come, lay down your arms, and they will show you compassion.

Crystal Pylon User's Manual

By

Unknown

CRYSTAL PYLON USER'S MANUAL

“A guide to collecting and using the power crystals of Un’Goro Crater”

Chapter 1: The Northern Pylon

Chapter 2: The Eastern Pylon

Chapter 3: The Western Pylon

Chapter 1: THE NORTHERN PYLON

The Northern Pylon accepts yellow, red, and green crystals.

The Pylon focuses on the energy that can be created using yellow crystals as the main source of power.

Northern Crystal Combinations

There are two possible effects: one that will produce damage, and one that will negate damage.

CRYSTAL CHARGE: Requires red and yellow crystals. This will produce a large explosion.

CRYSTAL RESTORE: Requires yellow and green crystals. This will provide you with a healing aura.

NORTHERN PYLON TABLE DIAGRAM

Chapter 2: THE EASTERN PYLON

The Eastern Pylon accepts blue, yellow, and green crystals.

The Pylon focuses on the energy that can be created using blue crystals as the main source of power.

Eastern Crystal Combinations

There are two possible effects: one provides bonus to spirit, and one that creates a damaging shield.

CRYSTAL FORCE: Requires blue and green crystals. This will provide you with an increase in spirit.

CRYSTAL SPIRE: Requires blue and yellow crystals. This will create a shield that does damage to attackers.

EASTERN PYLON TABLE DIAGRAM

Chapter 3: THE WESTERN PYLON

The Western Pylon accepts red, green, and blue crystals.

The Pylon focuses on the energy that can be created using red crystals as the main source of power.

Western Crystal Combinations

There are two possible effects: one that increases your protection from damage, and one that weakens an enemy's defenses.

CRYSTAL WARD: Requires red and green crystals. This will provide you with an increase to armor.

CRYSTAL YIELD: Requires blue and red crystals. This can lower the armor of a specific target.

WESTERN PYLON TABLE DIAGRAM

Crystallized Note

By

Windan Shay

To Whom It May Concern:

If you are reading this note, then you are in one of two places:

(1) On the southern peninsula of Azshara.

(2) Inside the belly of a Cliff Giant.

Both equally undesirable. It should be noted that I was the former at one time and as of the writing of this letter, the latter.

Being inside the belly of a giant gives one time for reflection. As my body slowly crystallizes, I recall my days in Eversong, contemplating a life of adventure on the savage frontiers across the great sea. I was young. And stupid. If I somehow get out of here, I'm taking up gardening or whittling instead.

- Windan Shay

Crystallized Note

By

Mook

What was I thinking? Perhaps a better question would be: What am I doing writing a note while I'm sitting captive inside the stomach of a giant?

Both good questions that I have no immediate answer for... Admittedly, mine was not a mission of good will. I came in search of Azsharite, a unique crystal to southern Azshara. Oh the riches I would have had!

Bah! Now look at me...

Should any manner of intelligent life find this note, they must ask themselves something:

"Why in the hell are they romping around with violent thirty foot tall giants?"

- Mook

Cursed Gravestone

By

Unknown

Here lies the Dread Captain Genest, scourge of the South Seas.

Cycle of the Mantid

By

Unknown

Every one hundred years, the mantid young hatch in great numbers. Inevitably the swarm migrates east, devouring everything in their path, until they reach the Serpent's Spine. There, thousands are slain by the pandaren, just as they were slain by the mogu who first erected the wall.

Pandaren scholars have tried to understand this cycle, but have reached no consensus. Why do the mantid allow so many of their young to be slaughtered, generation after generation? Only the mantid can say for sure. This cycle has become so predictable that the guardians of the wall plan for it every century. The Shado-Pan, and the mogu before them, know when the swarms will come, and plan their defenses accordingly. As long as the wall continues to stand, there is hope for Pandaria against the seemingly endless swarms of the mantid.

Daily Report - Hillsbrad Foothills

By

Unknown

Daily Report - Hillsbrad Foothills

Southshore Under Attack - Worgen Activity Increasing

Reports of worgen activity from the south, specifically around Southshore, are increasing in frequency. Our scouts indicate that the terrorist known as Ivar Bloodfang and his renegades are responsible for these recent attacks against our citizens.

Recommendation: Send capable heroes to investigate.

Trouble at the Sludge Fields

The area formerly known as Hillsbrad Fields - now known as the Sludge Fields, located in southwestern Hillsbrad - has seen a sharp rise in “accidents.” Reports from Warden Stillwater indicate possible contagion outbreak.

Recommendation: Send capable heroes to investigate.

Azurelode Spider Farm Productivity Issues

Our spider domestication operations in the area near Azurelode Mine, located in the southwest region of Hillsbrad, are seeing extremely low production numbers. Spider-Handler Sarus and Captain Keyton have requested assistance.

Recommendation: Send capable heroes to investigate.

Damp Diary

By

Unknown

Damp Diary Page (Day 4)

Diary - Day 4

I have been stranded on the Island now for 4 days, left alone with my thoughts. Bananas are pretty tasty, but what a long climb to reach them. When I am not getting food or protecting myself from the periodic rain, all my thoughts are of rescue.

I would not be so hopeful if it were not for the boxes of paper and bottles that washed ashore with me. I laugh now to think of all the time I spent on that ship cursing that I was stuck with a boatload of Alchemists and Scribes.

Damp Diary Page (Day 87)

These months have given me time to ponder, to shuffle loose my old beliefs and bigotries. Alliance? Horde? Good? Evil? The meanings of these words, once so clear, now blur as my eyes gaze across the boundless sea.

I now know what matters. The bananas are after me. Perched high in their tree, they eye me with cool malevolence. And the last one I tried to eat nearly gagged me! I could almost hear it scream as I smashed it, half bitten, on sea rocks.

It's war, and I will win it.

Damp Diary Page (Day 512)

Diary - Day 512

The bananas have started talking to me and I have learned a great deal about their culture. I have ceased my senseless destruction of their homes and consumption of the young. How little I knew then of the great civilization that I was destroying. On another topic I seem to be running low on bottles and paper. When I first looked at those huge stacks of paper that washed ashore I thought they would be inexhaustible. Woe with me, my diary must end soon.

Damp Note

By

Unknown

You've found my note and an ocean breeze, but the next clue won't come with such ease.

To find the spot where your hint hides, go to the place where four cats ride.

Damp Pamphlet

By

Unknown

DISASTER PREPAREDNESS: DEMON INVASION EDITION

<The scroll contains a list of instructions on how to prepare for the Burning Legion's invasion, but the items have been crossed out and are illegible. The phrases "burn everything" and "nothing can save you" have been scrawled in blood over and over again across the parchment.>

Danath Trollbane

By

Thoras Trollbane

Danath Trollbane

Militia Commander of Stromgarde.

Tactical Advisor to General Turalyon, Force Commander of the Alliance Expedition that marched into the orc homeworld of Draenor. Presumed deceased.

We honor your memory, nephew, and your sacrifice. Since the founding of our glorious empire, the path to valor has always been drenched with the blood of heroes.

- Thoras Trollbane, Lord of Stromgarde

Dark Iron Memo

By

Dig-Boss Dinwhisker

Gravius,

Starting today, you are to redouble your efforts. The scope of our project has just expanded severalfold. Your archaeological studies and geological studies can wait.

Moving forward, you are to dig downward as quickly as possible. Crews within the Slag Pit will be working from the other direction to connect their tunnels to yours. The underground empire of the Dark Iron dwarves is growing, Gravius, and we are at the forefront.

Succeed in this task, and you will be rewarded. You should know, these orders do not come from me, but from Overseer Maltorius and the Archduke themselves.

Dig deep,

Dig-Boss Dinwhisker

Dark Iron Script

By

Unknown

Dirty troggs are so easy to fool. Their hatred for our kin makes it that much easier to direct them and use them as pawns. Amazes me that any kind of alliance could be forged at all, but our kin pose a much greater threat to their existence... at least for now.

After the attacks begin though, both sides are gonna be weakened and prone to our own onslaught. Take the homestead south of Helm's Bed Lake and await further instructions.

Ironforge will be ours.

Dark Keeper Nameplate

By

Unknown

Bethek Stormbrow

Bethek's wanderings take him deep within Blackrock. The secrets of the mountain beckon him.

May his spirit never falter.

Ofgut Stonefist

Those fallen before Dark Keeper Ofgut's hammer cannot be counted.

The soldiers of the West Garrison bow in awe as he passes. For who among them can look into the eyes of Ofgut and see the secrets the dark key whispers?

Pelver Deepstomp

Dark Keeper Pelver is our most honored disciple. He has borne the key for longer than any, and it has cost him dearly. When he is called for his burden, he is guarded in the Domicile.

His sacrifice is cherished, and he will remain in our hearts for many years... after the darkness takes him.

Uggel Hammerhand

Uggel is a skilled and solemn chiseler, and when not burdened with the dark key, his hands shape great works in the Hall of Crafting.

Zimrel Darktooth

When the madness of the dark key takes hold of Zimrel, only the screams of the dying can soothe him.

For his sacrifice, he will always have a bench above the arena. May our blood sports temper the rage in his heart.

Dastardly Denizens of the Deep

By

Unknown

One of the most frightening creatures I've ever seen with my own eyes is Tethyr. I've only laid eyes on the beast once, and I count myself lucky beyond belief to have survived!

It was a dark and stormy night. Through the swirling seas and driving rain, the beacon of Theramore's lighthouse was barely visible. We did our best to steer toward it. Suddenly, the beast burst from between the waves in front of our ship!

The mighty creature's maw opened wide, tossing bolts of icy water toward our vessel. Those terrible jaws clamped down upon the bow of our ship, tearing it from the hull. Sailors and cargo were thrown violently into the sea as the remnants of the ship disappeared beneath the waves.

The last thing I remember was flying from the broken hull, hitting the inky waters, and plunging beneath the waves. The world went dark and I thought for certain I'd drawn my last breath. When I awoke in Theramore's infirmary, I knew someone had to tell our story.

Deathstalker Report

By

Deathstalker Rane Yorick

Deathstalker Mission Report

Agents: Rane Yorick, Quinn Yorick, Erland McKree

Primary mission: perform reconnaissance through northern silverpine, and determine threat levels of wildlife and Scourge.

Agents commenced sweep, finding significant worg presence. Recommend hunting squads dispatched to reduce this threat.

Undead gnolls were found at the farm steading dubbed The Dead Field. Their purpose at the farm is not known, though their movements and level of readiness suggest imminent military action. In the time they were observed, no notable leaders were found among the gnolls. It is assumed they await the arrival of leadership or reinforcements.

Continuing the sweep, our agents were detained at Ivar's farm. Ivar, most of his family and his workers had succumbed to the Scourge and become its minions.

Our agents were attacked and although successful in defeating their ambushers, they sustained serious injuries, particularly agent Quinn.

A defensive position was taken in Ivar's old house, and while Rane kept watch for future attacks, Erland continued the reconnaissance mission.

Erland was then pinned by Worgs in a northern orchard, only escaping with the aid of another Forsaken agent. That agent is the bearer of this report.

It should be noted here that this report bearer was instrumental in not only the success of our mission, but also in the defeat of Ivar the Foul, the rescue of Erland, and the deliverance of this report.

We extend our gratitude, and recommend that command acknowledges this individual with awards befitting such meritorious conduct as was displayed in the field.

-Deathstalker Rane Yorick, Mission Leader

Decoded Messages

By

Unknown

Decoded Message 001-003

Unidentified threats have attacked Peacekeeper 011 units in deepest caves of the Magnetic Chasm. Initiate protocol 54.

Decoded Message 001-014

121,172 robo-units have been assembled and now march to face unknown threat in the Magnetic Chasm below the Molten Eternium Sea. Increase generosity circuits in all Blingtron units to minimize organic awareness.

Decoded Message 001-107

Allied destruction total has increased to 64%. Request supplies.

Decoded Message 001-111

Massive shipment of Alarm-o-Bots received, disassembled, and reconstructed as frag grenades.

Decoded Message 001-119

The virus infecting our units has been identified: a clockwork assembly system hack. Because it appears to be beneficial in many ways, the robot will accept it readily, until it begins to corrupt their AI by overloading generosity

circuits. There is no known way to nullify the effect without destroying the host. Do not hesitate.

Your Leader (0x0001)

Decoded Message 001-150

A single de-weaponized companion unit was fitted with a Stealthman 54z, enabling it to appear harmless and bypass the enemy's significant security systems. It has identified the enemy's leader with a 73.

4% accuracy. The enemy leader is monstrous in size and calls itself iR-T0. No further information was obtained.

Decoded Message 001-159

Organic awareness of The War is growing too quickly. Above-ground units possibly infected. Seed plans for next-gen Blingtron remote to call on veteran units that can assess and destroy.

Decoded Message 001-168

Gift supply decreasing to inadequate levels. Use of war surplus authorized.

Decoded Tablet Transcription

By

Unknown

Day 1

Our pilgrimage is over. We've finally reached Silithus, where we're to establish contact. We have come from many places to collaborate in what is to be a monumental undertaking.

There is a tremendous sense of excitement in the air. Tomorrow we shall devote all our energy to building that which will allow communication with THEM. Tomorrow we shall construct a wind stone!

Day 2

The location of the wind stone has been a subject of great debate. Not even the wisest among us can determine with great certainty where the place mentioned in the old prophecy actually refers to.

I've stayed with the original northern group and time will undoubtedly prove us right. The argument that the energy lines intersect at detrimental angles at this location are foolish and naive. Already we are gathering the necessary building materials at great speed.

Day 15

Our dedication has paid off. We are the first camp to finish the construction of a wind stone. If the other fools had stayed with us we would've completed the task in less than a week! Tomorrow we shall begin the rituals involved in summoning Baron Kazum himself. He demanded to be the first to test the system and we couldn't contradict him as he's quick to anger. I expect he will

be most pleased with us.

Decoded Twilight Text

By

Unknown

How Do We Know They Love Us?

Some may wonder how the Old Gods and their minions can love us. Do they not kill us? Do they not cause pain and suffering to all? How could beings so bent on malevolence know love in their hearts?

There is a simple answer to this question. So simple it need not be uttered.

Faith. Faith is the wellspring from which the joy of servitude showers us. Faith will keep us warm on the coldest Silithus nights. Faith will keep us in our Lords' good graces when the Ending Days arrive.

Faith will save us.

Decoded Twilight Text

By

Twilight Lord D'Sak

For immediate dissemination to all Twilight Hammer members.

Given the current state of affairs in Silithus, all distribution of True Believer texts are to be made under the escort of no less than two armed Twilight Hammer personnel.

Any members found in violation of this new policy will be summarily punished.

-Twilight Lord D'Sak

Decoded Twilight Text

By

Unknown

The State of the Cult, Volume 92

It is with a joyous heart that I greet you, my brethren, for the state of our cult could not be more grand. We are legion, and our goals grow ever closer to fruition.

New recruits continue to gather. They sing praise to our lords in Darkshore, they bow in jubilant reverie within the Searing Gorge, they embrace our masters' servant, Aku'mai, in Blackfathom Deeps. Indeed, my brothers and sisters, soon a swarm of the faithful will blanket all of Azeroth!

Decoded Twilight Text

By

Unknown

State of the Cult, Volume 127

It is truly a happy day! We have been tested in Silithus, and we have passed!

Reports of the destruction of our northernmost camp may challenge the hearts of the unfaithful, but this slaughter should not be seen as tragedy. No!

The spilling of our blood by one of the Abyssal High Council is a blessing!
We must envy our fallen comrades, for their spirits now reside in the belly of a most righteous beast! Praise to the Old Gods! Praise to their servants!
Praise to the Twilight's Hammer!

Decoded Twilight Text

By

Twilight Keeper Havunth

For immediate dissemination to all Twilight's Hammer members.

The following information describes the use of wind stones for communication with our masters in the Abyssal Council.

All frivolous use of wind stones will be punished in a most painful manner.

-Twilight Keeper Havunth

Abyssal Templars

As an initiate you are permitted to establish contact with Abyssal Templars for routine rituals. Remember to always don the proper garb when utilizing wind stones to avoid activating our defensive enchantments.

Should an unforeseen emergency arise with no overseers present, you are granted permission to summon an Abyssal Templar.

For details on the summoning rituals involved, refer to last month's True Believer.

Abyssal Dukes

Only acolytes in possession of a medallion of station are permitted to establish contact with the Abyssal Dukes. Medallions of station are only to be used by the individuals to whom they were originally issued.

Members of the Twilight's Hammer involved in unapproved communication

with Abyssal Dukes or unauthorized use of medallions of station will be disciplined with by myself personally.

The High Council of Abyssal Lords

Only Twilight Lords are permitted to contact Prince Skaldrenox, High Marshal Whirlaxis, Baron Kazum or Lord Skwol. Under no circumstances are any low ranking members of the Twilight's Hammer allowed to initiate communication with the High Council. Any outsiders found using a wind stone in this manner will be reduced to ashes on the spot.

Decoded Twilight Text

By

Unknown

State of the Cult, Volume 233

Opportunity knocks yet again, my brothers and sisters! The Cenarion Circle, a vile cult of nature lovers, now sends agents against us. They must want to stop us from summoning red luring stones. We cannot allow it!

The red stones are critical to our new allies. We mustn't let the Cenarion Circle's lapdogs succeed. Stand firm, my faithful friends. Stand firm!

Decoded Twilight Text

By

Twilight Lord Everun

For immediate dissemination to all Twilight's Hammer members.

The search for the traitor, Ortell, is progressing at a most satisfactory pace. Our scouts have narrowed his location to a network of caverns in Westfall.

Ortell's betrayal shall not be forgiven and his escape presents a great security risk to our organization.

Any individual found to be withholding information on Ortell's whereabouts will be duly punished.

-Twilight Lord Everun

Decorated Gravestone

By

Unknown

Here lies the remains of a Peon stout hearted. He tried to fight, but only farted.

Decorated Headstone

By

Unknown

In loving memory of Jesse Morales

Decrypted Letter

By

Nagaz

Greetings, Master,

Forgive me for the method of sending this message. My shadow mages in Alterac are intent on their tasks, forcing me to use a foreign messenger—conscripted from our new “allies”—to bring you this report. But I have encrypted this letter with one of our most esoteric ciphers. Its words are safe from these yokels.

Our plans progress well; as mentioned, we made an alliance with a group of humans who call themselves the Syndicate. Its leaders were once the nobles of Alterac and they crave to once again hold sway here.

And so they have struck a bargain with us. A bargain they will regret.

Today the Syndicate holds little power in these lands, but they know the area well and have assembled sufficient manpower for the tasks ahead. With proper guiding I am confident that soon, the Syndicate will again rule Alterac.

In addition, we have urged the Syndicate to aim for the city of Stromgarde in the nearby Arathi Highlands. The city is a battlefield between our forces, ogres and the humans of Stromgarde, but we feel that with careful tactics we will own this once great city.

And when this is done, the next stage of our plan may begin. With a nation of our own and a base of power in this region, we may then prepare the way for the Third Host.

Soon, the Legion Lords will reward our works by raining fire from the skies once again!

The Council was wise to appoint you head of the Argus Wake, marshal of their strategies in the land of humans and dwarves. And I am honored to serve as the hand of your will in Alterac.

In Sargeras' Name,

Nagaz, Argus Heiropant

Deepfury's Orders

By

Kam Deepfury

Bumbling fools!

My plans called for both bridges to be destroyed simultaneously. And what do you simple-minded thugs do? You only get half the job done and alert the entire Alliance as to our intentions. Fools I say!

You have one chance to make amends for your actions. We have a backup cache of explosives in Arathi Highlands, not far from the bridge. Finish the job if you value your measly lives!

—Kam Deepfury

Defias Docket

By

Unknown

Our first plan has already failed!

Fist was successful in switching the guard roster for the tunnel shifts that evening, but due to some unforeseen efforts by some of the citizens of Stormwind, our target was able to flee from the scene before we could capture him. But we planned for such contingencies. Plan 2 has been set in motion and was well under way before our ambush was set off in Stormwind.

Plan 2 is just as simple, but will require more patience on our part. Our man on the inside in Menethil has already been paid for his efforts, and he's succeeded brilliantly. We should have no problem acquiring our target and capturing him once we've set sail.

Expect the attack to happen a few miles from their destination. That's where our "allies" will be laid in waiting. I'm not sure why we've been forced to form an alliance with the creatures, but I can't help but feel we're being coerced ourselves. Ultimately, it won't matter. With the target in our custody, we'll be well on our way to taking back Stormwind from those that stole it from us!

Defias Orders

By

Unknown

Garn,

I needn't remind you of the importance of your mission—protect your precious cargo at any cost. As I have promised, success and discretion will be richly rewarded. Keep the tongue-wagging of your “associates” to a minimum, heed the crew and all will be well. I shall await word of your success.

Defias Script

By

Unknown

The plan is set in motion.

Take that once-great bastion of faith, Heroes' Vigil, as our base camp, and we'll begin to move reinforcements to you from Westfall once you have sent word that it has been suitably prepared.

The area is all but forgotten to the citizens and soldiers of Stormwind, and should prove a perfect staging point for our attacks. The Defias will take back Stormwind!

I await your response.

Demoniac Scryer Reading

By

D

Antonivich,

First, let me say that your latest agent, <name>, has performed <his/her> duties much to my satisfaction. I have taken possession of <his/her> body and now write this with <his/her> own hand. Such amusement it gives me—I hope that one day I will have the fortune to possess you, oh mighty apothecary!

So, the report as you have commanded of me: Hellfire Citadel is haunted by a demon stronger than any I have encountered. I imagine that Mannoroth—the pit lord of the Third Great War’s fame—possessed the same strength, but very few do. I sense, however, that there is an air of confinement around this demon. It would not surprise me if it was acting against its will, or is perhaps imprisoned, or is under the sway of an even greater power.

Time will tell, as they say, for I have also sensed a shifting of fate within the walls of Hellfire Citadel.

You, the immigrants from Azeroth—that green, lush, horrid place where beings such as myself find a hell of Light and life—will see that demon’s face. And you will realize that the evils within Hellfire Citadel are but the tip of—if you will permit the metaphor—a vast iceberg.

Oh, what glorious battles lay ahead! If only I could be there to taste the pain and fear that will be wrought!

Ah well, I shall end my prosaic waxing and you let you chew on these words, dear Apothecary: your body may be dead, Antonivich, but your soul is still

very much intact, and I shall have that soul and feast upon it with sublime relish on the day your defenses slip... and I find my way into you!

I shall wait until the Fourth Day of Judgment if I must, but... you will be mine!

Good evening,

-D

Demonic Pamphlet

By

Unknown

FIRE OMENS

The flames foretell our destiny. Listen to the fire crackling in the hearth, and you will hear the demons marching on our cities. A hundred thousand blades sliding from their scabbards. A hundred thousand war cries screaming in unison. Stare into the candlelight, and you will see the demons in their moment of triumph. An army without number, its soldiers twisted and grotesque. A Legion wreathed in a cloak of green fire.

Desiccated Journal

By

Unknown

...now clear that loyalty to the queen is the only way to survive what is to come. I must make my way to the crossroads and pledge fealty to her.

Yet I am plagued by doubts. How can I turn my back on my life? On my brethren? On my master? I want to beg her to come with me, but I know she never would. No, her life is here within the city. I'm just not sure mine is.

Once I have the power promised me, I will return and...<Prior and subsequent passages are faded and unreadable.>

Desolate Deserts

By

Unknown

This pen is carefully engineered by our staff to replicate the desolate wastes of deserts.

DID YOU KNOW? Our scholars believe that had we not raised the shield, Suramar might have ended up looking much like this!

DID YOU KNOW? Basilisks used to be all over Suramar! Aggressive culling and hunting for their eyes made them endangered, and only a few species struggle for survival in remote locations.

Basilisks use their mighty gaze to petrify their prey, because they eat rocks!

Our basilisks, of course, are fed a regular diet of rocks and flowers to maintain their brilliant scales. Don't look at them too long!

NOTE: PLEASE do not stare too long at the basilisks. Management is not responsible for additional dispel-petrification fees.

Devilsaur Calling Tips

By

Unknown

A devilsaur not be listening to just anyone now. They be hunters. They be killers. You can't scare a devilsaur. You can't be using a whip and expect the devilsaur to obey your command like a slave.

To tame the devilsaur, you gotta take its soul. Take it! Bind it! Fuse it with your artifacts. This be the old ways. The ways of blood and power. You are not after the beast's respect! You be after its submission. Break it to your will. Bend its mind to your power.

Only the greatest of beastcallers be knowing how to do this.

Diabolical Plans

By

Gorgannon

Diathorus,

I trust that this letter will eventually make its way to you. These demons are mindless. All they think about is their nails, their whips, or goring something with their head spikes. And I dare not use one of the infernals lest it be burned to ashes!

Sadly, I long for the days when we could use the orcs. At least they had half a brain and could follow orders. Perhaps there is a chance to take some new thralls from nearby?

The time has come to retake a few of the lesser races, I think. Splintertree Post to the northwest makes a tempting target. We should confer on combining our forces for an attack before the next full moon of this pathetic world. If we subjugate them now they will come to remember what the word 'Horde' truly used to mean!

Regards,

Gorgannon

p.s. - Stop using up all of the blood ink on love letters to my lashers! Night elf virgins are in short supply these days.

Diabolical Plans

By

Gorgannon

Diathorus,

I trust that this letter will eventually make its way to you. These demons are mindless. All they think about is their nails, their whips, or goring something with their head spikes. And I dare not use one of the infernals lest it be burned to ashes!

Sadly, I long for the days when we could use the orcs. At least they had half a brain and could follow orders. Perhaps there is an opportunity to take some new thralls from nearby?

The reports of the night elves assisting the draenei are true. They're attempting to setup a new base of operations at Forest Song to the north near Satyrnaar. We should confer on combining our forces for an attack before the next full moon of this pathetic world. If we crush them now they will never gain a toehold on our doorstep!

Regards,

Gorgannon

p.s. - Stop using up all of the blood ink on love letters to my lashers! Night elf virgins are in short supply these days.

Diary of Weavil

By

Doctor Weavil

Dear Diary,

Today, my arch-enemy, Narain Soothfancy, attempted to deceive me by sending cronies to fill his spot at the execution. HIS execution. Can you believe it? I had gone through all the trouble of devising this diabolical plan to lure him out of that damnable hut and he pulls this? Whatever... Too angry to keep writing. I'll be back later.

Dear Diary,

I left my hide-out in a rage after my last entry. Boy was I angry. I decided to redesign my minions' uniforms to better reflect my angst. I feel a little better but something is missing. I'll be right back...

Dear Diary,

Ok, I'm good now. I beat one of my minions until he wept like a little girl.

Hrm... I feel sort of bad now. Wait a minute! Damnit, I'm an EVIL genius! Evil, you know? I'm so disappointed in myself. Be right back.

Dear Diary,

I gave him a hug and told him to keep up the good work. I feel better now. Keep that between you and me, diary.

Where was I? Oh yes, NARAIN! ARGH!!! I hate that guy. It was Narain, after all, that destroyed the curve on every exam back when we were students

at the Gnomeregan Institute of Tinkering.

Fail me out of school, will they? As far as I'm concerned, Gnomeregan got what it deserved!

That's all for today. Sleep tight, diary!

Dear Diary,

I must be getting old. I totally forgot that I was telling you about Narain and his deception. Anyhow, I was so angry when I saw a decoy disguised as Narain instead of Narain that I commanded Number Two to destroy the fool!

I got in my flying machine and began tearing away at his precious, stupid, dumb-head book on Draconic. What a show-off? Who reads Draconic? I hate him so much!

Dear Diary,

Sorry, I fell asleep. So I was flying angry and throwing out chapters of that stupid book. I saw a demon below me in Darkwhisper and decided to make the first chapter form a magical tornado of paper and shred its body into a million pieces! It was liberating. Magic + paper = fun.

That made me pretty happy so I decided to fly to the Eastern Kingdoms. My first stop was the Molten Core. Narain always talked about that place! "Molten Core this and Ragnaros that..."

Well you know what? If he likes it so much, maybe he'll like trying to piece his book back together by going to the Molten Core and reviving the chapter back from a pile of ash! Hah!

While I was in the neighborhood, I figured some of those slaving technicians in ol' Victor Nefarius' lab might have a use for this Draconic stuff. Bombs away!

This was starting to become a sport of sorts. I was really getting into splitting up that damned book!

The next few drops were easy.

Undercity, home of the fetid rotting dead and possibly the best chili I've ever had, got one chapter. Stormwind, capital of Cheese, the other. Diary, have you ever put cheese from Stormwind on Undercity chili? HELLO? That should sound some alarms.

I was getting tired at this point so I turned the flying machine around and headed for home, but not before I would make two more stops. I gave Lord Kazzak and his demons a fly by in the Tainted Scar (he hates when I do that) and stuck another down Onyxia's chimney.

Tired. Going to sleep.

Dirty Note

By

Unknown

To find the next, don't follow the signs, just listen to the very next rhyme.

What you seek is a penitent man, the smaller of two, if you can.

Divined Scroll

By

Unknown

An evil force created these,
He sits on Dreadmist Peak at ease,
He laughs at thee and thy friend,
His elementals have no end,
Soon you must confront this mage,
For only death will end his rage.

Diving Log

By

Unknown

Day 1: The human scum seem blissfully unaware of my presence here, as intended. They're ripe for bombing, and it should only be a matter of time before I've charted out their position.

Day 2: Charting complete - a trivial task for such an accomplished fellow as myself. Why I got stuck with this job is beyond me - they should have J-Y C. do it. That ridiculous accent should have been justification enough.

Day 3: First breath of air is finally getting a bit stale. Perhaps I should surface momentarily for another in a few days. Still bored to tears - where is that blasted signal?

< The ranting continues...\s>

Day 12: Ah, sweet relief. The second breath tasted like the purest orphan tears I've ever had. The signal remains puzzlingly absent, and I could swear that one of the crabs is attempting to play drums on my big toe.

< The rants grow more disassociated...\s>

Day 36: Third breath of air finally expired, and the veins in my left elbow filled with bubbles again on the way up. The drumming of the crabs is a constant companion now, a percussive backdrop to my blackened little corner of hell. Clearly, I've been forgotten by those wretches. If J-Y were down here, they wouldn't have forgotten him! They wouldn't have left Hans or Sylvia behind! Why me?

< The entries trail off in a despondent scrawl...\s>

Doctor Kohler's Orders

By

Unknown

Doctor Kohler,

The Black Knight has not yet served his purpose. Retrieve his remains from the tournament grounds and use your arts to return him to life. We will use the strength of the crusaders and their followers against them.

Take prisoners and use their souls to empower my servant. Capture Crusader Kul, called reckless by his fellows, and sacrifice him upon your altar. His spirit will imbue the Black Knight with terrible strength and power. Then, deliver the Black Knight to me.

Dog-Eared Note

By

Karash

Magra, my huntress,

Another dull day at Stonefang outpost. As I stare across the flats, I cannot help but think of you. Do you remember the day we met? I hurled my axe at your mount, and you nearly impaled me with a spear.

It was love at first sight.

Clans be damned! My mind is made up. I will leave it all to be with you. Choose the place. I will come. We'll leave Frostfire and make a life somewhere. I hear Nagrand is beautiful.

Your future mate,

Karash

P.S. I have enclosed Longhowl's first-fang. I was wearing it around my neck that day. I hope it will guide me to you once again.

Dojani Orders

By

Groundbreaker Brojai

The Reclamation

By order of his exalted, the reclaimers shall be dispatched to the ruins of Dojan. There they are to recover any artifacts that may be used to arm our people.

We need guardian statues, scrolls, any arcane devices that will help us rekindle our ancient glory.

Priority must be given to the Pools of Youth on the north side of Dojan. Those waters are vital to the continued strength of the empire.

-Groundbreaker Brojai, The Lord Reclaimer

Dominance

By

Unknown

Only the strongest, most courageous, most resilient of yaungol may lead the tribes. These traits are of the highest qualities in yaungol society, and are expected of all yaungol leaders.

However, with the constant threat from the mantid to their south, the yaungol cannot afford to lose a single warrior in an internal struggle for power.

A surprisingly civilized solution to this problem has been put into place. When a dispute arises between two yaungol, a banner is placed between them. They then fight one another with blunted weapons until one yields or passes out.

Similarly, new leaders are chosen in ritual combat: a yaungol who aspires to take the place of chief must place his family banner and fight any who would challenge his authority.

Doren's Logs

By

Captain Doren

Landfall!

We engaged a Horde fleet many times our number in a series of sporadic encounters throughout the night. Our losses were high, but we gave more than we got. We took advantage of a dense fog that cloaked our movements; no doubt they thought our numbers were much greater, hence they fled southeast by morning light.

We were astounded to discover a great cliff wall as the fog burned away. Land! It's not on any of our charts. I've messaged the Skyseeker in order to arrange for air support.

Day 2

The Skyseeker has arrived and dispatched its gyrocopters. This is no mere uncharted island - we have discovered an entire continent! I will begin shuttling men and materials up the cliff walls immediately. From this higher ground, we will have a commanding view of the nearby seas.

Communication among the fleet is sporadic and confusing. The Horde seems to be everywhere at once; we have lost contact with Admiral Taylor's flagship, which likely engaged the Horde fleet we thumped a couple of days ago. Light help him; they were out or blood.

With no news from Stormwind, I am going to take the initiative and secure this land.

Day 5

The Skyseeker has left behind a full complement of gyrocopters to help us construct a base. My men have claimed a series of abandoned ruins as a stronghold. The ruins and surrounding jungle are too dangerous for air traffic, we've been using some clearings to the south as a temporary airbase.

This morning we made our first contact with the natives. They are pandaren! I didn't think they were real. Could this be some sort of mythical pandaren homeland?

Day 7

The pandaren are full of questions, but no help at all. I admit I'm feeling immensely uneasy, and I can't put my finger on why. It seems like all of my doubts are magnified here. The Horde will come back; I am certain of it. How many will come? Will they come by sea or by air? I must be ready!

The men are working double-time with half rations. The pandaren have offered food in trade but are not interested in Stormwind promissory notes and laugh at the quality of our steel. For some reason, this makes me furious. Do they know that they are about to be in the middle of a battlefield?

Day 9

The Skyseeker reported that it picked up Horde prisoners from an engagement at sea this morning, then suddenly fell silent. I fear the worst.

Actually, I fear a lot of things. We're alone here. Reinforcements from Stormwind are weeks away. Taylor's flagship is missing, and now the Skyseeker is silent. Are we losing the war at sea? Doubts churn within me. I can't think straight. I swear my skin is losing color. What is wrong with me?

Day 12

Every day I scan the horizon for Horde airships. We are not ready. Our airbase is in shambles, with a half-complete tower. Some pandaren have offered to help, and I've drafted them.

Years ago, I once hunted down Colonel Kurzen when madness overtook him

in Stranglethorn. I never understood his spiral into darkness until now. I am alone. At night I lie awake in the oppressive heat, and swear the shadows are whispering to me of my own demise. Must get that airbase finished. I'll clap the pandaren in manacles if I have to. The Horde... The Horde...

Day 14

Woke up to news of a signal flare from off the coast. There's a shadow moving through the fog. A horde gunship?

I've dispatched a messenger to scramble the gyrocopters. They may not get here in time. Ordering everyone to the guns. This is it.

I feel overpowered with anger and dread. I am not myself. Perhaps in victory I will find solace?

If it is truly a single Horde airship, then they stand no chance. We will decimate them.

Dorgar Stoenbrow

By

Unknown

Dorgar Stoenbrow

Warrior of the Scarlet Crusade

Lord of the Red Caverns

Last seen in the Mountains of Alterac

Durrin's Archaeological Findings

By

Durrin Direshovel

Emperor Thaurissan,

Below is my account of my most recent finding here in Un'Goro Crater. After the Cataclysm hit, I stopped my current project and began sweeping the Crater for new potential dig sites. Curiously, the Crater wasn't hard hit by the Cataclysm, but I did find what appeared to be a monstrous mandible peeking out of the ground in Terror Run!

It appears to be an ancestor of the dinosaurs that live here. I've spent the last several weeks digging it out, and it has been my most exciting dig yet. By my calculations, this beast must be nearly 300 feet long, from tip to tail. That's longer than some of the largest dragons, and FAR larger than any dino that currently exists here in the Crater.

The going has been slow, mainly because I've needed to cover up my work behind me. That blasted goblin, Nilminer, still has cronies digging in the area, and I mustn't risk any news of this discovery leaking before I send my final results back to Blackrock Mountain. This may be the key piece of information that tells us what the Titans were doing in Un'Goro!

Regards,

Durrin Direshovel

Dusty Journal

By

Unknown

Leafing through the book's crumbling pages reveals nothing more than descriptions of life on the Valgan farm. The changing of seasons, planting and harvesting of crops are noted, along with the births and deaths of children.

The entries end abruptly with a short description of the plague. None of the children described could have been old enough to complete training as a knight, if any survived the plague at all.

Dusty Journal

By

Unknown

The first half of the journal seems to be nothing more than the ledger for Mr. Cooper's business. Handwritten columns of figures note the production and sale of barrels to the inhabitants of Moonbrook and even a few clients in Stormwind itself.

The back half of the book seems to have been Mr. Cooper's journal, where he discusses leaving the family business to his younger brother. You find no mention of children.

Ebonlocke's Response to Solomon

By

Lord Ello Ebonlocke

Your Honor—

I regret to inform you that the Night Watch is unable to leave its post in Darkshire at this time. Perhaps you were unaware that Stormwind no longer provides military support in this region. The Night Watch has been formed and trained entirely by the people of the forest in order to defend Darkshire in Stormwind's absence. Without the Watch, the town would fall. I wish you luck with your plight.

—Lord Ello Ebonlocke

Edict of the Thunder King

By

Unknown

What has become of my mogu? Look at yourselves. You are little better than the savages we once used to build our cities.

To be mogu is to rule. It is why we were created. Our words are laced with power! Those who do not bend to our will must be broken by our strength. There is no strength without unity. There is no unity without obedience. To obey your Emperor and to demand obedience of your subjects is the natural order.

When you fight amongst yourselves you fight against your very nature. There is an order to this world, a strength that flows from your emperor down to the very stones of the earth. Do not forget this. Together our voices shall echo across the land like the clap of thunder before a storm. You are that storm! Rise mogu! And reclaim your birthright as rightful rulers of this land!

Elegant Rune

By

Lo

Friend, I am honored that you have chosen to learn the ways of the monk, the art of my people. Your interest heartens me, and allows me to return the hospitality that I have been shown by your kind and generous people here. Come, meet me in Anvilmar, and I will train you in our ways.

Yours,

Lo

Elegant Scroll

By

Ting

Hello,

I am Ting, Strong of Stomach. I come from lands far away.

I may not be one of you Forsaken, but it is clear that you are strong in mind and body. Some of my people do not believe that your people can be trained in the arts of the Monk, but I do not share their prejudice. Come to me, and I will teach you to fight!

-Ting, Strong of Stomach

Elemental Fire for the Soul

By

Unknown

When the flames consume Azeroth, where will you be? We know that no one wants to dwell on their impending doom, but it's worth thinking about where you'll be spending the hereafter.

Our sages have predicted that the end of the world is nigh, and only the prepared will survive. We can help you survive the raging inferno that will cleanse this world of the wicked. Isn't it time you found some peace of mind?

Embracing the Passions

By

Unknown

While some of the more tame forest hozen have chosen to integrate with pandaren culture, they remain at their core a simple race driven by their passions. They love hunting and fishing, and often will assault anyone and everything in their hunting grounds. An unfortunate situation, since the hozen hunting grounds seldom have consistent bordering or signage. Thankfully, most hozen are often kept in check by pandaren monks.

Empires' Fall

By

Unknown

Aside from their shadowy origins, it is clear that the night elves came to power soon after their discovery of the Well of Eternity. Despite the trolls' attempts to keep them from expanding their territories, the night elves built up a mighty empire that expanded rapidly across primordial Kalimdor. Wielding fierce magics never before imagined by the superstitious trolls, the night elves had little trouble doing what the evil aqir could never do: topple the two greatest empires in the world.

The night elves systematically dismantled the troll's defenses and supply chains. The trolls, unable to counter the elves' destructive magics, buckled under the onslaught. The night elves proved to be every bit as cunning and bloodthirsty as the savage trolls—incurring the latter race's eternal hatred and disdain. The Gurubashi and Amani empires fragmented within only a few short years.

Eventually, the night elves were burned by the arcane fires they had sought to control. Their reckless use of magic had lured the demonic Burning Legion to the world. The demons crushed much of the night elves' civilization. Though there are no records to indicate that the Legion attacked either troll civilization, it is likely that battles took place across the breadth of the continent.

At the end of this terrible conflict—known as the War of the Ancients—the Well of Eternity imploded. The resulting shockwave shattered the greater landmass of Kalimdor. The center of the continent was blasted beneath the sea, leaving only a small group of broken, single continents.

Thus, great chunks of both the Amani and Gurubashi Empires still exist in

the present day lands of Quel'Thalas and Stranglethorn (respectively). The Azj'Aqir kingdoms of Azjol-Nerub and Ahn'Qiraj have also survived in present day Northrend and Tanaris (respectively). Both troll civilizations recoiled from the vast destruction of the primordial world they had known. The dauntless trolls rebuilt their ravaged cities and set about to reclaim some of their former power.

Empowered Rune

By

Teo Hammerstorm

Know this: a shaman must never demand power; to do so would arouse the anger of the elements, and a shaman without the elements' protection is nothing. Those that follow the path of the shaman must never forget this most vital tenet.

However, a shaman that works in a respectful union with the elements wields a power rivaled by few. If you feel you have the humility to do so, come visit with me in Anvilmar. I will teach you - much like I myself was taught - how to work with the elements of fire, earth, wind, water, and the wild.

~Teo Hammerstorm

Empty Keg of Brewfather Xin Wo Yin

By

Unknown

The heart-shaped spigot to this cask reveals it to be an artifact of the late great Brewfather Xin Wo Yin, “The Brokenhearted”. Generations ago this renowned Brewfather created “Heartswell Brew”, a concoction that infuses the drinker’s entire being with a profound sense of warmth and wellbeing. It was said that Xin Wo Yin so loved the product of his art that he wept tears of heavy sorrow over every keg that left his brewery. It is likely that he wept over this very keg. Being that it’s empty, you feel a little morose yourself.

This specimen was donated by the esteemed <class>, <name>.

Encrypted Letter

By

Jorik Kerridan

Never been more proud to be part of the trade as I am in these last few years. The need for assassins, spies, and scouts has never been more prevalent. You'd think war-time would have had higher demand, but suprisingly, war isn't a time we flourish like we do now—the times after peace starts to deteriorate.

I was told you'd be in the area looking to learn a few things. When you have time, come see me by the stables in back of the abbey.

-Jorik Kerridan, Rogue Trainer

Encrypted Memorandum

By

Solm Hargrin

You were expecting this to be a normal note from your king or whoever, I'm betting. Well, let's just say that I know a thing or two about forging notes and wanted to make sure you got this one. Can't go calling attention to myself, now could I? I've holed myself up inside Anvilmar—you'll find me in the firepit area. When you're ready, come talk to me. I just want to introduce myself while we have time.

-Solm Hargrin, Rogue Trainer

Encrypted Parchment

By

Rwag

I send greetings, <name>. I was lost in thought when it came to my attention that I needed to write to you.

Many in our culture praise our shamans for being our spiritual leaders, like our great Warchief. Others think the sword and axe are even more noble pursuits, but never forget that battles—even wars—are won on the backs of those with more specialized skills. That is what I wish to speak to you about, <name>. Find me among the other orcs in the Valley of Trials.

-Rwag, Rogue Trainer

Encrypted Rune

By

Solm Hargrin

<Brother/Sister>, I hope this rune finds you well. I wanted to take a moment to let you know that I'm inside Anvilmar above Coldridge Valley.

I know how important it is we all stick together, and in this time of strained peace it's becoming even more important to have our kind around. Look for me when you have the time.

-Solm Hargrin, Rogue Trainer

Encrypted Scroll

By

David Trias

Take care not to ignore my words, <name>. This is the time for subterfuge and deceit throughout all nations... even our great Undercity. Everyone loyal to Sylvanas is working towards creating a new era, one controlled by the Forsaken. And even though we possess no magical skills, nor will we take up weapons along our borders, we still have our own role to play.

Seek me out in the inn in Deathknell. We'll speak more then.

-David Trias, Rogue Trainer

Encrypted Sigil

By

Frahun Shadewhisper

Sael'ah, my friend. I hope this sigil finds you well. I was asked to offer you my services. I too am in Shadowglen, in the great tree of Aldrassil, and I wanted you to know that if you need any training that you could seek me out.

In these questionable times, I thought it prudent that those dealing in stealth remain even closer to one another. How else will we be able to protect Teldrassil and our ways?

Find me when you can.

-Frahun Shadewhisper, Rogue Trainer

Encrypted Tablet

By

Rwag

Greetings, <brother/sister>. The Shattered Hand sends its regards and hopes you find the Valley a comfortable place to apply your trade. This is a time of testing for you, so do not think you are not being watched constantly.

It is my duty to appraise the Hand of your skills, and to then inform them when I feel you are ready to move on to greater challenges.

When you are ready, come find me deep inside the Den. I'll be waiting for you there.

-Rwag, Rogue Trainer

Engraved Stone Plaque

By

Unknown

In this dark cleft, the true shadows of madness and vengeance took hold, and many faithful Orgrimmar citizens lost their lives.

Let us never forget the lessons that were learned in the siege of Orgrimmar.

Apart, we will fall. Together, we are Horde.

Envoy's Log

By

Unknown

<It appears that the envoy has been keeping a journal.>

Day 3,

We have arrived at the Bloodmaul camp. Their chief Borgal refused to talk with with me unless I promised to buy a few cartloads of slaves. The charge was of course way higher then I should have paid but I need their goodwill on this mission.

Borgal has agreed, at a ridiculous price, to have his slaves mine into the sites we have indicated and turn over to us anything that may be found.

Even though the prophet Garrosh says that an artifact lays buried under this mountain I question the wisdom of employing the Bloodmaul to find it. Orders are orders nonetheless...

Day 7,

Our digging results so far have resulted in just rocks and dirt. The ogres are starting to mumble about getting rid of us. Another pouch full of coins in Borgal's hand seemed to smooth things over.

Day 10,

More rocks and dirt.

Day 14,

Late last night there was a strange commotion in the southwest cave. What exactly happened I'm not sure, but I observed several slaves hauling bodies out of the cave entrance.

This might be from the "Soulgrinder" mentioned in the briefing.

Day 15,

Borgal refused to turn over the artifact!

I will not allow that fat ogre to keep Iron Horde property!

I have discussed the matter with my guards and we are going to return in the morning and force him to hand over the artifact or else!

<The following pages are blank.>

Etched Letter

By

Unknown

Northshire Valley is a dangerous place, ideally suited to the survival skills of a hunter. Needless to say I have been impressed with your contributions to the valley's defense and I look forward to meeting you. Please look for me by the entrance to the abbey.

Etched Note

By

Jordan Stilwell

This anvil is the property of Jordan Stilwell

- Please do NOT use!-

Jordan

Etched Note

By

Lanka Farshot

Mighty warriors defend our home. Our shamans guide our spirits and show us our ancestors' past. And our druids help us discover the Earthmother's will.

But you are one of our hunters, and our hunters learn many aspects of those roles and blend them together. You will find you represent the heart of our people—some of our tribe will look to you for guidance, some for protection. It is my duty to ensure you are prepared for that. Seek me out in Camp Narache.

-Lanka Farshot, Hunter Trainer

Etched Parchment

By

Karranisha

I've seen you shuffling around the Valley, young one, with your flimsy bow and that shabby armor. You remind me of a young hunter I knew a long time ago... If you're interested in learning a bit more about the trade, come visit me. The hunter's path can be a lonely one, and it helps to have allies along the way.

-Karranisha, Hunter Trainer

Etched Rune

By

Thorgas Grimson

Tamer of beasts, master marskman, proven tracker—what else ya want to accomplish in this lifetime? All those things combined takes quite a bit of intelligence and a great deal of patience.

The path of the hunter ain't an easy one, that's fer sure. You're gonna need lots of training if you wanna be as good as even our lowest ranking rifleman. But that's why I'm here.

Find me inside Anvilmar overlooking Coldridge Valley. I'll be waiting.

-Thorgas Grimson, Hunter Trainer

Etched Sigil

By

Ayanna Everstride

Elune is with you, <name>. The wind whispers it to me, and I'm glad I can directly take part in the shaping of our next generation of hunters.

From what I have been told, you are close to Aldrassil. I would meet with you inside the great tree when you have time.

Our elders have charged me with ensuring that new hunters are properly trained for the trials ahead. You being one of the newest students, it would behoove you to visit me. Until then, be well.

-Ayanna Everstride, Hunter Trainer

Etched Tablet

By

Jen'shan

It be good to hear that one of Jen'shan's <brothers/sisters> be comin' to da Valley to test <his/her> skill. Jen'shan lookin' forward to that!

Me not be havin' to tell you how strong and cunning a hunter you be—you already know that. It's Jen'shan's task to tell you how to get stronger and more cunning.

You find Jen'shan in da Valley of Trials. She teach you good. She teach you how to tame da greatest beasts among many other tings.

-Jen'shan, Hunter Trainer

Etching From the Raven's Eye Tablet

By

Unknown

Huginn and Muninn perched on a branch overlooking their master. The big vrykul sat relaxed below eating a particularly lush plum while reading from ancient tablets. The juice from the fruit went drip, drip, drip upon the stone as one turned to the other and cawed.

“What does it say? What is he reading?” asked Muninn.

Huginn bobbed his head up and down, peering intently with one eye at the rune stone below.

“I cannot read!” the large raven exclaimed. “You know this. Why do you taunt me?” Huginn pecked in frustration at his companion.

Muninn defecated, missing the vrykul below by mere inches.

“We should get him to fashion us something. An eye... caw!” Muninn insisted.

Huginn agreed with his own caw as the vrykul peered up at the two ravens whom only he could understand.

“If you two will give me some peace, I will make you something that will let you read anything your little bird brains desire,” Havi said. “Now be quiet.”

...

Time passed, but differently for the ravens as it does for all immortals. They spent centuries reading everything they could get their hands on through the lens of their precious Raven's Eye. Countless days were spent deciphering old, weatherworn runic carvings in languages long since dead. They were happy. Well, as happy as ravens can be, which is to say, no one believes that they can ever truly be happy. Not even ravens.

Then the day came when the stranger arrived. An elf, one of those new kaldorei, the night elves as everyone else was referring to them. The little people were always so much more annoying than the vrykul. But somehow, this one was different. And he had something in his hand that was the sweetest smelling thing they had ever experienced.

"What is that you have there, my fine-feathered friends," the bearded kaldorei asked.

"Caw!" was the reply that he received, as only their master could understand them. But, the power of the Raven's Eye allowed them to understand him perfectly. They had long ago learned all of the languages of the small mortal races.

"The three of us share something in common, for my name is Ravencrest. You might say we are kin after a fashion," the night elf explained, his voice strangely soothing. "May I try to read that tablet? It looks awfully interesting." And with that, the elf slowly edged a little closer to see the runes written upon the stone.

Huginn and Muninn were transfixed by the smell of whatever mysterious delight this Ravencrest held in his closed fist. Their heads bobbed up and down uncontrollably to try to get just the slightest peek at what it might be. They let him move closer.

What danger could a mere elf pose?

The night elf's brow furrowed and he frowned. He was staring at the tablet that the ravens had been reading, a funny story about a stupid little boy and girl who were tricked by a clever vrykul witch and then eaten.

“Alas, I cannot read this. I do not know the ancient runes of the honorable and proud vrykul people,” the Ravencrest confessed. He sighed loudly and his shoulders slumped. “I know that ravens are the smartest of all Azeroth’s creatures, but how is it that the two of you can read this timeworn scrawl?” he coyly asked.

Muninn, ever the suspicious one, pierced the stranger with a look from this left eye, only darting a quick glance once or twice, perhaps three times, at the elf’s closed hand to make certain that whatever was in there had not disappeared.

But, before the doubtful bird could stop him, his more trusting brother gave their secret away. Huginn rapped three times upon their most prized possession. Despite the sharpness of the raven’s beak, no scratch marred the facets of the perfect, magical jewel.

“Oh, how wonderful! Are you saying that bauble allows you to read the stone?” the sly elf queried. The two birds sat staring at him, their chests puffing up and their hackles rising.

“No, no, friends, you mistake me. I only wish to borrow your jewel. Please, let me use it to read the runes,” the elf requested.” After, we can all have a lively discussion about whatever story is written upon the stone. In return, I will give you this.”

The Ravencrest finally revealed what he had been concealing within his hand. To the ravens, it was perhaps the most amazing thing they had ever seen or smelled, second only to Havi’s jewel.

Slowly, the kaldorei placed the hard piece of elven candy on a nearby rock. The ravens twisted their heads back and forth between the jewel, the elf, and the treat. But, it was not long before their nature overtook them and they hopped over to the rock. The candy was delicious, better than anything they had ever eaten, even the food of the gods within the Halls of Valor. They pecked and nibbled at the pieces for what seemed a heavenly age.

When they were done, the two looked up expectantly, hoping that their newfound friend had another piece of the sweet. But, the elf was nowhere to

be seen and neither was the Raven's Eye.

Huginn and Muninn cawed and cawed as loud as they could. And as they took wing, they vowed a solemn oath to one day have their revenge upon the trickster elf and all of his kind.

Evidence Against Samuelson

By

Major Samuelson

Your Holiness: Cho'gall has given us the directive to move forward: We're going to wipe your cathedral off the map. When the spiritual center of Stormwind is reduced to a crater in the center of the city, panic will spread, and disillusioned peasants will flock toward our true religion. I'm sending the explosives your way. For the Hammer! For Deathwing! For the glorious new world to come!

-Samuelson

Exhumer's Journal

By

Unknown

We have nearly found the lost shrine! The marsh is deadly and we have lost many servants, but it will all be worth it.

Once we have entered the main hall we can reclaim the holy relics of the Crusader and return them to their rightful place.

The swamp... it has done something here. We are about to breach the main shrine but we can already feel something emanating. The heat should comfort me that the Light of Rukhmar still burns in the cave, but this is more... malevolent... angry.

I am not sure that the crusader is resting easily...

Exile of the High Elves

By

Unknown

As the centuries passed, the night elves' new society grew strong and expanded throughout the budding forest that they came to call Ashenvale. Many of the creatures and species that were abundant before the Great Sundering, such as furbolgs and quilboars, reappeared and flourished in the land. Under the druids' benevolent leadership, the night elves enjoyed an era of unprecedented peace and tranquility under the stars.

However, many of the original Highborne survivors grew restless. Like Illidan before them, they fell victim to the withdrawal that came from the loss of their coveted magics. They were tempted to tap the energies of the Well of Eternity and exult in their magical practices. Dath'Remar, the brash, outspoken leader of the Highborne, began to mock the druids publicly, calling them cowards for refusing to wield the magic that he said was theirs by right.

Malfurion and the druids dismissed Dath'Remar's arguments and warned the Highborne that any use of magic would be punishable by death. In an insolent and ill-fated attempt to convince the druids to rescind their law, Dath'Remar and his followers unleashed a terrible magical storm upon Ashenvale.

The druids could not bring themselves to put so many of their kin to death, so they decided to exile the reckless Highborne from their lands. Dath'Remar and his followers, glad to be rid of their conservative cousins at last, boarded a number of specially crafted ships and set sail upon the seas. Though none of them knew what awaited them beyond the waters of the raging Maelstrom, they were eager to establish their own homeland, where they could practice

their coveted magics with impunity.

The Highborne, or Quel'dorei, as Azshara had named them in ages past, would eventually set shore upon the eastern land men would call Lordaeron. They planned to build their own magical kingdom, Quel'Thalas, and reject the night elves' precepts of moon worship and nocturnal activity. Forever after, they would embrace the sun and be known only as the high elves.

Extended Annals of Darrowshire

By

Unknown

The Annals of Darrowshire

Darrowshire, named from the Darrowmere Lake to its west, is a village tucked into the southern foothills of Lordaeron. Known for humble yet hardworking residents, Darrowshire stayed in the background of Lordaeron history until the Second War.

Heroes were made during that war. And heroes were lost.

The Battle of Darrowshire

The Battle of Darrowshire took place in the middle of the Second War, when scourge forces rampaged across Lordaeron. Darrowshire was cut off from the bulk of Alliance forces, but the town was bolstered by a company of troops, a contingent of paladins of the Silver Hand, and a staunch group of local militia led by Captain Joseph Redpath.

The Scourge's first assaults on Darrowshire were sparse. Small groups of marauding skeletons and corpses wandered the outskirts of the village and were easily defeated. But the Scourge sensed the defenders' tenacity, and responded in kind; soon after the first wave of attacks a second wave emerged. Champion ghouls, servants of the ghoul lord Horgus, screamed down from the hills and clashed with beleaguered Darrowshire defenders.

The Defenders weakened, but were relieved by paladins, disciples of the Silver Hand. Their leader, Davil Crokford, was a native of Darrowshire. He brought his followers to the village when he heard of the impending attack, and together with the defenders they held back the servants of Horgus.

When Horgus himself entered the battle, he met with Davil. For many minutes they fought and Davil eventually prevailed, but he suffered a mortal wound and died soon after defeating the ghoull lord.

The battle continued, and Captain Redpath led his militia bravely. And it might have been won, had the captain not been corrupted by the death knight Marduk the Black.

In the middle of the fray Marduk rode up to Redpath, and with black magic he tore loose Redpath's spirit, twisting it into an evil shadow of the brave captain.

The corrupted Captain Redpath then spread his evil taint among the defenders of Darrowshire, who betrayed their allies and slaughtered them. They then turned on the town of Darrowshire and killed all who hid in their homes.

The remaining scourge army, along with the corrupted spirit of Captain Redpath, then left the ravaged village of Darrowshire and tore into Lordaeron, adding to the pain and death of the Second War.

The Fate of Horgus the Ravager

Horgus the Ravager fell at the Battle of Darrowshire. But the evil within him was not fully spent. The victorious Scourge forces removed his skull from the battlefield of Darrowshire, carrying it with them to sow dread among the living they faced.

Days later, the company of Scourge who possessed the head were defeated by Silver Hand Paladins. Horgus' head was cast into Blackwood Lake.

The Fate of Marduk the Black

Marduk survived the Second War, causing great death and suffering with his foul, rune-laden sword. Although Marduk still lives, his sword was lost in a battle near Corin's Crossing. A dwarf captain shattered the sword on his enchanted shield, forcing Marduk to flee the field and winning the day for the Alliance.

Marduk's sword sank into the earth and corrupted it, eating a gorge into the land, now known as the Infectis Scar.

The Fate of Davil Lightfire

Davil Lightfire died at the Battle of Darrowshire, but his bravery inspired the Alliance throughout the war.

His book, his paladin's libram, was recovered by Scarlet Crusade troops. It now resides in the town hall of the Scarlet Crusade controlled Hearthglen, often read by crusaders eager to draw from Davil's strength.

The Fate of Joseph Redpath

Joseph Redpath was killed during the Battle of Darrowshire. His spirit was corrupted and took new shape, and this creature spread great evil in Lordaeron.

At Gahrren's Withering, east of Andorhal, the corrupted Redpath was finally defeated by Alliance forces. His shield still rests near the barn of the plagued farmstead, and Scourge minions are still drawn to the memory of his evil.

The Fate of Carlin Redpath

Brother to Captain Joseph Redpath, Carlin fell during the battle of Darrowshire. But although terribly wounded, he was not slain.

Days after the battle, agents of the Argent Dawn found Carlin wandering, weak from thirst and fever, near Corin's Crossing. They tended to his wounds and brought him to the Light's Hope Chapel.

Grateful for their charity, Carlin joined the ranks of the Argent Dawn and now fights a battle of revenge against the Scourge.

Faded Journal

By

Gaedrin Moonfang

Day 1

“A druid’s gift is his freedom to embrace and explore all facets of nature.”

Malfurion so often spoke these words, I was once foolish enough to believe that he truly lived by them. Yet while my shan’dō spouted this freedom, he disgraced me and my fellow druids of the pack by banning our form. I can still recall with great clarity his angry tirades whenever he discovered us practicing in secret.

“The pack form cannot be controlled. It will consume you, and endanger us all.”

The ignorance with which Malfurion passed judgment on us is infuriating. Does he not realize that the spirit of the wolf ancient, Goldrinn, is by nature’s grace within me and my pack brethren? We did not choose it. It chose us. To shun it would be to turn our backs on nature itself.

It only pains me that at a time like this, when our race is threatened by war with the vile satyr, Malfurion rejects us—the very druids who could turn the tide of battle in his favor.

It matters little now. Today my brethren and I will depart from night elf society forever to begin life anew in the wild. We will show our shan’dō’s beliefs to be wrong and prove that Goldrinn’s spirit can in fact be controlled.

Day 7

Six nights have come and gone since we carved out our new homes in the heart of the forest. Our pack leader, Renthel, has taken charge over the community, and under his wise leadership I have at last found true freedom.

Each night we practice our form at the roots of a fallen tree where we have placed Goldrinn's fang. A thing of beauty it is... merely being in its presence seems to empower me. At times I wonder if the wolf ancient left this remnant of himself on the world as a gift to those who pursue his form.

These nightly sessions have filled me with renewed confidence in my ability to harness Goldrinn's spirit. Although Malfurion so often spoke of its dangers, even now we are proving him to be wrong.

Day 12

There was an argument tonight. A seasoned druid named Thaldrus laid claim to leadership of the pack over Renthel, and both druids settled the dispute in pack form. They circled one another for what seemed an eternity, mouths foaming and fangs bared, until Thaldrus lunged at Renthel and pinned him to the ground.

Renthel honorably accepted his defeat and relinquished his leadership with no further violence. If only Malfurion could have witnessed the dignity with which Thaldrus and Renthel acted on this eve.

Day 23

Something strange has been happening of late. My brothers spend more and more time in pack form throughout the day. Many of them claim that it is a necessity to mastering the form, yet I feel that is not the sole reason.

An urge, primal in origin, grows inside of me. It is a desire that I can only sufficiently sate when I take on the pack form. I fear that the others feel it too.

Day 28

Tonight, under the two moons, we ventured through the wild in pack form and felled three stags. So famished were my brethren and I that we simply

ripped into the creatures, clawing and biting at each other while we feasted. Euphoria washed over me as I sank my teeth into the stag's raw flesh. Even if I had been without an appetite, gorging on the creature would have satisfied me.

Day 38

First time out of pack form in seven nights. Live as a wolf like others, from one night to next. Pack leader Thaldrus says night elf bodies are weak. All trust him. All follow him. If he saw me now, he would kill me.

Goldrinn's spirit consuming us. Fighting it feels just as wrong as giving in.

Day 42

Still taste pack leader Thaldrus' blood in my mouth. Cannot recall details. Only remember Thaldrus taking Goldrinn's fang from fallen tree. Caught him dragging it into his den and—<This part of the page is illegible due to blood stains>Took two nights for Thaldrus to come out. We were waiting. Fangs and claws and rage. Tore him apart. Fur and flesh everywhere. Only gnawed bones afterward.

No leader now.

Day 52

Much has come to pass of late, and I feel that at last I have regained a portion of my sanity. Five nights ago, I left my den to discover that the other pack members were gathered around something, or as I soon discovered, someone. A night elf whose scent I recognized as Ralaar Fangfire, a druid of Malfurion's ilk.

As one we encircled him, yet the intruder held his ground. I smelled not a hint of fear on him, despite the fact that he remained in night elf form. His arrogance was quite infuriating.

Three of my enraged brothers charged Ralaar, and the newcomer took on the pack form and bested the challengers with little effort... yet he did not kill

them.

In that instant I became aware of a difference between him and us. We had become savages... scarred, lean, and disheveled. Ralaar, however, was powerful, majestic, and still rife with Goldrinn's essence.

When no others dared challenge him, Ralaar took on his night elf form and spoke. In a tirade that reminded me of Malfurion, he berated us for becoming mindless animals and squandering what he referred to as the purity of Goldrinn's essence. Yet unlike my former shan'do, Ralaar also promised to teach us the true path to harnessing the wolf ancient's spirit. I sensed tremendous rage in his voice, tempered by a self control that I had somehow lost in recent weeks.

One by one we all left our pack forms. I can only guess that my brethren, like I, felt a strange affinity to this newcomer, as if he were a messenger of Goldrinn himself. Ralaar has since begun teaching us as he had promised, though he no longer answers to his given name.

Rather, he now refers to himself simply as Alpha Prime.

-Gaedrin Moonfang, Druid of the Pack

Faded Note

By

Unknown

Son,

If you are reading this, then you have completed the rite of om'rigger. You are no longer a child. You are a warrior.

This trinket belonged to your mother, rest her spirit. She never got to meet you, but she loved you with all her heart.

Her memory kept me safe in countless battles - kept me coming home so I could raise you into the orc you are today.

Take it with you, that you may serve our clan with honor.

- Your father

Faded Note

By

Unknown

My love... I hope you can forgive me. All I could do was run. If I let them catch us both, there would be no way to save you. Now all I feel is a terrible emptiness for not having stayed by your side. This morning I intend to face the flying beasts the way I should have before. I pledge to seek you endlessly in the afterlife... I desire only to be with you. Whatever the sacrifice...

Faded Note

By

Unknown

Another note, another tease, it's enough to make you weak in the knees!

You're almost there, look for your next hint, next to a fellow that was negligent.

Faded Treasure Map

By

Unknown

If the Darkmoon Treasure you wish to find, then begin your search by using your mind.

The next clue that can be found, is on a home you can take out of town.

Father Gustav's Report

By

Father Gustav

Highlord,<name> has successfully led the campaign against the Scourge of Scourgeholme and positioned us to march upon Icecrown.

The masons are equipped with the supplies that they need to begin construction of Justice Keep - thanks once again to <name> for <his/her> assistance in Crystalsong Forest.

There remains only one last challenge: the taking of Crusader's Pinnacle. For it is there, at the place where we have anguished most, that I wish to begin this final chapter.

We await your command, sir.

Light protect you.

-Gustav

Featherbeard's Map

By

Featherbeard

The sketch shows Shadra'Alor and its three temples, with a number of 'x' marks, corresponding to the locations of the stolen eggs. The marks appear at the southern end of the eastern temple, close to a hut to the northeast of the eastern temple, near an altar to the east of the central lake, and on the slope of the southern temple near the word 'exile.' Featherbeard's notes indicate that he was planning on delivering this information to Falstad Wildhammer, whom he hoped would dispatch a band of warriors to rescue the eggs.

Fel Tracker Owner's Manual

By

Unknown

The Conjuring of the Beast:

To conjure the Felhound Tracker, you must use the supplied Fel Orb.

Notes:

The conjured Felhound Tracker will only remain as an entity in this world for thirty minutes.

The conjured Felhound Tracker will only assist you in finding Azsharite formations.

The conjured Felhound Tracker WILL NOT do the following: Tricks, attack anything, assist anything, dance, destroy arcane beings.

Next page please...

The Control of the Beast:

Felhound Trackers only respond to bestial roars. In order to get your Felhound Tracker to track Azsharite formations, you must roar at it with vigor! (Target the Felhound Tracker and /roar).

When the Felhound Tracker locates a formation, he will sprint to the formation with little to no regard for the entities that surround him. While you do not need to protect the Felhound, you may want to stay close so that you do not lose him.

The Disposal of the Beast:

After thirty minutes, the beast will return to its home in the Nether.

Note:

In its fervor, the beast MAY run off cliffs or fall off a mountain. Don't mourn the loss of the Felhound Tracker, summon another one instead.

Fellari Swiftarrow

By

Unknown

Fellari Swiftarrow

Ranger Captain of the Scarlet Crusade

Citizen of Quel'Thalas

Lost in the forests of Silverpine

Ferren Marcus

By

Unknown

Ferren Marcus

High Abbot of the Scarlet Monastery

Citizen of Stratholme

Killed defending the Scarlet Monastery at the First Summertide Assault

Field Journal

By

Unknown

Day One:

Got on a ship called Draka's Fury. We're taking the special cargo to a far away place across the ocean. I have the duty to clean stuff on the ship and scout when we get to land.

Better work than searching for Alliance rogues and druids in Orgrimmar.

The food is not as good, but the grog tastes the same. Durotar has already slipped out of sight.

Day Two:

The food and rocking of the ship do not agree with me!

There is much to clean as there are many of my brothers who are sick. This does not seem like a good idea to me, but if he needs to go, we will gladly follow him to the bottom of the sea.

Let us hope that it does not come to that.

Day Three:

The sea lashes the ship very heavily. The captain had us take down the sails. We are like a child's toy in the middle of gigantic waves.

I may not like the ocean, but I kept my food down today like a true warrior.

Day Four:

There are two small islands on the horizon. The captain says that we will sail just past them. He does not want to stop. There is an edge to his voice that I do not like. It sounds like fear.

There was much to do... what? There are sounds of explosions outside. I am going above deck to see what it is.

Day ??:

I washed up on the rocky shore of an island. It must be one of the two that I saw before. Most of my brothers are dead. There is no sign of our special cargo. I fear the worst and cannot believe my thoughts.

I do not know how many days have passed. One, possibly two? Surely not more. The Alliance cowards came at us, hiding from behind the larger of the two islands. There were too many of them, though we might have sunk one.

I saw another ship sail right through the battle and get torn apart. Goblins, I think. Fools!

Day ?? and one:

We have a makeshift camp atop the island. Aggra has asked me to look for other survivors on the western shore. Kilag is to take a small group across the top looking for Alliance. Already a few have attacked us. They will not stop coming until they are all dead. Or we are.

There are sounds of goblins off in the distance, and I can see the wreckage of their ship. They are noisy. I will watch them later. First, I have found a cavern and strange sounds like animals and mining coming from within it.

I will investigate.

Final Clue to Sanders' Treasure

By

Unknown

Now that ye found me ol' whiskey jug, you're almost to the treasure! Just face West from the bottle and walk down to the shore. Once ye get to the water, keep going! Swim straight west till you find the island with me treasure chest!

Finding Security and Comfort In A Doomed World

By

Unknown

We live in tumultuous times. War, invasion, and famine have swept the world, but the real trial is yet to come: the end of Azeroth itself.

How will you cope with the loss and destruction of everything you hold dear? The answer is that you don't have to. Bring your friends and family to one of our gatherings and learn how you can survive the apocalypse together, with us.

Fine Boots

By

Unknown

These boots are in surprisingly nice condition for their age.

It's odd that they would still be left here after all these years.

Fishing Tournament!

By

Unknown

Stranglethorn Fishing Tournament!

Sunday Afternoon - 2pm to 4pm.

Fish anywhere along the coast of Stranglethorn (except for Booty Bay) and look for the schools of Tastyfish that will appear along the coast! Make sure your fishing bobber lands in the school and you will be catching special fish instead of the normal Stranglethorn variety. The first person to catch forty Tastyfish can turn them into Fishmaster Bassbait in Booty Bay for a prize! Even if you are not the first person to catch forty tastyfish you can still turn them in for cash and there are special fish to be caught as well that will reward special prizes!

Fizzle Brassbolts' Letter

By

Fizzle Brassbolts

Good Martek,

I'm in a jam and I need your help.

My brother and I are building a racecar and we need strong pistons. Nothing I try is hard enough. Nothing can hold up to our new car's speed. And so the engine breaks down constantly!

You are an expert in crafting with metal. You must help. You are the only one who can.

Here are the piston's specifications:

Length: 32 WW

Width: 12 WW

Weight: 23.

5 IBG to 25.

5 IBG

Conduction: 70 TC

Shear Strength: 98 or higher

Combobule Rating: "Super stout" or higher

In the case you forgot gnomish measurements:

WW = “Whisker Width”

IBG = “Itty-Bitty Grams”

TC = “Toe Curls”

Folded Letter

By

Unknown

Hi!

I'm not good at letters and so the matron helped me write this down for you. I just want to say THANKS because you're a hero and maybe someday I can save people like you do.

Ok, I have to go play so THANKS AGAIN for being good and strong and and you're <handsome/pretty> too!

—Your secret admirer

Fool's Stout Report

By

Kravel Koalbeard

Mr. Fizzlebub,

The beverage you gave my associate was a huge success. Not only is the drink strong, causing a huge dulling of wits, it seems to have an addictive quality. I'm sure those who have tried it will crave more.

We are indebted to you, Crank.

And I invite you to come to Shimmering Flats, or to send a confidante, to take advantage of the new gambling opportunities we have here.

—Kravel

For Council and King

By

Unknown

Zandalari society has remained an unchanging hierarchy for thousands of years. Hardworking farmers, fishers, and craftsmen form the peasant caste, the foundation of the empire. Zandalari elders tell them what to harvest, when to plant, and how to behave. To disobey the elders is to disobey the gods, an offense punishable by exile or death. The Zandalari warrior caste sits above the peasantry, acting as the arms of the King and the might of the council. Dexterity is not prized among Zandalari warriors: Brute force, backed by ancient magics, is the preferred combat style.

Dictating every aspect of Zandalari society down to the very last detail are the scholars and the priesthood. Masters of magic and communing with the spirits, these respected bastions of knowledge stand upon fifteen millennia worth of accumulated knowledge. The highest of these have a seat on the Zanchuli Council, which both advise the King and ensures his every command is executed upon. The council is consulted before every battle or major decision. From a golden throne, lording over all of the Zandalari, rests the great King Rastakhan.

Empowered by the Zandalari gods themselves to act as their voice, he has ruled for over two hundred years.

For the Light!

By

Jennre Loresinger

His name brought Light to darkest Azeroth.

His valor tore the walls of mis'ry down.

The Silver Hand would ne'er do better morethan give the world the knight
who'd give himself.

His fame was not that which he sought to grow,

nor was the lordship over his own kind.

Instead he chose to fight for Lordaeronto hope his kin would have to fight no
more.

The tragic tale of this most holy knightwill never end with his unholy death.

We honor him, and we shall give him thanks!

Uther always shall know glory and Light!

Forbidden Sigil

By

Rhyanda

I hope this sigil finds you well, <name>. The Archmage told me of your coming and I sent word immediately.

With all that has happened in the past years to bring arcane magic back to our race, you may find struggles and trials ahead. I can help with such things. When you are ready, find me inside Aldrassil, on the second level.

-Rhyanda, Mage Trainer

Foreboding Plans

By

Baron Vardus

L. F. has ordered increased aggression against the fools in the Alliance. Below is a list of materials needed for an important mission against Southshore:

1 week travel rations for 20 men

20 black night suits

20 pairs new shoes

25 new swords

30 throwing knives

20 black masks

10 vials inflammatory oil

50 doses paralytic poison

5 stolen Southshore guard uniforms, if available

100 silver coins

—Baron V.

Quartermaster

Forestlord and the first Druids

By

Unknown

In time, the child, Cenarius, grew to the stature of his proud father. A brother to both the trees and the stars, the great hunter roamed the far places of the world, singing the harmonious songs of the dawning. All creatures bowed before his grace and beauty - there were none so cunning as the son of the moon and the white stag.

Eventually, Cenarius befriended the Shu'halo and spoke to them of the turning world. The children of the earth knew him as brother and swore to help him care for the fields of life and the favored creatures of their great Earthmother.

Cenarius taught the children of the earth to speak to the trees and plants. The Shu'halo became druids and worked great deeds of magic to nurse the land to health. For many generations the Shu'halo hunted with Cenarius and kept the world safe from the shadows that stirred beneath it.

Forgemaster Deng

By

Unknown

At the peak of Lei Shen's reign, the great Thunder Forge rang day and night with the clamor of hammers and steel. The artisan blacksmith, Forgemaster Deng, personally oversaw the forges and crafted thousands of weapons by his own hand. Under the Forgemaster's expert touch, ordinary metals were transformed into exceptional blades - the perfect union of function and form. Just before his death, the Forgemaster created his finest works - a spear, axe, and helm especially gifted to Lei Shen himself. At the official ceremony whereupon Deng was finally laid to rest, Lei Shen uttered the following words. "Today, a star leaves earth and ascends to the heavens."

Foror's Compendium of Dragon Slaying

By

Unknown

...hide under a ledge or a bridge, if one is available to you. A good strong wall is also a safe bet.

<More faded text.>

Use c p e heal, between five and fifteen c er cs.

<More faded text.>

At the end of a successful raid, sit back and take in the victory. After a solid ten to fifteen seconds, proceed to town and display your p t l wt for all to see and worship.

<A glance at the rest of the compendium leaves you with a headache.>

Fossilized Egg

By

Unknown

Found in the sweltering wastes of the Tanaris desert, this peculiar egg remains a mystery to modern ecologists. Dating tests suggest the egg could be up to a thousand years old. Though certain elements denote insectoid structure, its true origins cannot be discerned. The species that lays such distinct eggs still remains to be discovered.

Frayed Zandalari Journal

By

Unknown

A direhorn! Little Talak thinks he's got the rocks to tame a direhorn.

I tried to convince him a raptor would be fine. A beast caller with a good sturdy raptor - that's a good life. Commands a lot of respect. Raptors take naturally to the spirits. I think it's their brains. Smart. You can tell by the way they watch you.

But no, Talak wants a direhorn. Carved the sigils into his arm with one of the ceremonial horns, then spoke to the great bestial loa we brought aboard the ship with us. He drank the wild draught, wore the twin-tusk mask, and roared with the inner voice. The spirits are with this one. They like strength, yes, but sometimes they flock toward courage.

So! I helped Talak, frail as he is. I spoke to my spirits. The old loa Grimath, who entered my chest as a child, who guided my hand when I bent the neck of my own direhorn. I drank deep from the well of blood, saw the furies in the air, and whispered Talak's name.

He's on the Isle of Giants now. Little Talak. Not so little anymore. He'll come back a hero or not at all. Spirits be with him.

From the Desk of Lord Victor Nefarius

By

Lord Victor Nefarius

To Whom It May Concern,

How I love these games that we play. I can only assume that if you are reading this letter, you have somehow, through miracle or divine intervention, managed to vanquish me. Preposterous, I know, but stranger things have happened in the history of this world.

As with all things in life, there is a glorious, silver lining of tragedy, chaos, and evil to this sorrowful tale. While you have slain me, you have done so in such a slow and disorderly fashion that I have had time enough to write this letter AFTER I destroyed your only hope of saving this world. The crushed red crystal powder is all that is left of your scepter shard.

Enjoy the Nemesis and Stormrage armaments that you may find in my treasure trove. Believe me when I tell you this: I take great pleasure in knowing that I did what my father could not... Sincerely,

Lord Victor Nefarius

“Nefarian”

Frostfire Mission Orders

By

Warchief Grommash Hellscream

Research and engineering efforts must be doubled at the Iron Siegeworks in Frostfire Ridge. Do so with any means necessary. With superior technology, the Iron Horde can crush any foe.

—Warchief Grommash Hellscream

Frozen Friends

By

Unknown

Within this pen are the chilly denizens of the Menagerie.

DID YOU KNOW? Before the Sundering, the northern and southern edges of the world were much colder than our fair city. This is why the bear in the back of the pen has such a shaggy coat, as well as for fending off predators such as turtles and snow dragons.

WATCH OUT! Penguins, while they seem docile and friendly under our mind control, are vicious in packs and are known predators.

Fur Blanket

By

Unknown

The bedding in the tent has been undisturbed for quite some time.

Fur-Lined Scroll

By

Magra

Karash, my wolf,

I was so happy to find your note, I had to bite my knuckle to keep from yelling and waking up the other trappers.

Of course I remember that day! You and Longhowl prowling the flats, looking so fierce. My unsteady aim, that pitiful throw. Can you believe we almost killed each other? Now I want nothing more than to live beside you for all my days.

I know a place. North across the flats, behind the volcano overlooking Colossal's Fall. I will leave bones to mark the way. Come find me, and we can be free together.

Yours forever,

Magra

P.S. I will keep Longhowl's fang safe. Attached is my own good luck charm - the foot from my first successful snare. Bring it safely to me, or I will gut you like a hare!

Furen's Instructions

By

Furen Longbeard

In the following pages, you'll find a list of the materials necessary to make fire-hardened armor. Good luck, warrior.

-Furen Longbeard

Scorched Spider Fangs: The incendicite ore that is found in a cave near the vicinity of Thelgen Rock has scorched the spiders that dwell there.

The venom in their fangs boils and reacts with the fangs themselves to create a very tough substance.

Charred Horns: Much like the scorched spider fangs, the charred horns of the chimaera that reside in the Charred Vale, in the Stonetalon Mountains on Kalimdor, possess a much-prized quality. Pounded flat and properly treated, they become extremely resilient to physical stress.

Galvanized Horn: The rare galvanized horn's toughness is the lynchpin of the entire piece of armor I will create, and so it too must be procured.

It may be gained from the rare chimaera matriarch in the Charred Vale.

Vial of Phlogiston: The last stage of creating the armor will require an extremely hot forge. To produce the needed level of heat I must have a vial of phlogiston.

The only known maker of this substance is the fabled Quilboar, Roogug, and he will not give it up without a fight. Roogug dwells deep in Razorfen Kraul in the southern Barrens.

Furlbrow's Deed

By

Unknown

This is a deed to an expanse of land within the region of Westfall. It entitles the persons below with ownership rights of the designated area, as well as all items produced and any structures built within its borders.

The document is signed by: Theodore Furlbrow Verna Furlbrow

[The words below were quickly scrawled on the back of the deed]

We leaned on Furlbrow and got his deed. Thought it might be handy if you wanted to forge one of these for your own place. The Furlbrows won't give us trouble. Last I saw them they were on their way out of Westfall, stuck with a broken wagon.

Ga'trul's Logs

By

Ga'trul

Day 12

Honorable Warchief-

I have assumed command of the fleet after Krug fell during battle with the Alliance flagship. He died with great honor, and did not choke his last breath until he learned of the Alliance defeat.

The battle has taken a heavy toll on the fleet, but one by one our scattered vessels are arriving victoriously to the shores of this strange land. It is not on any of our charts.

I have tasked our peons with the construction of a safe harbor from which we can make repairs.

Day 13

A fat race of bear-creatures calls this land home. They are the "pandaren." Dalgan tells me that a pandaren was present at the founding of Orgrimmar, but he is always full of grog and lies.

These pandaren do not appear to be a threat, but they have supplies which will be useful to our campaign: food, wood, stone... If this indicates the wealth of this new land, then it will make a fine prize for the Horde.

Day 14

Scouts have discovered ancient, unclaimed ruins backed up against the

mountains that overlook the cove. It is an ideal stronghold. I do not anticipate reinforcements from Orgrimmar for several weeks. For this reason I have opened the ancient texts and commanded our warlocks to begin summoning demonic forces to bolster our army. This show of force will no doubt intimidate the pandaren into aiding our cause.

An entire battalion of Forsaken forces swam ashore in the dead of night, survivors from the battle at sea. It seems they are impossible to drown. The stench is overwhelming, but they may have their uses.

Day 15

By now news of our victory at sea and discovery of this new land will have reached Orgrimmar. No doubt reinforcements are on the way. Our lookouts have spotted Alliance scout ships snooping around the debris field marking the location of the sea battle - they will likely come looking for their own. We will be ready.

The pandaren have proven to be useless to our cause. They are not interested in the goods we have for trade: they turned up their black noses at even the most powerful of fel artifacts. My troops will need food, we cannot eat the corpses of drowned sailors like the disgusting undead. Pandaren arrogance is making my blood boil. I cannot seem to escape my rage.

Day 17

The Alliance is coming. I can feel it. I do not know why - I have an overpowering sense of unease and dread. Something about this land is eating away at me. I have ordered my warlocks to summon a demonic observer so that we can watch the shores. They insist we will not be able to control it. I am surrounded by cowards in my time of need. Why do I feel such doubt? I swear my very skin is losing color.

Day 19

The pandaren sent an envoy to ask us to stop cutting down their trees. I told him that his people should've listened to my request for more wood, and sent him back with scars. Releasing my anger felt good.

The Alliance is coming, and my time grows short. I must find a way to make the pandaren listen. Perhaps if I took something they valued, that would both show our strength and give us something to bargain with? Bellandra of the Forsaken had the interesting notion of taking their cubs.

Day 21

Alliance gunship spotted south of our position. I have ordered our grunts to the guns. I will see to the defense of Garrosh'ar Point personally.

I feel a great darkness inside me. The spilling of Alliance blood should bring relief. I am ready.

Galaen's Journal

By

Galaen

I watched as they beat him without mercy. Their ruthless lieutenant acted as if such cruelty was an act of normalcy. Through the savage beatings, I could feel myself breaking.

As I watched Vindicator Saruan take their blows, I began to weep. Not out of fear... I wept out of sadness. To see a draenei of the Triumvirate treated in such a manner. If only I could have broken free of my bonds. If only...

After what seemed an eternity, the Vindicator lost consciousness. The torture was too much, even for him. The cruel one - Matis as I found out he was called - attempted to wake Saruan by splashing contagion laced water across his ravaged body. But Saruan did not wake.

I wanted to scream but only a low gasp escaped my lips. I was promptly beaten for this act of rebellion. As I lay on the ground, I could see Matis pacing in front of Saruan's body. He seemed visibly concerned. He stated that Sironas or Sirona or some such entity would have his flesh flayed from his bones if Saruan had perished in the beatings.

That the Sironas entity had plans for Saruan...

<The writing stops abruptly and a long line scrolls off the page. This draenei died while making the entry.>

Garley's Journal

By

Garley

I have remained cautious not to touch the sample, to avoid contamination. This precaution has paid off, as my initial assessments lead me to believe that this item is of old god origin. Any contact with this artifact could have posed a great risk to my own well-being.

I hope I haven't been contaminated already.

It bears close resemblance to saronite, but lacks several key characteristics. The geography is all wrong, anyhow. Could there be an old god beneath the Eastern Kingdoms? Previous expeditions have never indicated as such, but then again, the cataclysmic events of Deathwing's return have revealed several hidden relics.

I am sending the sample on to Silvermoon City. They have better facilities for protecting analysts from the harmful effects that this type of relic tends to emit.

In addition, I am hiding this journal where nobody can find it. If the Explorers' League were to get their hands on this information, the results would be catastrophic!

General Lena Stormpike

By

Unknown

General Lena Stormpike

A stalwart combatant and defender of justice, fallen defending her home from the foul demons of the Burning Legion. Azeroth is darker for her passing.

General Turalyon

By

Unknown

General Turalyon

None sacrificed more than the High General. May we always walk in his path, so we, too, might safeguard the innocent as he did. By Blood and Honor We Serve.

Geru Strider

By

Unknown

The largest of the plainstrider birds, the Geru are few in number and rarely encountered.

Give to the Church and the Light Will Provide

By

High Abbot Landgren

From the desk of High Abbot Landgren:

It may seem that in dark times of strife and turmoil that one must turn inward, protecting family and loved ones to the exclusion of all else. But these feelings are false - without the beacon of hope that is the Church, despair will quickly inundate the very pores of your family's soul. All the full stomachs, warm toes, and happy smiles that worldly goods may purchase will not save your family from the creeping inner emptiness that shirking your fiduciary responsibilities to the Light will induce.

Give to the church. The hardships endured through lack of worldly goods act as a forge for the soul, burning out impurities and raising you up to a higher plane of being. Be not ashamed at the rumbling of an empty stomach, the bite of a sharp rock upon your bare foot, or the chill of the winter wind. These are but means by which the Light communicates its inspiration to the soul. These sacrifices ensure that the arching, gold-appointed paeans to the Light which so inspire you at worship are well-maintained.

Eschew the comforts of the flesh, and come ever closer to the Light.

Glyphic Letter

By

Khelden Bremen

There are four rules to magic: Magic is powerful. Magic is corrupting. Magic is addicting. Magic draws the denizens of the Twisting Nether to those who wield the arcane.

Those rules you can always guarantee. Those rules will govern your destiny if you chose to continue down the path as a mage.

If you're foolish enough to ignore this warning, then come speak to me inside the library wing of the abbey in Northshire. I'll be waiting for you upstairs.

-Khelden Bremen, Mage Trainer

Glyphic Memorandum

By

Unknown

To: New Students of the Arcane Arts:

You are required to seek out and study under the gnome Marryk Nurribit until such time comes that you are called upon to aid your people in re-establishing themselves in a new habitation. Please, without trepidation, prepare yourself for rigorous testing procedures and a difficult acclimation process as you find a domicile and/or any form of companionship with the local denizens.

Questions regarding your duties and abilities should be directed to Marrek Nurribit.

Glyphic Parchment

By

Unknown

The others don't understand us. They pretend to get along with us, but they don't. Even the warlocks are afraid of us.

That's alright, because we've got each other. Orc mages unite! Me and you! Acrypha and... whatever your name is! Ha!

We'll show them what we're made of. Pay me a visit, and I'll share with you some of the secrets of the arcane that I've managed to master.

Glyphic Scroll

By

Isabella

The corruption and evil that rumor says travels with the arcane is nothing compared to the pain we've already felt. We are no longer victims, <name>. We are the ones who control our fate. Sylvanas has paved the way for us—she has proven that our will is our own; that we are no longer thralls to that bastard Arthas.

Seek me out in the church, I shall instruct you further... if that is your desire.

- Isabella, Mage Trainer

Glyphic Tablet

By

Unknown

Welcome to your awakening, mon. Da secrets of da arcane be wit'in your grasp if you be strong enough to hold onto dem.

You find Mai'ah when you be ready. She teach you much about magic and da spells you need to destroy those dat stand against you.

Mai'ah be near da Den in da Valley of Trials. You come, you find her, den you be strong. Den you show other mages how magic bends to your will... not de other way 'round.

Gnawed Crate

By

Unknown

Whatever was inside this crate is gone, though the Goren seem to have enjoyed eating the crate itself at least as much as the contents.

Gnoll Attack Orders

By

Helix

Minions, our leader has spoken. You are to sack Sentinel Hill and free the admiral. You may keep anything that you find in your rampage.

-Helix

Gnoll Battle Plans

By

Unknown

Step 1: KILL

Step 4: Sleep?

Step 2: EAT

Step 1: Poop

Gnoll Orders

By

Yowler

You attack from down there!

We attack from up here!

Meet in middle at humie town.

-Yowler, Son of Yowler

Gnoll Strategy Guide

By

Unknown

<This document is blank.>

<Correction. This document was used recently as toilet paper.>

Goblin Rumors

By

Unknown

The goblin Nazz Steamboil is really the son of a goblin merchant prince (Which prince? The price of that information is high). It seems he much rather enjoys spending the money his family makes than he does earning it himself. So he stole a small fortune from his family's hoard and is now hiding in the Shimmering Flats.

If his father knew where he was, he'd be sure to seek him out and drag him back home... minus a toe for his insolence.

Gold-Inlaid Porcelain Funerary Figurine

By

Unknown

Commissioned at the time of the death of a loved one, figurines such as this one help the griened overcome their loss. This statuette depicts a beautiful young Pandaren Lorewalker named Lin. The inscription indicates that she succumbed to a terrible fever that swept through the Valley of Four Winds during the short reign of the Hozen Emperor Rikkrik.

This specimen was donated by the esteemed <class>, <name>.

Goldspade's Journal

By

Goldspade

The journal is cobbled together from pieces you've found among the ogres. It details the exploits of a goblin treasure hunter by the name of Val Goldspade. You thumb through the journal to find entries relevant to your search:

First Entry:

"After a liberal application of roasted clefthoof and Sailor Zazzuk's rum, I've finally been able to coax some information about the Gutrek fella out of these ogres. Apparently, he was some big shot gladiator way back when, and the bosses didn't like that because he never stopped winning. So they did what any good businessman would do - they poisoned him before a big fight."

"Even poisoned, the guy wasn't a pushover and took out several ogres before he fell. They thought they had taken care of him, but I guess death wasn't enough to put him down. Before they knew it, his spirit would show up at matches and kill off all the fighters, ruining a lot of bets in the process."

"So the ogres called in one of their shaman to sort the spirit out. Turns out the spirit of Gutrek was trapped up in his weapon, which they kept on display at the arena. At the recommendation of the shaman, the ogres took the weapon to some secret place, broke it down into pieces, and scattered the pieces throughout Nagrand."

"Nobody seems to know where the pieces are now, or what someone would need to do to get them back together, but if this thing is as powerful as they say I smell big profits!"

Second Entry:

“Last night I managed to “borrow” some of the writings from the shaman who helped quell the spirit of Gutrek. I didn’t have it for long, but I was able to jot down some notes about the location of the pieces of his weapon:

“The pommel was brought to the Broken Precipice, where it was to be housed in the skull of Gutrek’s first kill. It looks like it was some manner of large beast that he fought in the big bone pit.”

“The hilt was to be buried in the marshlands, among the serpents whose poison claimed Gutrek’s life. There’s something there about covering it with a spiral stone, which is supposed to keep the spirit at bay somehow.

“The final piece, Gutrek’s blade, was to be displayed in a place of honor for all time overlooking the Ring of Blood. I don’t think I’ve seen it there myself, but it says it’s supposed to be somewhere where it has a clear view of every battle.

“Still no mention of how it was dismantled or how it can be remade, though...”

Third Entry:

“I’m convinced that the secret location where the ogres broke down Gutrek’s Cleaver is the key to remaking it from the pieces. Otherwise, why wouldn’t they just break it down like any other weapon?

“Unfortunately, nobody’s quite sure where this place is, only that it’s called the Spirit Forge and that it was overrun by gronn some time ago. Maybe it’s somewhere in the gorge? There sure are a lot of gronn there”

This is the last entry of the journal you were able to recover.

Goodsteel Ledger

By

Krinkle Goodsteel

Greetings and Salutations, Adventurers!

I, Krinkle Goodsteel, have need of those willing to put themselves at risk in order to complete some of my most arduous tasks. Because of my many duties and the workload I've managed to take upon myself, I ensure that anyone brave enough to complete this list of items and return them to me intact will be paid handsomely. The list is contained on the following pages...

Solid Crystal Leg Shafts - The Glassweb spiders of Searing Gorge are made of an incredible crystal-like material. Their legs, if not damaged when they're killed, make for a wonderful conductor in some of my companions' engineering experiments.

I will need a number of them to test upon. The spiders having eight possible legs themselves should be no problem for a stalwart warrior or practiced mage.

An Overdue Package -I hired someone who I thought was a reliable pilot to bring me a package from Theramore. I was apparently wrong. And even though the pilot lived to tell the tale, he left his entire zeppelin and all of its cargo behind to save his own neck.

Well, I need that package back. From what Beezil tells me, he crashed just west of the bay in Dustwallow Marsh. It went down just after he crossed the hills along the water's edge.

Hmmm... never did tell me what caused him to crash...

Goodsteel's Balanced Flameberge - Finally, I want one of my finest works of blacksmithing to date. This flameberge was an incredible sword that I bestowed upon what I thought was a very honorable and great warrior. Well, he was trounced by a murloc named Jarquai? Something like that. It was while he was traveling along the coast of the Swamp of Sorrows when he thought to attack the creature. He failed and apparently fled, but not before leaving the weapon behind for this murloc to take.

Find me these items and return to Gadgetzan with them all, along with this ledger, and I will reward you.

Gorick's Stash List

By

Gorick Guzzledraught

Detailed herein are all of the locations used to secret our information within Loch Modan while awaiting pickup. Should you manage to obtain any documents from the Explorers' League or their allies, place them in one of these locations and one of our messengers will pick the package up within the week for delivery to our base of operations.

Once you have memorized all of the locations within this book, burn it so that it cannot be obtained by our enemies. Should you suspect for any reason that our enemies might be suspicious of your activities, burn the book immediately. By no means should this ever fall into enemy hands, lest our routes of communication be compromised.

For Ragnaros!

Location 1: Western Loch Dock

Northeast of Thelsamar, there is a small dwelling and a dock that are utilized by dwarves on occasion during fishing season. Store the package in a watertight container under the dock, out of sight.

Drop offs and pickups from this location should occur only at night as to reduce risk of being witnessed by fishermen in the area. This dropoff point will receive reduced priority during the fishing season for obvious reasons.

Location 2: Grizzlepaw Den

South of Thelsamar, there is a large hill. On the south side of the hill, there is a path leading to the cave at the top. Store packages behind the rocks in the

back of the cave.

Please refrain from continued use of this cave as a shelter and/or hideout. Utilizing this cave for such compromises the security of our packages and our messenger routes.

Location 3: Shanda's Lair

There is a small hovel to the southwest of the excavation site that once belonged to a reclusive hermit. Shanda's residence in this cave, however, has driven all potential inhabitants away. Just outside the mouth of the cave serves as a perfect drop point.

As a reminder, Shanda is an enormous murderous spider the size of two dwarves. Do not drop documents IN the cave, even if Shanda is not currently present; she will be, given time.

Location 4: Ironband's Cubby

A side passage in the heart of Ironband's Excavation Site leads up to a well-hidden and disused alcove. Hidden right under the noses of the Explorer's league, this is a prime dropoff spot,

The Troggs have distracted the Explorer's League, but do not forget they are still hostile to us. Take care when accessing the site at night, Troggs may be waiting in ambush.

Location 5: Mo'grash Skull Idol

This stone skull idol seems like part of the ogre grounds, but is further south than the ogres actually roam. Place documents at the base of it.

Do NOT place documents IN the mouth of the skull idol. Several documents have been permanently lost this way, as well as one hand, mysteriously.

Location 6: The Grove in the Loch

A small grove of three saplings in the center of the Loch serves as a well-isolated drop off point.

Draining of the Loch has left this space slightly less isolated. The crocolisks have helped to mitigate this.

Gramma Stonefield's Note

By

Gramma Mildred Stonefield

Hello William,

It's been years since we've spoken, but I trust you and your brother are well, and that your apothecary thrives.

I must ask a favor of you, William. In short, my grandson Tommy Joe has lost his heart to young Maybell Maclure. And although they adore each other... our families, well our families have been feuding for years.

I fear the war between the Stonefields and the Maclures will kill Tommy Joe and Maybell's blossoming romance, and in times like these - where dark news and rumors of war loom over us - youth and love must be nurtured.

So, the favor: I ask that you use your skills and concoct a potion or elixir to aid these young lovers in their quest for each other.

Thank you, William. And please, when you have some time away from work, come visit. We'll have a few chuckles over the past.

-Mildred

Grand Admiral Daelin Proudmoore

By

Unknown

Commander of the Alliance Fleets

Friend of Stormwind

Grape Manifest

By

Milly Osworth

Brother Neals,

My grapes are saved! <name>, the bearer of this manifest, braved my thug-infested vineyard and gathered the grapes that I could not. Although the Defias still roam across the river, nearly my entire crop has been salvaged.

You may add a full load of grape bushels to your stores.

May the Light protect us,

-Milly Osworth

Greatmother's List of Herbs

By

Unknown

The Olemba root is a fairly common root found in the Terokkar Forest. Search near the Olemba trees that comprise the bulk of Terokkar's forests for upturned roots.

The marshberry only grows in Zangarmarsh. It can only be found at the Ango'rosh Stronghold, located in the northwestern region of the marsh. Beware the ogres that fervently guard the precious berries.

The Telaari frond is perhaps the most easily attainable of the herbs on this list. South of Garadar in the Talaari basin, you will find the fronds. They grow near the water.

The last herb on the list is unique to the Blade's Edge mountains. You will find Blade's Edge north of Zangarmarsh. Dragonspine grows upon the ends of the jagged rock formations that guard the canyons of Blade's Edge. You will know what I speak of when you first see Blade's Edge. The rock formations look like row upon row of sharp and pointed teeth.

Green Hills of Stranglethorn - Chapter I

By

Hemet Nesingwary

Our first day went as well as one can expect first days to go. Most of our time was preoccupied with making the necessary arrangements to establish a base camp. I located an ideal setting by a freshwater river inlet. Judging by the old, abandoned docks nearby, this site was inhabited sometime ago. As for the original inhabitants, only time can tell that tale.

For this expedition I have assembled Ajeck Rouack and Sir S. J Erlgadin, along with my trusted servant, Barnil Stonepot. I fought alongside Ajeck's father's side in many battles in defense of the Alliance. Seeing her grown is quite special. Her father schooled her well in the ways of weaponry. Her skills with a bow make me wonder if there is elven blood running through those veins.

Sir S. J. Erlgadin comes from human aristocracy. His father, Count Erlgadin, was renowned for his generosity. It was the Count who lobbied for improved working conditions for the Stonemasons' Guild during the restoration of Stormwind after the Second Great War.

In the years that followed, after Stormwind betrayed the Stonemasons' Guild, Sir Erlgadin grew bitter about the role of the nobles within the Kingdom. He no longer wished to uphold the position that his father's bloodline had earned for him in the House of Nobles. But I digress. The purpose of this story is not to act as a political treatise or a biography. This is the account of my experiences hunting big game in the green hills of Stranglethorn.

We rose with the sun. Barnil began to prepare the morning meal. I noticed Ajeck's attention was somewhat distracted. The day's trek would be long and our hunt would bring us close to danger. A lack of focus could easily lead to an errant mishap. Yet Ajeck seemed unable to divert her gaze from Barnil who stood by the edge of the river rinsing out his mess kit.

Just as I was about to question Ajeck's lack of interest in the day's hunting strategy, she reached for her quiver, drew an arrow and unleashed a shot right towards poor Barnil. But it was not Barnil that Ajeck was shooting at. For when Barnil stepped aside, mouth agape, a large river crocilisk floated to the surface with Ajeck's arrow perfectly placed between his two large eyes.

We set out toward the west, through the thick overgrowth of the tangled jungle. Moving with slow, deliberate steps we paced through thick foliage in search of prey. The morning passed in frustrated silence. Nothing was stirring in the Vale, not even a breeze. By the afternoon, the expedition had grown restless. Barnil no longer strode with the cautious steps of a predator tracking prey. Rather he clumsily clomped along the path often stepping noisily on dried leaves or fallen branches.

During one such misstep, Erlgadin laid a heavy hand on Barnil's shoulder. Ajeck and I gave a casual glance, assuming the man was simply giving Barnil a much-needed scolding for his carelessness. Erlgadin, however, gestured slowly with his head toward a nearby fallen tree. Gazing back at us were two piercing black eyes just above a mouthful of razor sharp fangs.

Green Hills of Stranglethorn - Chapter II

By

Hemet Nesingwary

The beast was a male Stranglethorn Tiger. Before I could cock my rifle, Erlgadin raised his crossbow and fired upon the beast. The bolt missed its mark and caught the beast heavily in the left flank. The tiger made a futile attempt to flee but its wound was too grave. The beast stumbled for a few tragic seconds until Barnil finished the kill with a thrown axe.

The kill brought about a festive mood amongst the expedition. Barnil poured mead for all to enjoy. But our festivities were short-lived. As we were preparing the corpse for transport back to base camp we were all caught off guard by a horrendous growl. In all my years I have never heard anything so blood curdling.

On a rocky precipice above, silhouetted by the setting sun, I could make out the largest cat of prey I have ever laid eyes upon. I was able to loose one clumsy volley with my rifle, but the cat held his ground. He growled once again, this time louder than the first, and vanished.

We gathered our belongings and headed solemnly back to camp.

I had promised the expedition that we would spend the next day hunting panthers, as their furs are in high demand throughout Azeroth. It only makes sense that such demand should exist with all of the able-bodied hunters, trappers and fur-traders off giving their lives so valiantly in the name of the Alliance.

Ajeck and Sir Erlgadin were anxious to learn how to hunt effectively with a

Dwarven Rifle. I had the two humans leave their primitive range weapons at base camp. Barnil and I outfitted them with some of Ironforge's finest firearms.

On this day we ventured to the south, following some fresh panther tracks. Soon we reached a ravine spanned by a tremendous rope bridge. I could not help but to think of Brann's descriptive writings of this region when I saw the engineering marvel. So often it was assumed that the native Trolls were a primitive and uneducated race yet as I gazed upon the master craftsmanship of the bridge I was able to recognize the skill with which the Troll builders overcame the seemingly impossible feat.

Before long, Ajeck tracked the panther to the southwest. We walked quietly, guns at the ready, in anticipation of our prey. A snapping of twigs from a nearby copse of trees drew our attention immediately. Something was in there. One stern glance at Barnil was enough to convey my thoughts. Barnil slowly lowered his rifle. This kill was not for us; it was for our Human companions. Countless panthers had lost their lives in front of our smoking barrels. This kill would be for the Humans.

Both Ajeck and Sir Erlgadin stood poised, guns leveled at the bristling overgrowth at the base of the swaying trees. The midday sun beat heavily upon us. A slow trickle of perspiration trailed down from Elrgadin's temple as he pulled the pin back. Upon the sound of the click, the thick flora parted and a large black panther—a beautiful specimen—darted out onto the plain.

Green Hills of Stranglethorn -

Chapter III

By

Hemet Nesingwary

The Humans trained their sights on the panther as it ran along the edge of the tree line. The barrels of their guns moved in perfect parallel tandem. Barnil gave me an urging glance but I shook my head no. This hunt was for the Humans, not Barnil or me. Erlgadin fired a booming shot, missing the panther altogether. Apparently he was unprepared for the violent kickback of the rifle blast.

His gun tossed back violently in his arms. The barrel swooped sideways and came up beneath Ajeck's rifle. Ajeck had chosen that exact moment to pull her trigger. The rifle, the aim now knocked clumsily toward the tree line, went off with a distinct boom. A flock of birds screamed out of the canopy, scattering in every direction. A plume of smoke rose from the tree. We watched in awe as a tremendous branch fell squarely on the fleeing panther, breaking its back.

As the weeks passed our stockpile of panther and tiger skins grew immense. I decided it was time for the expedition to shift our focus to a new challenge: Raptors.

The Humans, while appreciative of the training Barnil and I offered, decided to refrain from hunting with firearms. Ajeck was much more comfortable with a finely strung bow and Sir Erlgadin never left camp without his sturdy crossbow.

We set out at first light, heading south past the Tkashi Ruins. Barnil voiced

concern that we might encounter members of the Bloodscalp Tribe. I reminded Barnil that the Bloodscalps were more concerned with destroying their tribal enemy, the Skullsplitters. Needless to say, Barnil was not comforted in the least. I, however, had a loaded rifle, a satchel full of gunpowder and three deadly hunters with me to ease any concerns of an unfriendly ambush.

I've stood before a towering Infernal on the battlefield, the army of the Burning Legion advancing from all directions. An unruly band of Trolls seems as harmless as a jackrabbit in the hills of Dun Morogh.

We passed the Tkashi Ruins without event, much to Barnil's relief. The party proceeded to head westward, toward the Great Sea, skirting the Ruins of Zul'Kunda just to the south. As we ascended the high sea bluffs we spotted our first Raptor.

The beast never so much as detected our presence. In fact, the only greeting he received from the expedition was a bullet between the eyes. Sir Erlgadin let out a hearty *hurrah* as Ajeck nodded toward me with keen approval. I sifted through my pack in search of my pipe, hoping to enjoy a celebratory smoke. Barnil began to scurry up the hillside to retrieve the Raptor's corpse. I stared at the fallen beast with the satisfaction that accompanies every big kill.

But I could not bask in the glory of the kill for long. For when I turned my eyes toward the horizon, several silhouettes appeared cresting the hill, just above poor Barnil. *Flee, Barnil!* I shouted. Ajeck, Sir Erlgadin and myself loosed a volley of bullets, arrows and bolts over Barnil and toward the pursuing raptors. One of us landed a kill amidst the confusion.

Our hastily aimed shots were enough to buy Barnil's escape. Barnil clamored back down the hill and rejoined the party. We scurried off into the jungle; a pack of ferocious Lashtail Raptors stalking our every move.

The hunters were now the hunted.

Green Hills of Stranglethorn -

Chapter IV

By

Hemet Nesingwary

I led the party toward the sea, hoping the shoreline would provide refuge from the Raptors. In our haste we had drifted too far north, to a precariously high elevation. The mistake was made. The fault was mine. We stopped just short of a sheer cliff, the Raptors just a few paces behind.

I stepped slowly forward, gun raised. I had led these brave hunters to their death. I would die defending them. Lashtail Raptors are particularly fierce, known for their unrelenting blood-thirst. They far outnumbered us. But I would be damned if I let them kill me and my comrades without shedding some of their own blood first.

Ajeck and Sir Erlgadin readied their weapons, flanking me on either side, our backs to the sea. Barnil let out a defeated sigh and drew his axe. The Lashtails were almost upon us. Their steady stride had slowed. They were stalking their prey now for they knew they had us trapped.

And then something miraculous happened. From off to our side we heard the distinct and terrifying roar of the great white tiger. Despite their numbers, the Raptors turned and scattered in all directions. We saw but a brief white flash as the tiger darted past us and pounced on one of the Raptors. No command needed to be given. All four members of our party knew it was time to run.

We sprinted all the way back to base camp, never slowing. Later that night we sat quietly around the campfire, knowing our lives had been saved by a bizarre twist of fate. Such are the risks of the big game hunter. We toy with

fate by delivering it. Yet each of us, at some point, will face fate's razor sharp teeth. This Dwarf is just glad that moment did not come upon the green hills of Stranglethorn.

Grelin Whitebeard's Journal

By

Grelin Whitebeard

DAY ONE

The apprentice and I have arrived in Coldridge Valley today. The trip through the cave was mostly uneventful. We made camp a good distance away from the cave we're told the trolls have gathered in.

DAY TWO

Bloody wolf howling almost kept me up all night.

I will have new wolfhide clothing in a few days.

The lad got tangled up with a trogg today, put up a fight, and managed to get the better of the ugly brute, but he's now nursing a nasty cut on his arm. Looks like I'll have to do the chores for a while.

DAY THREE

Cold. Snowed a bit around noon.

DAY FOUR

The lad was back and in good spirits today, so we took our first look at the trolls. Frostmane, I'd say, judging by the markings on their skin and the various trinkets they wore on their bodies.

DAY FIVE

Had the lad watch over the camp and I snuck over to the cave and took a look around. The trolls' numbers are somewhat troublesome. The Mountaineers might have to be summoned in force if the cave is to be cleared of the troll infestation.

I realize I have not mentioned the troggs of late. They appear in the area in greater numbers, but they are so primitive that they do not pose much of a threat. Time may say if this is true or not.

And not a drop of ale for almost a week now.

DAY SIX

Cold again. Snows. Trolls. No ale.

DAY SEVEN

Snow below so white,

Sky above so blue,

Wolves will howl the night,

Not a drop of brew.

DAY EIGHT

The trolls are perhaps not as large a problem as we initially thought. They have some numbers but are not well armed or organized. A small show of force should be more than adequate in dealing with the threat they pose.

Grelin's Report

By

Grelin Whitebeard

A Report on the State of the Frostmane Trolls in the General Area of Coldridge Valley

Prepared by Grelin Whitebeard, Senate Special Envoy

From the time that I have spent observing the movement of the Frostmane trolls in the Coldridge Valley area, I have determined that they pose no large threat to dwarven settlements in the area. Moreover, they are a threat that can be eliminated with little additional support from the army. Through the assistance of Mountaineers already stationed in

Coldridge Valley and mercenaries (paid with funds set aside by the Senate prior to my dispatchment), I am confident that the problem will be solved in short order. This action has been authorized with the sanction given to me by King Bronzebeard.

Gremlock's List

By

Gremlock Pilsnor

Below is the list of students who obtained a Platinum Star grade at Gremlock's School of Caterers, earning them an Honorary Chef's Cleaver:

Melia Stoneshaker

Bardin Ironband

Umi Togglevolt

Rumi Togglevolt

Vorel Steelspire

Griftah's Note

By

Griftah

Listen up, Budd!

This be the last fool I send 'til ya pay me all ya be owin'. No more stallin'!

Griftah

Grimtotem Battle Plan

By

Agashem

I have sent you a force of considerable size, elder, but you must take care in your activities. Your first priority will be to halt the advance of the Alliance curs into our lands. Some of the more adventurous humans have already started the construction of a large building on the border with the Barrens.

See to it that they know their kind are not welcome beyond the borders of their wretched Theramore. Lastly, a word of caution to you, elder: do not make your plans known to the ogres of Brackenwall. Those brutes are incapable of even the slightest hint of discretion.

- Agashem

Grinning Tolg's Journal

By

Grinning Tolg

The Skulltaker lives!

I cannot mistake the twisted horns of his cursed mask, nor the demon-eyes that peer from within. He had thought himself escaped from the fury of the Laughing Skull, but none take the lives of our clan without retribution. Not even one of our own.

Long has the Skulltaker hunted his fellow orcs without reprisal. I saw the day he donned the bloodthirsty skull that consumed his savage heart. None know where he found the cursed thing, only that it had claimed the warrior's soul. He now lives only to take the skulls of the living - a silent specter of death.

Now the Skulltaker hunts in Everbloom, and I have caught his scent. No longer will he be the hunter. Soon it will be his skull that is taken.

The foe remains elusive. When I think I have his path, his tracks vanish. It's as if he had sprouted wings and taken to the sky.

He looks to be retreating among the ravagers and wasps of Everbloom. I must find where he is going.

I've lost him! I had tracked his position and was ready to strike when a great ravager, twice the size of any I had ever seen, swooped down and carried him away! I had thought him taken for prey, beast showed no intent to harm him.

This must be how the Skulltaker has remained hidden from the blades of the Laughing Skull. I will not let him escape my wrath. I will find a way to scour the skies!

An elixir is the key. The Crowfeeder knows a recipe used by shaman to speak to the wilds. Using it, I will pry the answers from the ravagers that have aided my enemy.

I must cut the reagents from the hands of the wretched botani - a task that I will carry out gladly.

I have set up camp in a nearby cave. At dawn's light, I will strike into the heart of the botani and claim the key to the Skulltaker.

First, the thistle of shade with leaves black as night. It rests in the shadows of the harsh Gorgrond sun. I saw some under standing stones near the black iron walls. There are many of the plant-men there, but I will cut through them like a scythe through grain.

The sons of the genesaur will not keep me from my quarry.

I have acquired the shadethistle, though not without incident. The thorns of the botani are sharp, and my flesh is ailing. This will not keep me from my prize.

I must find a vine of bonethorn, which grows in the bones of the ancient dead. I remember seeing the bones of a long-dead beast in the dry beds of the northern wilds. Its sun-parched skull would make a pleasant home for such a plant.

Steamcap mushrooms are all that are needed to complete the elixir. The Crowfeeder said that they grow among the steam vents in the higher parts of the Everbloom. I have seen one such place near the northern hydra pools.

I must make haste. The wounds of the botani fester and the flesh twists against bone. I must find the Skulltaker before I am no longer my own orc.

It is too late. Even now my body rebels against me as the infection of the botani takes hold. If my brothers come upon these writings, I would charge them to take their blades against the Skulltaker.

But first, burn my body and take my skull.

Grom'kar Dispatch

By

Commander Gar

General Orgrim,

The ogron have taken a squad of our men - snatched them from what we thought was a safe zone in broad daylight.

That's not the worst of it. Among the missing is Corporal Thukmar. He's gone, along with all of his latest notes.

I have dispatched a squad into the Fissure of Fury to recover the notes, and perhaps our troops.

I'll update you as soon as there is news.

- Commander Gar

Grooming for Ghouls

By

Unknown

Grooming for Ghouls

Being A Manual on Debridement and Recycling

Bandages

Wounds that bleed more than thrice daily should be bandaged. When selecting a type of cloth for your bandages, go with your preference. Many ghouls prefer Runecloth for its natural purple color which blends to a sickly maroon when soaked with blood. One cannot ignore the supremely stylish yellowing properties of simple linen, however. Experimentation is best!

Scabs and Sores

A crusted, festering wound is a great fashion statement and really helps convey your changing mood. Don't let it overstay its welcome, though! A scab unpicked is an opportunity wasted.

Insects

Oh, won't you just leave them be? They don't eat much, and their contributions to your pallid demeanor and overpowering stench are invaluable. If you should become colonized by bees or wasps, however, seek aid at the nearest slaughterhouse immediately.

Missing Limbs

Amidst the confusion of combat is the wrong time and place to replace a lost

limb. Please make due with whatever you've got left. Your limb will be replaced with the best match we can find as soon as an acolyte can get a look at you. In a pinch, borrow a limb from a colleague!

Cannibalism

To avoid any further premature devourings of scourge personnel, you may not eat anything until it has been dead on the ground for at least 5 seconds! The acolytes' bunks do not count as 'on the ground'!

Gryshka's Letter

By

Gryshka

Dear Grimtak,

The steaks you sent are fine. Well marbled, thickly sliced and packed in boar fat. They're just how I like them. When I eat them later, I will think of you as I gnaw on the last bits of bone and gristle. I will close my eyes and see your strong, scarred hands chopping and cutting... Hah! That reminds me of when you had your accident and lost a finger... Oh, Grimtak! Thinking of that day makes me giggle like a little girl.

You're so cute when you're bleeding!

-Gryshka

Guide to the Side Effects of Reanimation

By

Unknown

Welcome to the Scourge. Now that you have entered your true service, you may find immense relief in your liberation from various mortal inconveniences. No bothersome sleeping to take up your time anymore, nor any great need for shelter from the elements, and you are even free from the mild irritation of cutting hair and nails! How delightful!

However, there are a few, almost insignificant, details to being undead: Keep an eye on your rotting. Some is all very well to scare your foes, but an arm falling off mid-stab is just embarrassing.

Learn to love your stench. Some say foul, we say rawrr.

Avoid living animals, especially dogs.

Heed your unintelligibility. Should you misplace your lower jaw, you may be reassigned to a position where your gurgling is not amiss. And few of those hold any prestige.

Alcohol is simply not the same. My apologies.

A bloodbath a day keeps the living away (although adding bubbles is frowned upon). Avoid pastels. They simply do not work with our coloring.

Those pants will no longer make you look fat.

Gura the Reclaimed

By

Unknown

Lord Gura commanded the very power of the storm at his fingertips. With a single word, he could blanket the earth in crackling electricity. Those caught in his storm died a terrible, scorching death.

Gurthan's Epitaph

By

Unknown

Warlord Gurthan, master of beasts and conqueror of men, waits here.

He waits for the EARTH to LAY before him, as beasts once did.

He waits for the SUN to KNEEL before him, as men once did.

Hai-pu

By

Unknown

Beware the jinyu

They are a bunch of dookers

Ook'em in the jerb.

Hakkap One-leg

By

Unknown

Here lies Hakkap One-leg, who first learned to tame the storm drakes of this land. He and his powerful black drake, Ruthless, were unbeatable in battle, his newly trained Galeborn the fiercest warband in Stormheim.

One day a thunderstorm covered nearly all of Stormheim, its thunder sounded of a titanic beast that echoed across the land. Hakkap and his strongest Galeborn flew into the storm. In the clashes of lightning a great battle was fought. The storm passed, and Hakkap's body fell to the earth.

Half-Eaten Skeleton

By

Unknown

This adventurer seems to have been killed by a long fall.

Hallowed Letter

By

Priestess Anetta

Your connection to the world, and its connection to you, are paramount to your success as a priest. Wisdom and compassion will allow you to help those who have a true need. Overeagerness and clumsy decisions only prevent others from becoming stronger or cause harm.

As you begin to understand what this means, you will need new abilities and spells to help you. That is where my role begins: find me in the library wing of Northshire Abbey when you are ready to train.

-Priestess Anetta, Priest Trainer

Hallowed Note

By

Seer Ravenfeather

The way of the priest is a new one for our people, but it draws on the ancient traditions of our seers. In your lessons, you will learn the wisdom of the Earthmother as illuminated by the Light. Meet with me in the circle at the center of Camp Narache and we will begin your lessons.

Seer Ravenfeather

Hallowed Rune

By

Branstock Khalder

With the Holy Light warmin' our backs and new discoveries being made every day, 'tis an exciting time to be one of Ironforge's <sons/daughters>. The Explorer's League makes headway every day in its search for long-lost answers to even older questions. And now we have you among our faithful to aid in the battle against the troggs and any other threat to our borders.

Find me when ya have the time. I'll be in the back of Anvilmar, just up the hill.

- Branstock Khalder, Priest Trainer

Hallowed Scroll

By

Dark Cleric Duesten

Feel blessed that your spirit was not released to the Nether, <name>. Feel even more blessed that I decided you were worth the effort to write this scroll for.

The people you once knew, perhaps even cared for, are no longer! You must learn to “live” with that for the rest of your now unnatural life. I suggest you learn to deal with that first.

If you think you’re ready for the trials ahead, then seek me out in the church in Deathknell.

- Dark Cleric Duesten, Priest Trainer

Hallowed Sigil

By

Shanda

I hope this sigil finds you well, <name>. The spirits told me of your coming and I sent word immediately. I look forward to sharing my experiences with you, and helping guide you as you prepare to leave Teldrassil for more important matters.

With all that has happened in the last few years, there is much we can do to aid the other races of Azeroth. When you are ready, find me inside Aldrassil, on the second level.

-Shanda, Priest Trainer

Hallowed Tablet

By

Ken'jai

Ah hope da spirits have protected ya thus far, mon. Ya have many tests ahead of ya, and ah be willin' to share me experiences witcha when yer ready. It be up to ya to decide how quickly and how powerful ya become. Ah can only guide ya once yer ready.

For some, dat be real quick-like; for others... not so fast. But doncha be worryin' 'bout dat none. We can talk more when ya come to see me.

-Ken'jai, Priest Trainer

Haqin of the Hundred Spears

By

Unknown

In the years before Lei Shen's rise to power, the mogu clashed against the other races of Pandaria. The mogu fought against the jinyu empire in a battle that lasted forty days and forty nights.

From behind the frontlines, the jinyu waterspeakers hurled columns of water, drowning the mogu forces. They conjured bubbles that lifted mogu into the air, then sent them plummeting to their deaths.

Finally, with the mogu forces nearly beaten, an unknown foot soldier rose up against the fish men. The foot soldier grabbed a basket of the jinyu's long fishing spears, and hurled them over the field of battle with deadly accuracy.

The spears pierced through the waterspeakers' shield, putting an end to the resistance. And so it was that the battle was won.

Afterwards, the Thunder King presented Haqin with a hundred of the finest golden spears crafted by mogu forgemasters. He became one of Lei Shen's greatest lieutenants, and after his death, the spears were buried at his side.

Harthal Truesight

By

Unknown

Harthal Truesight

Lord Paladin of the Scarlet Crusade

Citizen of Azeroth - Knight of the Silver Hand

Last seen entering the cursed city of Stratholme

Hastily Written Note

By

Draaka

Durak,

This <race> has assisted me in collecting enough fel fire to launch an assault on the elves.

The projectiles will be devastating - but impossible to control. I need a way to direct their trajectory.

I'm sure to be forgiven for meddling with demonic powers once Splintertree is saved...

Draaka

Hatred of the Centaur

By

Unknown

As the mists of dawn faded and the Age of Memory advanced, the demigod, Cenarius, went his own way through the fields of the world. The Shu'halo (tauren) were sorrowful at his passing and forgot much of the druidism he had taught them. As the generations passed, they forgot how to speak with the trees and the wild things of the land. The dark whispers from the deeps of the world drifted up to their ears once again.

Though the children of the earth closed out the evil whisperings, a terrible curse befell their roaming tribes. Out of the black lands of the west came a horde of murderous creatures - the centaur. Cannibals and ravagers, the centaur fell upon the Shu'halo like a plague. Though the braves and hunters fought with the Earthmother's blessing in their hearts, the centaur could not be defeated.

The Shu'halo were forced to leave their ancestral holdings behind, and roam the endless plains as nomads forever after. It was held that one day hope would return - and the scattered tribes of the Shu'halo would find a new home under the loving arms of the Earthmother.

He Who Shall Not Be Named

By

Unknown

May this failed king forever be entombed within his corpse till the end of days.

May his name be stricken from memory, may his legacy rot on the vine.

Such is the fate of those who would defy the mystics.

Heart of Gorgorek

By

Unknown

Inside the chest is the Heart of Gorgorek, the artifact you uncovered from the depths of Cragplume Crater.

The heart beats slowly. Each pulse rumbles deep and primordial, echoing deep into the earth.

Like a slumbering beast, it waits.

Hellscream's Command: Blood Elves

By

Unknown

Bloodhilt, I am sending you a contingent of blood elves. Lor'themar has finally decided to honor his agreement with the horde. I do not trust his motives but I would rather use them than waste our orcs on such petty tasks as dealing with Alliance casters.

I leave them for your disposal. Hellscream's eye upon you!

Hellscream's Command: Goblins

By

Unknown

Gallywix was too lenient in his contract. Watch his goblins like a worg. Use them but know that they are probably receiving orders from the Trade Prince in some fashion. I must know what his end game is. Find this for me. For the horde!

Herblore of the Ancients

By

Unknown

Only Torgus could gather the fjarnskaggl so deftly. Some argued it was sorcery, others say it was simply a practiced hand. But those who were closest to Torgus knew better.

Torgus had made a deal with a greater power. He had read the old passage “Herbs beget herbs”, and had seen the two sides to the lesson: Firstly, that planting the herb’s seeds would allow more herbs to grow in place of the harvested plant. Secondly, that practice and mastery of herbalistic practices would allow one to, in time, more efficiently harvest.

He also saw a third meaning in the lesson. He saw it as a bargain to be made with the very gods who gave us fjarnskaggl. So Torgus did gather a large pile of fjarnskaggl, wrapped it as a gift, and brought the offering to

<The remainder of the book’s pages have been ripped out.>

Here Lies King Terenas Menethil II

By

Unknown

Here lies King Terenas Menethil II—Last True King of Lordaeron.

Great were his deeds—long was his reign—unthinkable was his death. “May the Father lie blameless for the deeds of the son. May the bloodied crown stay lost and forgotten.”

Heyman's Journal

By

Heyman

<The majority of the prior pages are illegible as are many of the subsequent ones. Not due to age or damage, just really awful handwriting. What can be made out reads as follows.>

...having made it safely off the Isle of Thunder, I requisitioned [sic] a new boat and a new crew and set sail again. While my benefactor seems to have an inexhaustible amount of wealth to fund this expedition, I often find myself running low on patience. Perhaps our new destination will merit some clue as to where this "Underlight" relic exists.

Day 492:

I've followed all the clues, I've read all the texts and I believe I've finally found its resting place. I bet that old sea witch never thought to look so close to the Tomb. Nevertheless, there's an island on the horizon that we're quickly approaching, and some larger mass of land beyond it. We shall weigh anchor fairly soon and then get set to start exploring.

Day 493:

Typical. Just typical. We approached the island and we were immediately attacked by what I can only describe as the largest Light-forsaken murloc I've ever seen in my life. Had a huge dingly-dangly thing extruding from its head with the most glorious light on it I've ever seen.

I quickly grabbed my things and as I plunged into the watery depths, the light from his dingle-dangle illuminated a nearby cave. I swam as fast as my body would allow and luckily made it inside. However, I fear fate has decided this

will be my final resting place as the entrance has collapsed. Probably due to that demon murloc rampaging about.

Goodbye cruel world...

Highborne Astrolabe

By

Unknown

Recovered from the undersea ruins of Suramar, this functional astrolabe was crafted by the highborne night elves nearly twelve thousand years ago. The highborne, obsessed with magic, the occult and astronomy, developed a series of ingenious apparatuses. This device provides invaluable insights into the ancient night elves' level of scientific understanding.

Highlord Alexandros Mograine

By

Unknown

Highlord Alexandros Mograine

The Ashbringer

The beginning of a legend still spoken of in hushed whispers. His memory will never be forgotten, just as the forces of darkness will never forget his blade.

Highlord Tirion Fordring

By

Unknown

Highlord Tirion Fordring

Friend, brother, mentor. Highlord Fordring was a paragon of the Light - an exemplar of what all paladins strive to be. May his spirit guide us in the dark days to come.

Hildelve's Journal

By

Buron Hildelve

Day 1

My tank is broken, but I know the chiron ore is in these hills somewhere. I told Hammerfoot to stay and watch our tanks.

I'm continuing the search alone. If I don't make it back, then this journal is my last testament.

—Buron Hildelve, Pilot

Ironforge Steam Brigade

Day 2

My search continues, and no ore. I'm wondering if Stonegear was just making up the rumor of that ore as a joke. Well if he did then he's getting a cracked skull when I get back to Steelgrill's Depot!

Tonight as I prepared my camp, I heard a growl echoing through the canyons. It isn't a wolf. It may be a bear.

Day 3

That growling continued throughout the night, and followed me all today, distracting me from my hunt for ore. I think there's a bear following me!

I hope he comes close. I'll bury my pick into his head!

Day 4

My supplies are running low. I still have plenty of food, but I didn't plan for such a long stay in the wilds outside my tank and I only brought two kegs of ale with me.

I've been up all night the past two nights, listening to that cursed growling, and I've nearly drained my kegs dry!

I'll have to head back to Hammerfoot and our Steam Tanks tomorrow. I don't want to get lost out here, booze-less.

Day 5

The cursed bear did me in! It attacked me at midday, roaring and charging at me from behind.

I would have smelled it coming had it charged from upwind - its stench was something awful! The reek of its mangy coat and rotted breath alone nearly sent me spinning!

I fought the thing off but it chewed my leg up good. Now I can't move, my ale's gone, and I never did find that ore. Curses!

Day 6

The bear hasn't yet returned - I must have given him a good beating! But I can still hear his growling. I think he's waiting for me to die!

To whomever finds this book, I have a task for you. Kill that mangy bear. Kill it, and take this book back to my friend Hammerfoot. He'll want to know what happened.

And take my armor. You'll need it against old Mangeclaw!

Hillsbrad Town Registry

By

Unknown

Hillsbrad Town Registry

We the people of Hillsbrad do solemnly swear our faith and devotion to the Alliance maintained by the great monarchs, King Magni Bronzebeard of Ironforge and King Anduin Wrynn of Stormwind.

Herein lies the town registry for purposes of governing this fair city in the foothills of the great Alterac Mountains as well as serving as a record of those who have paid their taxes to their Kings and to the great almighty Alliance.

Magistrate Rutherford Burnside

All debts settled.

Blacksmith Avery Verrington

All debts settled.

Clerk Horrace Whitesteed

All debts settled.

Councilman Gillis

All debts settled.

Councilman Hooks

All debts settled.

Farmer Getz

All debts settled.

Farmer Ray

Debt outstanding. Payment in agricultural goods promised at time of harvest.

Farmer Lyion

Debt outstanding. Evicted from the land.

Farmer Kalaba

Debts outstanding. Payment in agricultural goods promised at time of harvest.

Citizen Wilkes

All debts paid.

Citizen Bonoan

All debts paid.

Miner Wellty

Debt outstanding. Payment due upon next delivery of ore from Azurelode.

Miner Sidney

Debt outstanding. Payment due upon next delivery of ore from Azurelode.

Miner Hackett

Debt outstanding. Payment due upon next delivery of ore from Azurelode.

Miner Orwell

Debt outstanding. Payment due upon next delivery of ore from Azurelode.

Miner Fitzgerald

Debt outstanding. Payment due upon next delivery of ore from Azurelode.

Citizen Netherand

All debts paid.

Citizen May

All debts paid.

Foreman Bonds

Debt outstanding. Payment due upon next delivery of ore from Azurelode.

Holia Sunshield

By

Unknown

Holia Sunshield

Defender of the Scarlet Crusade

Killed while slaying the Dreadlord Beltheris

Horatio Montgomery, M.D.

By

Unknown

In memory of my dear mentor, Horatio M. Montgomery, M.D. Healer,
Teacher, Friend.

50 BTFT - 25 ATFT

“The world is full of the sick and weary. It is our job, as healers, NAY, as
men and women of medicine, to cleanse them ALL of the ‘itis.’”

- H.M.M., M.D., PhD, JD, Grandmaster Farmer, Dancer Extraordinaire,
Friend to the Animals

Horde Missive

By

General Nazgrim

Enough frolicking around, <name>!

Have you forgotten our directive?

Final preparations must be made for our offensive, and I need you here.

Put an end to whatever distractions you're engaged in and return to Grookin' Hill at once.

- General Nazgrim

Hozen Maturity

By

Unknown

The hozen are a short lived race. Their elders typically are no more than twenty years old. As a result, their relative maturity when compared to the other speaking races is quite minimal.

In contrast to the very reserved and polite jinyu, the hozen are a passionate people that love to love, love to hate, and love to feel any emotion they can feel, as long as they feel it strongly.

Hozen Speech

By

Unknown

The language of the hozen is steeped in mystery. While the majority of the hozen are able to speak in a common language, they often include an assortment of other sounds and “words” that have yet to be translated by other races.

Most jinyu scholars believe these additional words to be uncharitable or offensive in nature, but the matter is far from closed.

To quote the great sage Ook Ook, “you can take the derk out of the jib, but you shouldn’t put the jib in the derk.” Wise words indeed. We think.

Humble Monument

By

Unknown

<The small grave marker is lovingly inscribed with orcish runes.>

- BELOVED OLGRA -

Wife of Mankrik

It took forever to find you

And now you are gone

Icecrown and the Frozen Throne

By

Unknown

Kil'jaeden cast Ner'zhul's icy cask back into the world of Azeroth. The hardened crystal streaked across the night sky and smashed into the desolate arctic continent of Northrend, burying itself deep within the Icecrown glacier. The frozen crystal, warped and scarred by its violent descent, came to resemble a throne, and Ner'zhul's vengeful spirit soon stirred within it.

From the confines of the Frozen Throne, Ner'zhul began to reach out his vast consciousness and touch the minds of Northrend's native inhabitants. With little effort, he enslaved the minds of many indigenous creatures, including ice trolls and fierce wendigo, and he drew their evil brethren into his growing shadow. His psychic powers proved to be almost limitless, and he used them to create a small army that he housed within Icecrown's twisting labyrinths.

As the Lich King mastered his growing abilities under the dreadlords' persistent vigil, he discovered a remote human settlement on the fringe of the vast Dragonblight. On a whim, Ner'zhul decided to test his powers on the unsuspecting humans.

Ner'zhul cast a plague of undeath - which had originated from deep within the Frozen Throne, out into the arctic wasteland. Controlling the plague with his will alone, he drove it straight into the human village. Within three days, everyone in the settlement was dead, but shortly thereafter, the dead villagers began to rise as zombified corpses. Ner'zhul could feel their individual spirits and thoughts as if they were his own.

The raging cacophony in his mind caused Ner'zhul to grow even more powerful, as if their spirits provided him with much-needed nourishment. He found it was child's play to control the zombies' actions and steer them to

whatever end he wished.

Over the following months, Ner'zhul continued to experiment with his plague of undeath by subjugating every human inhabitant of Northrend. With his army of undead growing daily, he knew that the time for his true test was nearing.

Illidan's Command

By

Lord Illidan Stormrage

My Dear Chancellor,

The task of bringing the giants of Shadowmoon into the fold is now in your capable hands. Use your blood elf charm to make them see things my way. If that does not work, exterminate each and every last one of them...

-Lord Illidan Stormrage

Illidari Lord Balthas' Instructions

By

Lord Balthas

In the name of our great master... For the glory of Illidan!

The common components for the soul cannon are obtained through various trades. Engineers and miners should be able to provide you with the felsteel bars, khorium power core and adamantite frame.

For the flawless arcane essence you must travel to Terokkar Forest. In the center of the forest, above the Horde outpost of Stonebreaker Hold, you will find the home of Sar'this, an arakkoa heretic. The area is known as Lake Jorune.

Speak with Sar'this and tell him what it is that you seek. Be certain to mention that I sent you as he owes me a favor or two.

Do as Sar'this asks and you should have the essence.

-Balthas

Illidari Service Papers

By

Lord Teron Gorefiend

In the name of our great master... For the glory of Illidan!

Mor'ghor,

I send this wretch to you now as a servant of Illidan. While he has no future as a death knight, you may find that he has skills suitable to your liking. Beat him into submission. Shape him into a warrior of the Illidari. And should he fail... Should he show weakness... Discard him. To the pits!

Lord Teron Gorefiend

Illysanna Ravenscrest Diary

By

Illysanna Ravenscrest

Torn Page

I am Illysanna, daughter of the resistance commander Kur'talos Ravenscrest. You should know by now that my father is dead. I am not the only one who lost someone. Our great empire, our entire world, is burning before our eyes.

Nothing in this war with the Burning Legion has gone according to plan. Nothing. Every battle we win is followed by two defeats. Every demon we slay is replaced by ten more.

Like my father, I was once so certain of victory. So overconfident. So foolish. Most resistance fighters still are. They hold tight to their archaic ways, unwilling to accept that we cannot best our enemy through conventional means. We are fighting something alien to this world, something born of nightmare.

There is one elf who understands this: Illidan Stormrage. He knows that to defeat the demons, we must adapt. We must embrace extraordinary new tactics. If not, we will die. It is as simple as that.

Perhaps you consider Illidan an arrogant sorcerer, or even a menace to our way of life. I once did, but my opinions have changed. I am writing to explain why, and to chronicle what I have learned of Illidan. Despite his dangerous reputation, I believe he is our only chance of surviving the days ahead.

Dog-Eared Page

I should have admired Illidan from the beginning. After all, he saved my father's life.

It happened during a mission that Kur'talos took into the wilds beyond Black Rook hold. I was not there to witness it, but it was reported that one of the Legion's ravenous felhunter demons attacked and disarmed my father. The beast would have devoured him if Illidan had not intervened. With his quick thinking and mastery of the arcane, the Stormrage twin defeated the demon and spared my father a grim end.

Rather than downplay this event, my father celebrated it. He named Illidan his personal sorcerer, and young Stormrage became the talk of the resistance. Moon Guard members clamored for an audience with him to discuss his thoughts on the war, the nature of demons, and the arcane arts. Before long, Illidan had gained a reputation as a sorcerer without equal.

From that day forward, Illidan fought by my father's side in battle. I watched him like a storm crow, determined to learn more about this strange new member of my family's inner circle.

What I discovered did not put my heart at ease. Far from it.

Ink-splattered Page

Though I distrusted Illidan, my father did not. He appointed the young sorcerer as the Moon Guard's commander. Immediately, Illidan set to work reforging the order. He pushed the sorcerers to their limits and developed new methods of wielding arcane magic.

The most controversial of these methods involved Illidan channeling the other sorcerers' powers through himself. This granted him incredible arcane might, and he used it to annihilate scores of demons. Yet there was a price. The sorcerers who gave their power to Illidan were left defenseless in battle. Many succumbed to the Legion's fel-tainted blades. Illidan never apologized for these deaths. He saw them as a necessary sacrifice.

As the days and weeks passed, Illidan's mood darkened, though I am not sure

why. I believe something had changed in his relationship with Malfurion and Tyrande. Whenever I mentioned his ill humor, Illidan would talk about a different subject, or he would simply glare at me and say nothing.

Some elves admired Illidan. After all, he was hurting the demons. Making them suffer. Under his command, the Moon Guard had become one of the resistance's most powerful weapons. Yet my father grew concerned about Illidan's recklessness, and he questioned his decision to make him the Moon Guard's leader.

Perhaps Kur'talos could have stopped Illidan's rash behavior, but he never had the opportunity. A Legion agent assassinated my father, and his death threw the resistance into turmoil and uncertainty.

Worn-Edged Page

I first met Illidan in the early stages of the war, back when I considered the Burning Legion a passing threat. The night elf resistance was headquartered at my family's ancestral home, the great fortress of Black Rook Hold. Those days were glorious to behold. Thousands of elves gathered at the stronghold from the far ends of the empire, all sworn to defend our lands against the demons.

As the daughter of Commander Ravencrest, I enjoyed a position of power and privilege, I attended council meetings with sorcerers from the Moon Guard, priestesses from the Sisterhood of Elune, and other influential figures. I also crossed paths with lesser-known resistance members-elves like Illidan.

Illidan came to Black Rook Hold with his brother, the druid Malfurion Stormrage, and the priestess Tyrande Whisperwind. I met the trio only briefly, and they did not leave any lasting impressions on me. Illidan in particular seemed like just one more sorcerer among the hundreds who had joined the resistance.

Yet soon, everyone would know his name. And some, like me, would come to distrust him.

Singed Page

We are all driven by something. Revenge. Hope. Love. Hate. Illidan was no different. Resentment and bitterness churned in his heart, fueling his every thought and action.

The resentment came because he felt inferior to Malfurion, whose deeds always overshadowed Illidan's own. One example of this occurred when the Stormrage brothers both studied druidism. Illidan had already learned sorcery, but he desired to master the druidic arts as well. Such was not to be his fate, however. Whereas Malfurion excelled at wielding nature magic, Illidan failed.

The bitterness stemmed from Illidan's love for Tyrande Whisperwind. He adored the priestess, but she did not reciprocate his feelings. I think he also feared that Malfurion would inevitably win her heart.

Over time, he became obsessed with destroying the Legion, and he criticized any ally whom he saw as incompetent. He directed most of his ire at Latosius, the elderly commander of the Moon Guard sorcerers. To Illidan, Latosius symbolized everything that was wrong with the resistance. The old elf was stubborn, unimaginative, and timid. His ineffective tactics wasted the sorcerers' talents. More than once, Illidan claimed that he could do a better job at leading the Moon Guard.

When Latosius fell in battle to the Legion, Illidan would have a chance to make good on that claim.

Hastily-Scrawled Page

What I felt after my father's passing is not for you to know. That pain is mine to keep. Mine to use. But I will say that my views changed. My hubris crumbled away. I questioned everything and everyone. I searched for a way to strike back at the Legion, for a weapon to make the demons suffer as much as I had.

And in that searching, I realized that Illidan had been right all along. Though

he was cold and arrogant, he had been effective. He understood that to defeat the demons, we must make sacrifices. We must forgo our fear and apprehension, and embrace the unknown.

In the wake of my father's death, Illidan disappeared. Rumors spread concerning his whereabouts. Some elves claimed he had died. Others said he had abandoned the resistance and joined the demons. Do not believe these lies. Illidan is still on our side. He is working from the shadows to uncover the Legion's weaknesses. No matter how questionable his methods may be, they are necessary.

I go now to find him, to walk in his footsteps and learn what I can about our enemy. Where this path will lead, I do not know. But I will do whatever I must to avenge my father and save our race from extinction.

If you wish to do the same, come find me.

-Illysanna Ravencrest

Important Blackrock Documents

By

Rend Blackhand

Wyrnthalak,

I have been given direct orders from your master, Nefarian, to punish you as I see fit should any more outsiders make it inside the citadel. Do not forget whom commands you, reptile. The son of Blackhand: Master of blade and battle. The one true Warchief.

-Rend

In Loving Memory

By

Unknown

Anthony Ray Stark

1961 - 2005

Inert Sound Beacon

By

Unknown

The technology behind mantid sound beacons is incomprehensible for non-mantid races. They seem to rely on mantid physiology. This ancient beacon, while intact, is completely inert without mantid to interact with it.

This specimen was donated by the esteemed <class>, <name>.

Informational Pamphlet

By

Vanessa VanCleaf

Give a man a tabard and he will pledge his undying loyalty to your cause. These men are now government sheep who care not for your hardships. They wear the tabard of their leader and care only for what he desires.

-V

Invar One-Arm

By

Unknown

Invar One-Arm

The first Chief Assassin of the Scarlet Crusade

Citizen of Dalaran

Last seen on the shores of Northrend

Invincible

By

Unknown

INVINCIBLE

Beloved steed of Prince Arthas Menethil

Loyal and great of heart in life, may you find peace in death.

Pure streams and green pastures, devoted friend.

I.O.U. Note

By

Olivia D. Grace

1,000,000 Chocolate Chip Cookies

- O.D.G.

Iron Amulet

By

Unknown

This huge iron amulet weighs as much as a battle axe. Mogu warriors often wore “jewelry” such as this as a demonstration of strength.

This specimen was donated by the esteemed <class>, <name>.

Iron-Bound Zandalari Journal

By

Unknown

I never liked soothsayers. Especially never liked the dark ones. Those eyes all sunken, telling me things I don't want to hear but know will come true. And Zul, he was the worst of them. Worst because he always saw the worst things. Worst because there's never anything you can do to stop it.

When King Rastakhan ordered me to join Zul's fleet, I thought I'd done something to offend the Council. I thought he was sacrificing me and the others just to get Zul off his back and away from Zandalar. I cursed my luck: ferrying that old prophet all around the oceans, meeting with those disgusting Sandfury trolls or crazed Drakkari.

That was weeks ago. Before I heard what happened to the capitol.

I see now why the spirits sent me here. We Zandalari got to find a new home, and Zul was the only one looking. Zul, and his cursed, cursed eyes.

Can you see a future for us, dark prophet? What now, old troll? What now?

Ironband's Progress Report

By

Prospector Darteus Ironband

Honorable Colleagues and Truthseekers

The site's excavation continues, but it is slowed by the Troggs mentioned in my last report. I am confident they can be dealt with, even if some of these Troggs are more aggressive than usual.

More artifacts were found recently, though in all cases but one (which I will discuss below), recent findings are of the same caliber as before - interesting, if not enlightening.

There has been one exception. The peculiarly carved idols found recently (a brief description of these was included in my last report) seem to have an effect on the Troggs at the site. They are drawn to the stone carvings, and some Troggs are driven berserk by them!

More study is required for any conclusions regarding these idols, but I remain hopeful that they will shed light on a link between the Troggs and the Titans.

Lastly, I must restate my request for blastpowder. My supplies are very low, which severely hampers the success of the excavation. I was told a resupply of blastpowder was forthcoming, though I have not yet received it.

What, may I ask, is the delay?

Respectfully,

Prospector Darteus Ironband

Ironforge - the Awakening of the Dwarves

By

Unknown

In the ancient times, after the Titans departed Azeroth, their children, known as the earthen, continued to shape and guard the deep recesses of the world. The earthen were largely unconcerned with the affairs of the surface-dwelling races and longed only to plumb the dark depths of the earth.

When the world was sundered by the Well of Eternity's implosion, the earthen were deeply affected. Reeling with the pain of the earth itself, the earthen lost much of their identity and sealed themselves within the stone chambers where they were first created. Uldaman, Uldum, Ulduar... these were the names of the ancient Titan cities where the earthen first took shape and form. Buried deep beneath the world, the earthen rested in peace for nearly eight thousand years.

Though it is unclear what awakened them, the earthen sealed within Uldaman eventually arose from their self-imposed slumber. These earthen found that they had changed significantly during their hibernation. Their rocky hides had softened and become smooth skin, and their powers over stone and earth had waned. They had become mortal creatures.

Calling themselves dwarves, the last of the earthen left the halls of Uldaman and ventured out into the waking world. Still lulled by the safety and wonders of the deep places, they founded a vast kingdom under the highest mountain in the land.

They named their land Khaz Modan, or "Mountain of Khaz", in honor of the

Titan shaper, Khaz'goroth. Constructing an altar for their Titan father, the dwarves crafted a mighty forge within the heart of the mountain. Thus, the city that grew around the forge would be called Ironforge ever after.

The dwarves, by nature fascinated with shaping gems and stone, set out to mine the surrounding mountains for riches and precious minerals. Content with their labors under the world, the dwarves remained isolated from the affairs of their surface-dwelling neighbors.

Issue of the Moonbrook Times

By

Unknown

Group of Homeless Samaritans Brutally Murdered Behind Furlbrow Farm

Witnesses state that the four men killed at the Furlbrow's farm were on their way to delivering dirt pies to a shelter on the east coast when attacked. Jimb "Candles" Mc

Hannigan, an eyewitness on the scene, had this to say, "Yep, I saw the whole thing go down with my own two eyes. Was a \$g male:female; \$c. \$g He:She; looked like \$g he:she; may have been on something. \$g He:She; slaughtered the poor bums in broad daylight while shouting obscenities and proclaiming \$g his:her; love for Stormwind and King Varian Wrynn. I think \$g he:she; may have killed Lou immediately afterward. I was too shaken up to see."

Items for Magister Astalor Bloodsworn

By

Magister Astalor Bloodsworn

Lady Liadrin,

The recent trouble with the captive creature has damaged some of our most vital equipment. Reestablishing control over it has stretched both my magisters and resources entirely too thin. I've submitted reports of the incident to Grand Magister Rommath, but he has been slow to respond. I am afraid that without the following materials, we may be forced to scale back our operations and you know what that would mean for your knights.

If there is anything you can do to help, I've included a list of materials on the following page. Any assistance your order can provide would be greatly appreciated.

Magister Astalor Bloodsworn

- * 40 Runecloth
- * 6 Arcanite Bars
- * 10 Sungrass
- * 5 Dark Runes
- * 150 Gold

Jailor's Law Book

By

Unknown

1. Await prisoners sent to prison from our comrades above.
2. Open the door and approach the prisoner slowly, but with conviction.
3. Say upon the prisoner, "You have been found guilty of crimes against the Alliance!"
4. Slay the prisoner with righteous conviction.

Jar of ashes

By

Unknown

Here is a jar of ashes. These are the ashes of my sanity, my passion, and my drive. All, utterly destroyed by themselves. May all those who look upon these desolated lands of Hellfire remember this fallen peon. He shed blood for the Alliance, and sacrificed for the Horde only to be driven utterly mad by the wicked and soulless ones who devoured what he held most dear. As they feast from his toils, may they suffer his wrath. Maybe not in this world, but in every world hereafter. It is my declaration, my solem oath, and my everlasting promise. I will avenge my suffering.

Jitters' Completed Journal

By

Jitters

My Journal

The terror of these past few weeks is almost more than I can bear; why is it that by writing words into this book I can somehow keep the madness at bay? Perhaps it is as if I'm confessing my sins to a silent companion, or freeing my mind of these tortured thoughts and confining them to paper. I began a journal before this one, but it remains in a place to which I cannot return. So I will start afresh. But this time, I will start from the true beginning.

It began with the finding of that cursed scythe in the mine they call Roland's Doom. Yes, that was the start of it. Before that, the Defias Brotherhood was happy with our progress in Duskwood. Before the Scythe, the terrors of this place seemed as tame as Northshire Valley.

But ever since I found the haft of the Scythe jutting from that pile of rubble in the mine and, curse me, pulled it free, Roland's Doom became a place of vile death!

If I had known what would happen, I would have cut off my own hand to keep from grasping that rune-carved wood. So many regrets! I always thought that was a privilege of the old. I now know that it is not the old - it is the hopeless - who don the mantle of regret, unable and unwilling to shrug it from shoulders stooped with misery.

But enough waxing like a pipe-mad poet. I must continue with the chronicle...

After the Scythe was freed, a change rippled through the mine. Light from

our flickering torches warped, and the strength of our voices seemed beyond our control. Sometimes a man's whisper roared through the tunnels forcing hands on ears, and sometimes our shouts barely traveled a few steps before diminishing into a hint on the wind.

Unnerving, yes, but we did not have long to wonder at this strangeness. It was but a harbinger of what truly drove us from the mine. The Worgen.

They came at us from everywhere, clawing from hidden holes at our feet and dropping upon us from silent perches above. Half our men fell in those first panicked minutes. The rest, including myself, tried to flee. As I ran I saw so many of my brothers taken by tooth and claw, heard so many screams cut short or gurgle to silence.

For all I know, I am the only human to escape that place.

I can only guess why I survived that night. I have always been cautious, always quick to flinch from jabs and leap free of pitfalls. My nickname, Jitters, comes from this trait. So perhaps it was just that knack for caution that saved me... Or maybe it was the Scythe I pulled from the rubble. It cannot be the Scythe itself, for I lost it during my frantic flight. But if it was I who brought the Worgen to Duskwood, then perhaps the Worgen afforded me a rare courtesy. Curse them.

Or perhaps, I am doomed to witness the change I wrought on Duskwood. Perhaps it is my fate to watch as the Worgen tear into this land, staining it ever darker with their foulness.

If that truly is my fate, then it is twofold. For the Worgen are not the only power to clutch at Duskwood - the fiends from Deadwind Pass have also staked claim.

That is the next chapter of my tale, and I pray it is the last...

After surviving the flight from Roland's Doom, I hid within a barn owned by a man named Sven. I spent a few days in the barn, and such horror lingered with me that I never once made myself known to Sven or his family. But from what I saw from my hiding place, I knew these farmers were quite

decent folk. Had I stepped from my concealment I think they would have taken me in, but trust is hard for me. Harder still after that shock in the mine.

So I remained hidden. And it saved my life.

A few days after I arrived at the barn, Sven left his farm for Darkshire. He kissed his wife and smiled to his children and promised to return soon with toys and sweets. The poor man. That was the last time he saw his family unmutilated.

At least they parted happily. And at least his wife was the first to die, and was freed from seeing the slaughter of her children. But these small graces do nothing for me. I saw what happened, and it will ever haunt my dreams.

My hand trembles as I recall the details of that night, when Sven was away and his family was doomed to face the Black Riders alone. Again regret claws at me, for I was there and could have risen against those fiends from Deadwind Pass. But it is a false regret. It is the same that plagues any survivor of a tragedy. I know that, had I left my place of hiding I too would have been killed, my body ripped and torn, and its pieces spread so widely that I would not be recognized.

But, even though I know I could have done nothing to stop this heinous murder, one true regret does remain: I brought the Black Riders to Sven's farm. My discovery of the Scythe not only unleashed the Worgen upon Duskwood - it drew the Riders from Deadwind Pass.

I know this because, just before they began their slaughter they asked one question to Sven's wife as she held her children close, giving them what comfort she could though she was certain death was near.

"The Scythe of Elune." one of the Riders shrieked in a voice both harsh and shrill, like the grinding of an axe on stone. And the last word - Elune - it croaked, as if choking on the sound.

Dread gripped me when I heard that voice, both from the horrid sound of it, and because... I knew the Scythe of which the Rider spoke. It must be the same cursed thing I drew from the rocks of Roland's Doom days before. It

was what the Black Riders sought!

And it was what would kill Sven's family.

I never learned the name of Sven's wife, as she was only ever called "dearest," and "my love," and "mommy" by her husband and children. But I wish I knew it. I am the only living memory of her deed that day, and although she was just a farmer's wife, never have I seen a man or woman act with such bravery.

Of course she did not know of the Scythe, but when she learned the Riders sought it, in an instant a plan formed in her head.

And it was bold and clever. If only it had worked.

"The Scythe?" she said in a calm voice. "Of course I do. Who here wouldn't?" She looked at the Riders with steady eyes, and I would have sworn she spoke the truth if I had not known better. There was no way she could know about the Scythe.

Her gambit paid off. The same Rider who uttered the question before bent his head slightly toward her, and shrieked, "Where?"

"I'll take you. All of you," she said, and I could see a small hope flicker behind her eyes.

"But the way is far, and my children would slow us. We must leave them."

Her trick was simple, but simple tricks have the best hope of success. If it worked, it would lead the Riders away from the farm. She would be lost, but her children would be safe. And it would work, if only the Riders believed her noble lies.

Although I have never been a student of the Light, I prayed fiercely for Sven's wife as she stood against those terrible Riders.

"Please," I prayed. "Let them believe."

They stood, frozen, and she met their gazes with calm. Then one rider looked

up, as if hearing a distant call. He drew from his garb a small gem and peered into it. He then gestured with the bauble toward Sven's wife. A light crept from the Rider toward the woman, shaping itself into a grim, white hand. She stared into the light, unflinching, but I could see uncertainty behind her mask of confidence. When the hand reached her, it spread its fingers over her head.

And it squeezed.

Sven's wife stood rigid as a board, and her eyes grew wide. And although her lips pulled back to mouth a scream, no sound escaped. After a few moments of this torture the hand released her, dropping her to her knees. The Rider who held the bauble then sat erect in his saddle, and a loud voice erupted from it.

"This woman lies," it said in a voice that has scarred my dreams. "She has not seen the Scythe."

After this, the Rider's shoulders stooped slightly, as if a spirit within him had fled. And then in the old, shrieking voice it used earlier, these final words were uttered:

"The Lord has spoken. Kill them."

I cannot describe what happened next. It is clear in my mind, but even my wretched soul cannot put to paper the events of those next few, grisly minutes.

I can only write that Sven's family was killed. And soon after, Sven returned to this grim, deathly scene. Such grief was in him that I was afraid to show myself. And so afraid was I that he would find me, I fled from my hiding spot in the barn. I do not know where Sven is now, but I pray he will, some day, find peace.

I spent the next few weeks moving from place to place, never lingering for fear of the Riders. I am now in the abandoned town of Raven's Hill, as always, hiding. I cannot face whatever power they used against Sven's wife, and I know it searches Duskwood, even still, for the Scythe. It is lost to me, and I thank the Light for this, for had I kept it I know I would have been

found. Even now, I know in my heart that I will be found.

I'm so tired.

Jordan's Weapon Notes

By

Jordan

<name>,

Before I go any further, let me thank you again for everything you've done for my wife and I. You saved her life, and for that, I owe you far more than I could possibly repay in a hundred lives. She is everything to me. If she would have died... well, I don't know what I would have done.

Here is the list of things you'll need to recover if I am going to forge a holy weapon for you. I put them in order of what I thought was easiest to hardest—I hope that makes it simpler for you.

Some good whitestone oak - Before it was taken over, the mines below Moonbrook in Westfall had an abundance of the lumber; they used it in the construction of some of their more important lattices and tools because of its resilience to heat and pressure.

It was brought down there after being shipped from overseas somewhere. It's a rare wood that is plenty strong enough to be used in the crafting of your weapon. If any of it's left in the mines, then the goblin woodcarvers would have it.

Refined Ore - There is a dwarf in Thelsamar, a smith that I trained with for some time, named Bailor Stonehand. He makes a very special alloy that I think would be perfect for your weapon. I expected a shipment of the alloy to arrive while I was in Ironforge, but I have yet to hear word from him.

Find him and check on the shipment. And if he's no longer in Loch Modan, I would at least know what's happened to my old teacher.

Smithing Hammer - Before the coming of the Plague and Arthas' betrayal, I lived in a town called Pyrewood, deep within the beautiful forest of Silverpine. The forest isn't nearly as beautiful as it once was, and the keep where I learned the secret of steel has long since become corrupt and foul, overrun with creatures of unimaginable evil.

When my wife and I made our escape from what is now called Shadowfang Keep, we left some of our most precious possessions.

Among them, the smithing hammer my father gave me. I doubted it in my youth, but he always told me the hammer was enchanted, and it's the last reminder I had of him before he was killed by the Scourge.

Bring me my hammer, <name>, so I may use it as a focus for my passion. If it is indeed enchanted, then it will only aid us both.

I left it in the stables in the main courtyard of the keep. Unless the creatures there have taken up smithing themselves, then I expect it to still be lying there.

A Kor Gem - From the tales I've been told, the gems are used by some spell casters to hold energy for their magics, making them even deadlier. A night elf I once helped, Thundris Windweaver, can tell you more since you will be speaking on my behalf. I believe one of the gem's stored energies can be used in your weapon's creation.

When last we spoke, Thundris was in Auberdine a town deep within Darkshore, the corrupted forest that dots the coast underneath the shadow of the night elf homeland.

Journal of High Marshal Twinbraid

By

Unknown

One does not get many chances in life to both follow orders and achieve vengeance. I count myself lucky.

The horde have brought with them Warlord Bloodhilt. That filth was in charge of Desolation Hold during my campaign through the Southern Barrens. It was his command that led to my son's death and the murder of our people at Bael Modan.

Now the High King himself grants me the full might of Stormwind, Ironforge, and Gnomeregan to crush these vermin from this new land. It won't be bringing my boy back, but maybe I can save a pandaren from knowing the pain of outliving their child.

Journal Page

By

Unknown

It never ceases to amaze me how easily hatred can be used to bend people to your will. The orcs and trolls were easiest, their hatred of the Alliance making them willing subjects to hear the message of the Dark Strand. Do they have any inkling of the greater power they serve?

That infuriating paladin, Delgren the Purifier, has been poking into our affairs in Ashenvale Forest, while his lackey, Balthule, spies on my tower, thinking his presence unknown to me. Delgren believes us a minor threat, just another death cult, perhaps. Little does he know that we are but one of the... strands of the Shadow Council.

As a child, I was once told of an insect whose bite could kill with ease, though it looked nothing more than a fly, a speck barely worthy of recognition. It is the things you dismiss which will hurt you the most, left to fester.

Jubeka's Journal

By

Jubeka Shadowbreaker

Jubeka's Journal

This document contains the daily journal of one of the master Warlock trainers. The pages are filled with random notes, the occasional drawing of an imp's internal organs and the occasional tidbit on the preferred diet of felhunters.

Near the end, an entry catches your eye...

Day 26:

It has been nearly two weeks since Kanrethad and I arrived in Outland. Almost immediately afterwards, he departed for Shadowmoon Valley. I didn't bother to ask why, as long as he doesn't get himself killed. My research here in this dusty wasteland continues as drudgingly expected. While the Legion's onslaught has subsided, a number of the rarer demon specimens remain.

Day 28:

The fel imps of Felspark Ravine in Hellfire are remarkably chatty. I've discovered that they're just as easy to contract into service as their names are to learn. The ritual to summon one is trivial, at best. Voidlords are rather difficult to stumble across, but it takes very little persuading to convince one to divulge the name of a rival lord.

I have wondered once or twice if Kanrethad will ever return, but in the end, it doesn't actually matter. The council can put me to death, so long as my

grimoires last, so will my legacy.

Day 32:

While examining the nauseating Ruins of Farahlon today in Netherstorm, I was ambushed by a race of floating eyeball squids. Calling themselves observers, they were unexpectedly intelligent. They expressed a deep desire to bear witness to all forms of magic and willingly offered their services in exchange for the opportunity to consume new forms of magic. The ritual to summon an observer is unexpectedly complex. While natives of the great dark beyond, they are highly migratory and the summoning ritual must compensate for their travels. Without their willing assistance, summoning an observer would be nearly impossible.

Day 35:

Kanrethad returned, looking incredibly grim. Considering his undisciplined technique, it should be no surprise that his research has been less than successful.

I'm ready to attempt the binding of a higher order member of the Burning Legion, but I dare not attempt the ritual alone. In fact, perhaps Kanrethad would prove the perfect test subject...

Day 36:

Remarkable! My first attempt to summon a higher order member of the legion failed as spectacularly as planned. The shivarra broke free almost instantly after Kanrethad completed the ritual. I expected the frail human to be struck down while I banished the creature. Instead, in the instant that the shivarra's razor-sharp blades sliced through the air, Kanrethad's form shifted and the blades bounced as if striking stone.

Unlike the typical form of metamorphosis, he did not complete the demonic transformation... perhaps his research has been more successful than I expected.

Day 40:

The key to binding a wrathguard was ironically reducing the number of runic symbols used in the summoning circle. Wrathguards are highly resistant to charms and compulsions, but readily respond to basic expressions of strength. Kanrethad was unexpectedly insightful into the conditioning the Legion uses to compel the wrathguard into action. His ability to express his dominance over lesser demons is remarkable, if short-lived. With great pains, I've been able to inscribe the forms he uses to summon multiple demonic servants at once. Unfortunately, while he can bind two lesser demons indefinitely, I can only do so for a short time.

Day 47:

We left a few ogre corpses in our wake, but studying the ritual circle of Vim'gol revealed additional ways of bolstering our power using demonic sacrifices. While the act greatly enrages our demonic servants, fusing their life energy to our own provides a dramatic increase in power.

With a little experimentation, I discovered that the more closely linked you are with the demon you sacrifice, the greater the power of the ritual.

Kanrethad's ability to restrain his demonic transformation seems to have reached a plateau. Once again, his lack of power disgusts me. Things that would be trivial to most Warlocks take him an eternity.

Day 50:

At Kanrethad's insistence, we headed for the Altar of Damnation in Shadowmoon Valley. He seems to be convinced that there's more to the Hand of Gul'dan than just a show of power.

I'm not convinced, but at this point my grimoires are complete. I don't understand his obsession with controlling the flow of demonic power granted by his transformation. While he plays around with ancient altars, I intend to try my hand at opening a gateway to conjure many wild imps at once...

Day 60:

Kanrethad is up to something. To say that I'm concerned about our next

move is a dramatic understatement.

(A ragged note is drawn onto the back cover of the leather journal) I'm convinced there is no chance that we will return from this next adventure alive. There's simply no way I can take the risk that my grimoires go unread. For that reason, I've contracted the imps to leave four fragments of my soulstone at the locations listed in my journal.

I'm sending this journal to you, my trusted friend, that should the need to locate me arise, you bring the four stones together, find my body and ensure that my grimoires are brought back to Azeroth.

Signed,

Jubeka Shadowbreaker

Kearnen's Journal

By

Kearnen

The guards of this tower seem to be especially weak to my attacks. As I was scouting the backside of the tower, a patroller spotted me and attacked. I was able to easily dispatch the guard with a timely gouge followed by a backstab. I waited in hiding for her partner to come investigate the commotion. The patroller came towards the bushes where I had dragged the corpse and began a search. Slowly, carefully, I crept up behind him, not wanting my ambush to be discovered.

When the opportunity was made available, I thrust my dagger into his backside! His lungs quickly gave way under the force of the attack as his corpse hit the ground with a dull thud.

It had been such a fast and violent ambush that the poor fool did not even have the time to scream in pain. Curiously, when I removed the blade from his backside, a foul odor leaked out of the perforated patroller.

It would appear that whatever it is that Klaven has locked away in the chest is having adverse effects upon the inhabitants of the tower. I suspect that the other guards may have similar weaknesses and perhaps, even Klaven himself has fallen victim to the fallout. Agent Amber Kearnen

SI:7 Ground Level Operative, R8

Kel'thuzad and the Forming of the Scourge

By

Unknown

There were a handful of powerful individuals scattered throughout the world who heard the Lich King's mental summons from Northrend. Most notable of them was the archmage of Dalaran, Kel'Thuzad, who was one of senior members of the Kirin Tor, Dalaran's ruling council. He had been considered a maverick for years due to his insistence on studying the forbidden arts of necromancy.

Driven to learn all he could of the magical world and its shadowy wonders, he was frustrated by what he saw as his peers' outmoded and unimaginative precepts. Upon hearing the powerful summons from Northrend, the archmage bent all of his considerable will to communing with the mysterious voice. Convinced that the Kirin Tor was too squeamish to seize the power and knowledge inherent in the dark arts, he resigned himself to learn what he could from the immensely powerful Lich King.

Leaving behind his fortune and prestigious political standing, Kel'Thuzad abandoned the ways of the Kirin Tor and left Dalaran forever. Prodded by the Lich King's persistent voice in his mind, he sold his vast holdings and stored away his fortunes. Traveling alone over many leagues of both land and sea, he finally reached the frozen shores of Northrend.

Intent on reaching Icecrown and offering his services to the Lich King, the archmage passed through the ravaged, war-torn ruins of Azjol-Nerub. Kel'Thuzad saw firsthand the scope and ferocity of Ner'zhul's power. He began to realize that allying himself with the mysterious Lich King might be

both wise and potentially fruitful.

After long months of trekking through the harsh arctic wastelands, Kel'Thuzad finally reached the dark glacier of Icecrown. He boldly approached Ner'zhul's dark citadel and was shocked when the undead guardsmen silently let him pass as though he was expected.

Kel'Thuzad descended deep into the cold earth and found his way down to the bottom of the glacier. There, in the endless cavern of ice and shadows, he prostrated himself before the Frozen Throne and offered his soul to the dark lord of the dead.

The Lich King was pleased with his latest conscript. He promised Kel'Thuzad immortality and great power in exchange for his loyalty and obedience. Eager for dark knowledge and power, Kel'Thuzad accepted his first great mission: to go into the world of men and found a new religion that would worship the Lich King as a god.

To help the archmage accomplish his mission, Ner'zhul left Kel'Thuzad's humanity intact. The aged yet still charismatic wizard was charged with using his powers of illusion and persuasion to lull the downtrodden, disenfranchised masses of Lordaeron into a state of trust and belief. Then, once he had their attention, he would offer them a new vision of what society could be - and a new figurehead to call their king.

Kel'Thuzad returned to Lordaeron in disguise, and over the span of three years, he used his fortune and intellect to gather a clandestine brotherhood of like-minded men and women. The brotherhood, which he called the Cult of the Damned, promised its acolytes social equality and eternal life on Azeroth in exchange for their service and obedience to Ner'zhul.

As the months passed, Kel'Thuzad found many eager volunteers for his new cult amongst the tired, overburdened laborers of Lordaeron. It was surprisingly easy for Kel'Thuzad to achieve his goal: namely, to transfer the citizens' faith in the Holy Light into belief in Ner'zhul's dark shadow. As the Cult of the Damned grew in size and influence, Kel'Thuzad made sure to hide its workings from the authorities of Lordaeron.

With Kel'Thuzad's success in Lordaeron, the Lich King made the final preparations for his assault against human civilization. Placing his plague-energies into a number of portable artifacts called plague-cauldrons, Ner'zhul ordered Kel'Thuzad to transport the cauldrons to Lordaeron, where they would be hidden within various cult-controlled villages.

The cauldrons, protected by the loyal cultists, would then act as plague-generators, sending the plague seeping out across the unsuspecting farmlands and cities of northern Lordaeron.

The Lich King's plan worked perfectly. Many of Lordaeron's northern villages were contaminated almost immediately. Just as in Northrend, the citizens who contracted the plague died and arose as the Lich King's willing slaves.

The cultists under Kel'Thuzad were eager to die and be raised again in their dark lord's service. They exulted in the prospect of immortality through undeath. As the plague spread, more and more feral zombies arose in the northlands. Kel'Thuzad looked upon the Lich King's growing army and named it the Scourge, for soon it would march upon the gates of Lordaeron and scour humanity from the face of the world.

Khazgorm's Journal

By

Prospector Khazgorm

The Excavation of Bael Modan

The original survey crew sent by the Explorers' League was indeed correct in their findings. The ground here holds artifacts of unlimited value to our people. No doubt we will find many answers in our quest for knowledge beneath the sand and rock of Bael Modan.

The geology of the region dictates we use extreme measures however. Many of the sand deposits have solidified under the harsh conditions and varying climate.

The solution is quite simple however. Using wood pulp as an absorbent, we can combine traces of nitroglycerin with sodium nitrate to develop a strong blasting charge, capable of breaking through even the most dense masses.

The work will be noisy and disruptive but our search is of far greater importance than the comfort of the local inhabitants. In fact, we've already had to drive a band of bull-men out of the area who were proving to be a nuisance.

The fact that we are dealing with various rogue elements out here leads me to believe we will need support from the King's Army. Not only will the excavation require military support, it would seem to my novice eye that the location of Bael Modan might be of strategic value to the Alliance considering the volatility of world politics in their current state.

Alas, I have digressed. There is much work to be done beneath the rock. I have spent too much time writing and not enough digging...

Kil'jaeden and the Shadow Pact

By

Unknown

Around the time of Medivh's birth on Azeroth, Kil'jaeden the Deceiver sat and brooded amongst his followers within the Twisting Nether. The cunning demonlord, under orders of his master, Sargeras, was plotting the Burning Legion's second invasion of Azeroth.

This time he would not allow any mistakes. Kil'jaeden surmised that he needed a new force to weaken Azeroth's defenses before the Legion even set foot upon the world. If the mortal races, such as the night elves and dragons, were forced to contend with a new threat, they would be too weak to pose any real resistance when the Legion's true invasion arrived.

It was at this time that Kil'jaeden discovered the lush world of Draenor floating peacefully within the Great Dark Beyond. Home to the shamanistic, clan-based orcs and the peaceful draenei, Draenor was as idyllic as it was vast.

The noble orc clans roamed the open prairies and hunted for sport, while the inquisitive draenei built crude cities within the world's towering cliffs and peaks. Kil'jaeden knew that Draenor's denizens had great potential to serve the Burning Legion if they could be cultivated properly.

Of the two races, Kil'jaeden saw that the warrior orcs were more susceptible to the Legion's corruption. He enthralled the elder orc shaman, Ner'zhul, in much the same way that Sargeras brought Queen Azshara under his control in ages past. Using the cunning shaman as his conduit, the demon spread battle lust and savagery throughout the orc clans.

Before long, the spiritual race was transformed into a bloodthirsty people.

Kil'jaeden then urged Ner'zhul and his people to take the last step: to give themselves over entirely to the pursuit of death and war. Yet the old shaman, sensing that his people would be enslaved to hatred forever, somehow resisted the demon's command.

Frustrated by Ner'zhul's resistance, Kil'jaeden searched for another orc who would deliver his people into the Legion's hands. The clever demonlord finally found the willing disciple he sought - Ner'zhul's ambitious apprentice, Gul'dan. Kil'jaeden promised Gul'dan untold power in exchange for his utter obedience.

The young orc became an avid student of demonic magic and developed into the most powerful mortal warlock in history. He taught other young orcs the arcane arts and strove to eradicate the orcs' shamanistic traditions. Gul'dan showed a new brand of magic to his brethren, a terrible new power that reeked of doom.

Kil'jaeden, seeking to tighten his hold over the orcs, helped Gul'dan found the Shadow Council, a secretive sect that manipulated the clans and spread the use of warlock magics throughout Draenor. As more and more orcs began to wield warlock magics, the gentle fields and streams of Draenor began to blacken and fade. Over time, the vast prairies the orcs had called home for generations withered away, leaving only red barren soil. The demon energies were slowly killing the world.

King Varian Wrynn

By

Highlord Bolvar Fordragon

In tribute to King Varian Wrynn known to some as LO'GOSH the "Ghost Wolf"

His miraculous return from long years of exile and hardship has ignited a new fire of spirit and courage within the Alliance.

We shall march boldly into these perilous lands holding his valor and his tenacity in our hearts.

- Highlord Bolvar Fordragon

Klaven Mortwake's Journal

By

Klaven Mortwake

The Venture Company <illegible text> It would seem that the fools nearly wiped out their entire operation in trying to stabilize the mixture.

<several pages appear to be torn out>

What I have noticed is that the fallout is extremely lethal. Imagine if <illegible text> Hahaha!

Am I going mad? Today I severed the head of one of my most trusted patrollers in order to get a better look at their soul. As I peered down their severed breathing passage, it occurred to me: I had not eaten anything in days!

Mathias Shaw has sent an errand boy to kill me. <illegible text>He patrols outside now. Mindless, lifeless drone.

Hahahah!

VanCleef...<illegible text>

Called me IN?? WHO DOES HE THINK HE IS?? I am Klaven Mortwake! I shall not be told what to do by an insect!

<the rest of the pages in the book are missing>

Kodo Skin Scroll

By

Unknown

To face Frostmaw, you must entice him with the meat of his favorite prey.

Go to the Alterac Mountains in Azeroth and hunt a hulking mountain lion. Kill it, and then take its carcass to the Growless Cave, a place held sacred by the bestial wendigo.

Place the carcass on the Flame of Uzel and the scent from burning meat will drift from the cave.

And then, in time, Frostmaw will come.

Kravel's Parts Order

By

Unknown

ORDER NUMBER: 45TK-3

BUYER: Kravel Koalbeard

INVOICE:

Hydro Ratchet (3)

Repeater Bolts (50)

30" 20-gauge copper tubing (12)

Snuff, Deepfury brand (1)

High-grade prism (3)

Kravel's Scheme

By

Kravel Koalbeard

Mr. Fizzlebub,

The bearer of this letter and I are devising a business venture that we welcome you to join. As you know, I spend much of my time in the Shimmering Flats—the aforementioned business venture deals with the races on these flats.

If racing and, more specifically gambling on races, interests you then please read on, for I feel that your knowledge of Stranglethorn would be useful in our scheme.

The rocket cars that race the flats are highly tuned and require extreme maintenance. So it's no surprise that pit crews are kept on the scene at all times. These crews constantly test their cars and make fixes and modifications as needed. It is the only way to keep the cars in a state of top performance.

So... we're looking for a means to force a lapse in one of the pit crews' dilligence, as any such lapse would cause the crew's car to fall quickly into disrepair.

If we can control which car is in top shape and which car is not, then... I don't need to explain to you the advantage in gambling this gives us.

So, from you, good Fizzlebub, we need that means in which to force the pit crews' lapse.

Does Stranglethorn possess some plant or herb or drink we might use to addle

the wits of gnomes and goblins?

—K. Koalbeard

Krohm Dawnhammer

By

Unknown

Krohm Dawnhammer

His legendary shining hammer guided countless innocents to safety during the rise of the Scourge in Lordareon. May he finally rest at peace.

Kurdran Wildhammer

By

High Thane Falstad Wildhammer

Kurdran Wildhammer

Renowned Dragon Fighter. Gryphon Master of the Aerie Peak. Commander of the Gryphon Rider Division attached to the Alliance Expedition that marched into the orc homeworld of Draenor. Presumed deceased.

We will hear Sky-Ree's calls upon the winds. We will hear your hammer thunder across the mountaintops. Ride hard into the hereafter, brother. The halls of our ancestors await you.

- High Thane Falstad Wildhammer

Kurzen Compound Officers' Dossier

By

Unknown

KURZEN OFFICERS' DOSSIER

Do not disseminate

CHIEF ANDERS

Leads the commandos and jungle fighters. Responsible for maintaining the compound's militia and protecting the compound resources from rebel attacks.

CHIEF GAULUS

Leads the medicine men and head shrinkers. Responsible for medical corps and maintaining peace with nearby Bloodscalps and Skullsplitters.

CHIEF MIRANDA

Leads the Kurzen Shadow Ops. Responsible for maintaining blue stone cache and for further research into its uses.

CHIEF ESQUIVEL

Interim chief after the death of Colonel Kurzen. Responsible for overseeing all operations of Kurzen's Expedition.

Kurzen Compound Prison Records

By

Unknown

KURZEN PRISON RECORDS

Do not disseminate

BERRIN BURNQUILL

Crimes: Disobedience, Disorderly Conduct

Punishment: Incarceration, 50 years

EMERINE JUNIS

Crimes: Punishment specially ordered by Colonel Kurzen

Punishment: Incarceration, 75 years

OSBORN OBNOTICUS

Crimes: Madness

Punishment: Incarceration, 130 years

BOOKSTON HEROD

Crimes: Consorting with rebels

Punishment: Death by hanging

COLONEL CONRAD KURZEN

Crimes: Weakness

Punishment: Flung from tower

Kypari Sap Container

By

Unknown

This container, though amber in color, is actually made from kunchong secretions. This is true of many of the more mundane pieces of mantid furniture.

This specimen was donated by the esteemed <class>, <name>.

Lady Mara Fordragon

By

Unknown

Lady Mara Fordragon

High Clerist of Stormwind, patron of the Refugees who fled to Lordareon after the First War. She was the bright mother of our future. May she rest in the Light.

Lament of the Highborne

By

Unknown

LAMENT OF THE HIGHBORNE

Loosely translated version... By the light, by the light of the sun,

Children of the blood,

Our enemies are breaking through.

Children of the blood,

By the light,

Failing children of the blood,

They are breaking through.

O children of the blood,

By the light of the sun.

Failing children of the blood,

They are breaking through.

O children of the blood,

By the light of the sun,

The sun.

Thalassian version...

Anar'alah, anar'alah before,

Sin'dorei,

Shindu fallah na.

Sin'dorei,

Anar'alah,

Shindu sin'dorei,

Shindu fallah na.

Sin'dorei,

Anar'alah before.

Shindu sin'dorei,

Shindu fallah na.

Sin'dorei,

Anar'alah before,

Before.

Ledger of the Sea Wolf

By

Unknown

DAY 1:

The Scourge draws closer to Pyrewood Village, and my people have nowhere left to turn.

The gates to Gilneas remain closed, but at night, we can hear the howls of wild beasts over the walls. Rumors abound of a darker evil brewing within the city.

I believe that no sanctuary will be found within Greymane's walls.

DAY 10:

I have purchased a trader's ship. She is called the Sea Wolf, and can carry two score passengers.

I have prepared ample supplies, and spoken to those families who seek haven from this place.

Tomorrow, we shall depart for a new life on a distant shore.

DAY 23:

We have been sailing south, seeking the city known as Stormwind. The humans are building a new capital, and it is here we hope to call our new home.

So far the seas have been calm, but storm clouds have been sighted on the

horizon.

DAY 30:

After battling a week of furious storms, our ship was blown entirely off course.

Only open sea surrounds us. The nights have been clouded, offering no guidance from the stars.

DAY 47:

We have ample food from the sea, but our water rations are nearly gone. The past few days have been unseasonably hot, and no wind fills our sails.

DAY 53:

Two days ago, another furious storm took us by surprise. The Sea Wolf is no more.

Our sturdy ship breached upon some rocky shoals. Thankfully, no lives were lost.

When the winds died, we found ourselves looking upon an unfamiliar coast.

We saw a towering fortress looming over a verdant lowlands, and a lush green forest stretching to the horizon.

DAY 54:

Our ship is unsalvageable, but the land here is fertile and tillable.

The nearby forest offers a bounty of fruit and wood.

The fortress appears to have been abandoned many years ago.

We have decided to settle down here, and hereby christen our town Bradensbrook.

Legacy of the Aspects

By

Unknown

I have done a great deal of research about the Aspects and their titan creators—as much as any human could in a lifetime. There were five Aspects when the titans left this world; they were mighty dragons tasked with protecting the world of Azeroth. Their tales are vast and varied, and even now, in spite of all the information I have gathered, I know that there is much more to be learned of these magnificent creatures.

Much of the knowledge I have now I could not have possibly learned on my own. Because of this, I am extremely grateful to the night elves. It was only with their help that I have as many details as I do. As a result of our interactions, I am under the impression that their beginnings are much more closely tied to the Aspects than I had first thought. However, they guard their secrets far too closely for even me to know for certain.

The information I learned of the Aspects I put here for others to reference in the future. I know it will prove useful, as I feel that these dragons will have a much greater effect on our world as time goes on.

Alexstrasza:

Alexstrasza, the ancient and powerful Queen of the Dragons, was named the Life-Binder by the titans. She was first to be created by the titans to protect the world after they left. It is said that she witnessed the birth of all modern races upon the face of Azeroth. Her red dragonflight, known for their proud demeanor, once ruled over all other dragonkind.

Rumors among the night elves suggest Alexstrasza and the demigod Cenarius were close friends, and that it was he that called her during the first invasion

of the Burning Legion.

Ysera:

Ysera the Dreamer represents mortal subconscious. She encompasses the Emerald Dreaming.. While she appreciates imagination and creation and approves of ambition in the mortal races, her and her dragonflight consider the real world to be just an illusion. Ysera is one of the most graceful and powerful creatures any mortal could lay eyes on.

Malygos:

Malygos is known as the Steward of Magic or the Spell-Weaver. His natural form is not that of a typical dragon, and it is said he can change it at will. Rarely seen after his retreat to the far north, he is almost always in the form of an insect-like creature, but while in dragon form, he and his dragonflight are varying blues in color.

Nozdormu:

Nozdormu is known as the Master of Time and the Timeless. He and his dragonflight are bronze in color and display great cunning in all things. Nozdormu's attention has always been focused on collecting artifacts of the past, as he cares little for the current matters of the mortal races, or even his fellow Aspects' dealings. His indifference towards the politics of others does not mean he is complacent towards events that transpire throughout the world though.

Considered to be protectors, the bronze dragonflight find themselves greatly attracted to areas of civilization. The dragon and his flight are very patient by nature, always relying on observation and acting with a plan before being hasty. Nozdormu will always attempt to protect the time stream and the mortal races when threatened by greater enemies.

Neltharion:

Neltharion, called the Earth-Warder upon his creation, was more loyal and protective of Azeroth than any of the other Aspects. His black dragonflight

were responsible for the creation of the mountains and the other formations of the lands including boundaries between the mortal races. What caused his corruption still remains a mystery; be it an outside influence or something that rotted from within. I wonder if perhaps the Old Gods didn't play a hand in the great black's corruption.

The black dragon underwent a complete transformation; and in the end, Neltharion no longer existed. He became Deathwing, a creature of malice and hatred. No longer the Earth-Warder in the eyes of races like the high elves, he was renamed the Death Aspect and Xaxas in place of his titan-given name. Deathwing is the embodiment of chaos and evil, and is always hungry for destruction. He is arguably the first evil of Azeroth that appeared after the banishment of the Old Gods.

Legacy of the Masters (Part 1)

By

Unknown

Read, pupil, and know that I am called Jubeka Shadowbreaker, and it is my duty to share some of the wisdom of our order with those who have the skill to read this document.

After the fall of Deathwing, it was clear that the sorcery of the warlocks was sorely lacking in bite when compared to the threats facing Azeroth. So our council of six warlocks gathered to discuss how best to investigate the new magics witnessed by these threats.

At first, the six of us refused to cooperate, tossing blame and bickering as easily as shadowbolts and curses. Finally, after several nights, the human Kanrethad spoke out:

“In the wake of the Cataclysm, the rising tensions between the Horde and Alliance have driven the greatest heroes of Azeroth to train for war. Warriors have readied their war banners, the Death Knights of Acherus have learned to control the undead and it is even said the Mages are researching ways to undo time itself.”

“The relentless darkness which bathed Azeroth has been pushed back. Cho’gall is slain and the remnants of the Twilight’s Hammer cult have been scattered. Ragnaros is defeated and his armies forced back into the Firelands. Deathwing lies torn apart and his Twilight drakes obliterated. However, the powers they commanded are not so easily forgotten... powers untapped and ripe for the taking.”

“In fact, among us now stands several who have faced their power firsthand,” he said, pointing at a hooded figure across the room. A deep, sinister laugh

echoed from the hood as it burst into flames and burned away to reveal the orc enchanter, Ritssyn.

“It is true, pink skin, I was there when the Firelord was vanquished. The intensity of his flame was unlike anything you can imagine.” The burning glow of Ritssyn’s eyes cast eerie shadows over his burn-scarred face and thick-tusked grin.

“Untrue,” spat a sharp, feminine voice. Shinfel, a Blood Elf adorned with sharp spikes of Twilight elementium, glared across the table, “Until you’ve been a prisoner within your own mind, you know nothing of horror.” Shinfel’s blood had been corrupted during the fight with Cho’gall and her arms were now covered in black marks left behind by the corruption that had erupted from her skin. The experience had only served to increase the intensity of her sadism.

Shinfel continued, “Even the Firelord’s flames were overshadowed by the raw chaos unleashed by the Destroyer.” She paused a moment and glanced to the worgen who remained eerily silent. Zinnin had been present when Deathwing was unmade and had not spoken a word since. Zinnin’s eyes narrowed for a moment, then snarled at Ritssyn.

Kanrethad stood up from the table and took a deep breath. “This is exactly why we are here. I have no love for any of you, but we each bore witness to pieces of even greater power. Imagine - if we fused the molten fury of the Firelands with the unstoppable chaos of Deathwing. Even the powers of the Burning Legion could not hold a candle to our flames!”

Ritssyn kicked his boots upon the table and snickered, “And just who would do this? You?” he spat. “I think not. You haven’t been seen in battle since the siege of the Black Temple. If it weren’t for having shared the secrets of Illidan’s transformation with this council, I would kill you just for having the audacity of summoning me.”

Kanrethad’s lips pursed for a moment, but he relaxed and continued. “No. The scope of this task exceeds the capabilities of any single member here. I propose this council split into pairs. Ritssyn and Zinnin would lead a group into Sulfuras. Similarly, Shinfel and Zelifrax would hunt down the remaining

members of the Twilight's Hammer cult and...persuade them to share what they learned."

The pock-faced gnome applauded with mirthful glee.

Kanrethad continued, "Then we return... one year from now and take the results of our expeditions back to our own sects, more powerful than we would have been alone."

Ritssyn frowned as he saw the greed drawn out in the human's words dance across the council's faces. "And what would keep us from simply killing our partner in their sleep once it was a success?"

Kanrethad's brow furrowed and he growled, "Which is why we swear that if any member of this council breaks the contract and fails to return or returns alone, the others shall strike them down and banish their soul forever. We either succeed together or die alone."

Ritssyn was a powerful warlock, and could probably defeat Kanrethad by himself. But against all five of us? We all saw his hesitation. We all let our hands drift toward our scrolls and weapons.

"Fine," Ritssyn reluctantly agreed. "I can play along with your fool's errand, but first I must know, where will you and that miserable forsaken, Jubeka, be going?"

"Me?" spoke Kanrethad with a wicked grin. "Why I'm returning... to Outland."

Legend of the Four Hammers

By

Unknown

We have all heard tales of the ancient heroes, from this world and the next. The Hellslayer. The Godfighter. The Dragon Hunter.

The soothsayers tell us though they are dead and gone, one will come to us who will gather the scattered remains of the heroes' weapons and armor and forge 3 hammers and, from these, to create a 4th, greater than the rest.

I come not to praise this but to warn against it. Woe to you who do not heed their tales! Woe to you who do not hear me now!

Listen then...

The Hellslayer. From the halls of Helheim itself was heard gnashing and wailing. In the home of Helya and the kvaldir, the Hellslayer laid waste with her keenest blades.

With axe and spear and courage and sacrifice, she stood atop a mound of death. Her children torn from her by the kvaldir. Her husbands torn and tortured. Her people slain and scattered, their very souls captured. Yet she did prevail. Was this, then, victory? Or was it failure but delayed and suffering amplified?

In the end, her body failed her for the first and last time and Helya took her revenge. The Hellslayer's spear and sword were melted down in the cold forge. Her flesh was consumed at Helya's table.

Hear my children, and make your choices as you will.

The Godfighter. Not content under the heel of the all-knowing and the all-powerful. Born to hubris, son of righteousness, fierce and unflinching.

Bringing the battle to those who did not fear death but learned to fear it before the Godfighter's will was spent. Bringing suffering to those who knew only how to force suffering upon others.

In the end, he showed that mortal hands could rend what immortal wisdom and will had wrought. Did he free the mortals from shackles of their own making? Or, in giving fear to the gods, did he bring down the lash on those who followed after?

Hear my children, and make your choices as you will.

The Dragonhunter. Those that knew her in her time speak of one withdrawn, deep weariness and heavy of heart. Yet those who speak of her in the years since speak of a queen, certain and fearless, rallying all to her side to fight and, indeed, to win against the great serpents who long prayed upon them.

We remember her deeds, we marvel at her courage, we know that she did what they say and that the serpents who ravaged the lands loomed large before her birth and were silent after her time. But we also here that after the battles, she wandered without a home until she died.

Who then, was she? Leader and slayer of dragons? Wanderer weary and alone?

Hear my children, and make your choices as you will.

Heroes they were but dead they still are. They proved ideals that we call sacred and noble but suffered for it and brought that suffering upon their kin.

What are we, who live in their shadows these long years later, to make of them and the one who is foretold?

The one who will gather the remains of the 3 heroes' weapons and forge these hammers will take on the mantle of their lives but that mantle that was too heavy for greatest who have ever lived.

It is foretold but should it be done? What wisdom do I not see?

The Hammer of Forgotten Heroes is not a gift but a burden. The one who builds it must take the fate of all upon themselves and what mortal can stand under such a weight.

Make your choices as you will.

Legends of the Gurubashi, Volume 3

By

Archmage Ansirem Runeweaver

LEGENDS OF THE TROLLS, VOLUME III

Stone of the Tides

By the hand of

Archmage Ansirem Runeweaver

Dalaran

INTRODUCTION

The ancient Gurubashi Empire was a source of many fascinating and intriguing legends that can be no doubt traced to their environs, as examinations of their belief systems and societal practices have pointed to a great reverence for their natural surroundings.

While I have delved into many aspects of their snake-worship in previous volumes of this study, I put forth here an examination of the trolls' interesting and unique relationship with the sea.

THE GREAT SEA

The Gurubashi Empire was surrounded on three sides by the sea, so it comes as little surprise that water would figure prominently as an aspect of their society. While the trolls were able to roam and control the large areas of their

jungle empire, the sea eluded them. It was vast and immeasurable, no doubt a disconcerting neighbor for the powerful trolls.

It should be noted here that recent discoveries seem to suggest that the trolls had little interest in exploring the lands beyond the Great Sea. While troll species have been encountered along the length and breadth of Azeroth, Khaz Modan and Lordaeron, little evidence of their civilization has been found in the newly discovered lands of Kalimdor or upon the islands in the South Seas. Whether this demonstrates an unwillingness of the trolls to venture away from their terrestrial holdings or a failure on their part to develop the technologies needed to make such a journey will take further research and analysis that is out of the scope of my writings here.

But one can hardly ignore so large a presence, and new findings in the extensive troll ruins of Stranglethorn Vale show an aspect of their relationship with the sea previously unknown and undocumented.

THE STONE OF THE TIDES

Recent discoveries during surveys of the troll ruins of Stranglethorn Vale have shown references to an object known as the “Stone of the Tides”. Various fragments of troll legends can be pieced together to paint a rather complete picture of the Stone and its importance to the ancient Gurubashi Empire.

It appears that the Stone of the Tides allowed its bearer to control water in its many forms, rivers, rain, and the tides. Because of the stories related to use of the Stone of the Tides, I have conjectured that it is actually a physical manifestation of the powers of the Waterlord, a powerful elemental of the seas. How and why such an object would leave the Waterlord’s control and fall into the hands of the trolls is another question that is beyond the scope of my knowledge.

THE TIDEBEARER

Like the movements of the eponymous tides, the Stone of the Tides entered the world of the trolls and departed, never constantly staying in the trolls’ hands for longer than a generation at a time.

In troll legends, it is said that the first time the Stone of the Tides came to the Gurubashi Empire, it was found by a troll warrior wandering along the coast of Stranglethorn. He came upon a mysterious blue stone within which milky white strands floated and flowed. Intrigued by the stone, the warrior took it with him and continued upon his journey.

Over the weeks and months, the warrior discovered that the stone had given him control over water. He could summon forth water elementals, creatures formed completely of water—duplicating a feat that only powerful mages of the Kirin Tor are able to perform.

The warrior traveled to Zul’Gurub, to the heart of the empire, to show his newfound abilities to the Emperor. He easily gained a court audience after demonstrating his powers in the center of the Imperial capital. His powers easily amazed the Gurubashi Emperor, who immediately gave him a place of honor at court, naming the warrior “Tidebearer”, leaving his old name behind.

For years, the Tidebearer served the Gurubashi Empire, summoning his thrall water elementals in battle and manipulating the flow of water in Stranglethorn Vale for the benefit of the Empire. But as the years went on, the Tidebearer became more reclusive, tending to stay for long periods of time away from court.

The Tidebearer was hiding a secret from the prying eyes of court. The abilities granted to him by the Stone of the Tides also came with a curse. As the years passed, the Tidebearer was fading away. With each coming and going of the tides, the Tidebearer became less of himself, losing his corporeal form—pulsing in and out of existence—until in his dying days, he traveled to the beach where he had first found the Stone, and walked into the sea, disappearing for the last time.

Generations later, the Stone of the Tides washed upon the shores of Stranglethorn, and another Tidebearer was chosen, as the troll brought the Stone to Zul’Gurub. So the process continued for generations, the Stone appearing with the tide, and the Tidebearer leaving into the tide.

Modern day accounts of the Stone of the Tides have appeared from place to

place, but one must still wonder why an object of such power would appear with such regularity, and by whose design.

Lei Shen

By

Unknown

Young Lei Shen was born the son of a warlord in the terrible Age of a Hundred Kings. Like his brothers, he was strong of arm and fluent in the ways of war. But unlike others of his generation, he spoke of more than conquest. The legends of his forefathers were etched into his heart. Once Lei Shen had come of age and commanded his own legions, he announced his intent to awaken the gods. Only his most loyal of followers accompanied him where no mogu had dared tread: into the very heart of the Thundering Mountain, the sacred home of the one the mogu had called their master. Lei Shen descended into the mountain. But it was the Thunder King who returned.

Lethargy of the Orcs

By

Unknown

Months passed, and more orc prisoners were rounded up and placed within the internment camps. As the camps began to overflow, the Alliance was forced to construct new camps in the plains south of the Alterac Mountains. To properly maintain and supply the growing number of camps, King Terenas levied a new tax on the Alliance nations.

This tax, along with increased political tensions over border disputes, created widespread unrest. It seemed that the fragile pact that had forged the human nations together in their darkest hour would break at any given moment.

Amidst the political turmoil, many of the camp wardens began to notice an unsettling change come over their orc captives. The orcs' efforts to escape from the camps or even fight amongst themselves had greatly decreased in frequency over time. The orcs were becoming increasingly aloof and lethargic.

Though it was difficult to believe, the orcs - once held as the most aggressive race ever seen on Azeroth - had completely lost their will to fight. The strange lethargy confounded the Alliance leaders and continued to take its toll on the rapidly weakening orcs.

Some speculated that some strange disease, contractible only by orcs, brought about the baffling lethargy. But Archmage Antonidas of Dalaran posed a different hypothesis. Researching what little he could find of orcish history, Antonidas learned that the orcs had been under the crippling influence of demonic power for generations.

He speculated that the orcs had been corrupted by these powers even before

their first invasion of Azeroth. Clearly, demons had spiked the orcs' blood, and in turn the brutes had been granted unnaturally heightened strength, endurance, and aggression.

Antonidas theorized that the orcs' communal lethargy was not actually a disease, but a consequence of racial withdrawal from the volatile warlock magics that had made them fearsome, bloodlusted warriors.

Though the symptoms were clear, Antonidas was unable to find a cure for the orcs' present condition. Then too, many of his fellow mages, as well as a few notable Alliance leaders, argued that finding a cure for the orcs would be an imprudent venture. Left to ponder the orcs' mysterious condition, Antonidas' conclusion was that the orcs' cure would have to be a spiritual one.

Letter From Gul'dan

By

Gul'dan

Jergosh,

The Burning Legion has returned, and now is the time for the Shadow Council to be reformed. I may not be the Gul'dan you once knew, but be assured that I represent everything he worked for... and more.

It is time for you to come out of hiding and return to the fold. If you know of any skilled warlocks interested in joining us, now is the time to call them into service.

Gather all true supporters of our cause and go to Scholomance. The Book of Medivh was given to the necromancers there long ago, and it is time we take it back. Do this with the utmost speed, then make your way to aid Allaris in Tol Barad. He is tasked with retrieving the Eye of Dalaran.

Accomplish these tasks and there will be a place for you at my side. To you will be given the glory of wielding the Scepter of Sargeras. With it you will tear this world asunder and usher in the age of the Legion!

Remember: Our masters do not take kindly to failure.

Gul'dan

Letter From Lor'themar Theron

By

Lor'themar Theron

Esteemed leaders of the Horde,

It is with great pleasure that I - Lor'themar Theron, Regent Lord of Quel'Thalas - announce the fall of the Scourge commander known to us as Dar'Khan Drathir.

Dar'Khan's foothold in our lands was brought up by critics of the sin'dorei race at numerous previous negotiations. We hope this event addresses any and all previous objections your graces might have harbored.

<Signed>

Lor'themar Theron

PS - Our grand magister has received word back from Outland regarding Thrall's question. The answer is, with great certainty, yes.

Letter From Saurfang

By

High Overlord Saurfang

<name>, If you are reading this letter then you are alive and in one piece - or at least you still have your eyes.

I must apologize for the secrecy. Agmar demands that all mail is read before delivery - too many traitors and thieves there, as the wanted poster no doubt displays. There are delicate matters herein that could easily be misconstrued by the new guard.

For a soldier of the Horde, loss is absolute. Loss means death and there is no negotiation or interpretation with death. One can only hope that the manner of their death was honorable.

But victory... Victory can mean many things. As you have probably noticed, the Kor'kron are there in full force. The Warchief has sent his elite guard to help secure victory in Northrend. They, along with you and other heroes, are pushing the Lich King and his forces towards an inevitable conclusion. With each challenge you overcome, we are one step closer to ridding our world of Arthas and the Scourge.

And therein lays the dilemma. For you see, our forces in Northrend work under the auspices of young Hellscream. Each victory bolsters the morale of the Horde forces here, which carries through to the rest of Azeroth.

It is unfortunate, then, that Hellscream employs such savage tactics. As victory approaches, Hellscream gains further justification for his methods, which in turn brings us closer to a place we have not been in many years: a dark place.

I have sent my son to command our forces at the Wrathgate. I know that he will battle with honor and I remain hopeful that his courage and tenacity will be noticed and emulated by our forces. He is my heart and strength in a place that I cannot be... You will be my eyes and ears. Together, we will make it right.

Blood and Thunder... May your arrival bring them both.

Saurfang

Letter From Shattrath

By

Archmage Khadgar

<name>,The Cipher of Damnation is indeed a powerful incantation. Ancient and chaotic, the cipher itself has been responsible for many tragedies in the history of our worlds. That is to say, it is not unique to Draenor.

The burning symbol you saw was the mark of Kael'Thas. His knowledge of the ancient words explains much.

Your discovery has roused the naaru. A'dal has requested your presence in Shattrath City. Should you choose to come, seek me out at the Terrace of Light.

Humbly Yours,

Khadgar

Letter of Introduction to Wymrest Temple

By

Archmage Aethas Sunreaver

My queen,

It has been discovered that the ley line intersection at Moonrest Gardens was unfettered by the blue dragonflight. Their forces used a surge needle to destroy the capstone, but instead of flowing the power back to the Nexus, they utilized a series of foci to clumsily run and augment the power under the land to the Azure Dragonshrine.

Needless to say, this has had dire consequences wherever the magic shot up through the ground. The Ancients of the woodlands, the Kalu'ak, and other creatures in the region have been adversely affected. <name>, the <race> who stands before you, was very helpful in tracking down and dealing with these issues.

In my opinion, <name> could be useful for Wymrest in dealing with the problems that the temple currently faces. I humbly ask that you consider <him/her> an asset, one which I found to be quite acceptable.

Yours ever respectfully,

Aethas Sunreaver

Archmage and Member of the Six

Letter of Introduction to Wymrest Temple

By

Archmange Modera

My queen,

It has been discovered that the ley line intersection at Moonrest Gardens was unfettered by the blue dragonflight. Their forces used a surge needle to destroy the capstone, but instead of flowing the power back to the Nexus, they utilized a series of foci to clumsily run and augment the power under the land to the Azure Dragonshrine.

Needless to say, this has had dire consequences wherever the magic shot up through the ground. The Ancients of the woodlands, the Kalu'ak, and other creatures in the region have been adversely affected. Luckily for us, <name>, the <race> who stands before you, was instrumental in tracking down and dealing with all of these problems.

In my opinion, <name> could be a great asset to Wymrest in helping to deal with the problems that the temple currently faces. I humbly ask that you consider <him/her> a resource, one which I found to be invaluable.

Yours ever respectfully,

Modera

Archmage and Member of the Six

Letter Sealed By Sylvanas

By

Lor'themar Theron

Esteemed leaders of the Horde,

It is with great pleasure that I - Lor'themar Theron, Regent Lord of Quel'Thalas - announce the fall of the Scourge commander known to us as Dar'Khan Drathir.

Dar'Khan's foothold in our lands was brought up by critics of the sin'dorei race at numerous previous negotiations. We hope this event addresses any and all previous objections your graces might have harbored.

<Signed>

Lor'themar Theron

PS - Our grand magister has received word back from Outland regarding Thrall's question. The answer is, with great certainty, yes.

<This letter bears the additional seal of Lady Sylvanas Windrunner>

Letter to Delgren

By

Balthule Shadowstrike

Master Delgren,

It is as you feared. Your theory about the Tower of Althalaxx has proven true. A cult has gathered at the tower with many warlocks amongst their number, including even a foul satyr. They call themselves the Cult of the Dark Strand. I cannot imagine what vile purpose brings them together, but it worries me.

Please forgive the terseness in which I have composed this missive, but danger lurks in the forest around me, and I can spare few words to describing the situation. I would deliver this message to you myself, but I fear to leave, lest I miss some event of great import.

Should you wish to know more of my observations on the Tower of Althalaxx, the bearer of this message has provided no small amount of assistance to me, and I believe <he/she> can be trusted.

In haste,

Balthule Shadowstrike

Letter to Ello

By

Unknown

The letters on this note seem to flicker and dance across its surface. It is impossible to glean meaning from them...

Letter to Jin'zil

By

Darsok Swift dagger

Jin'Zil,

It has been a while, but I thought you would like to know that the last of the Bloodfeathers have been slain. Don't thank me though, the person delivering the letter is the slayer. If you'd like, I can have their heads delivered to you after the caravan makes its rounds through the Barrens. I know you like that sort of stuff for your voodoo magics. Take care old friend.

-Darsok Swift dagger

Letter to Jorgen

By

DeLavey

Jorgen,

My fears have come true, and they have acted in ways I never thought capable. Never did I think they would get this close, but they have. Please help the bearer of this note, and send them to HIM. In all honesty, I think he'll aid us because the seriousness of this matter. If it were any other threat, he would probably continue to ignore us and the problems of our fair city.

Thank you, you old fisherman. I am indebted to you as always.

Your friend,

De

Lavey

Lewis' Note

By

Lewis

Osric,

Please find below the list of armor of which we are in need:

10 Mail shirts

20 Helms

30 Armor Patches

15 Mail Boots

We are, as always, in your debt. And should Westfall ever be free of the thieves who threaten it, it would ease the guilt in my heart if I could invite you to my family's home, for a fine meal cooked from the bounty for which this land was once so well known.

-Lewis

Quartermaster, Sentinel Hill

Leyota's Legacy

By

Unknown

Leyota, daughter of Garhan the Great, followed in her father's footsteps as one of the greatest leatherworkers of Highmountain. Yet her greatest achievement was her willingness to go against the grain and change the old ways.

After the Earthmother reclaimed Garhan, all eyes looked to Leyota to carry on his legacy. She spoke to the elders of her tribe: "My people, long have we hunted these lands, and long have we been blessed with food, shelter and protection.

"But we are wasteful," she continued, "We bury our kills with their teeth, their hooves, their claws."

"It is our way," one elder spoke up, "We leave their spirits with their weapons so they may hunt in the next realm. It is a sign of respect, Leyota. You know this."

"I see it differently, elder. Do we not show respect by ensuring that our prey's death was not in vain?" she asked. "Should we not use everything the Earthmother has to offer? We can strengthen our armor two-fold if we use the rest of the animal in our construction."

The elders spoke quietly for a moment amongst themselves, then looked up to Leyota.

"To change tradition is to change our way of life. We do not believe that adding those components to one's armor will accomplish anything, save to disrespect the creatures with which we share this land."

Leyota's brow furrowed as the elders continued, "We are sorry, Leyota, but we will not allow you to dishonor us. If your quest is to strengthen our armor, you will have to find another way."

The elders left the tent, leaving a frustrated Leyota to think. The next day, Leyota emerged from her tent wearing an unusual set of armor. Her tribesmen eyed her incredulously, scurrying out of her way as she approached the center of the camp.

"This armor is made with the teeth and claws of a bristlefur bear I killed the other day," she announced. Horrified looks washed over the crowd as the realization of what she had done sunk in.

"I challenge any of our warriors to run me through, if they can." The tribespeople looked around at one another, unsure to what to make of Leyota's challenge.

"Leyota!", yelled a voice from the crowd. A stout young brave emerged with a spear in hand, "I take your challenge. You have committed a great disrespect to our traditions by what you have done. It would be my honor to send your spirit away from here."

The brave rushed at Leyota, yet she didn't move a muscle. The spear tip smashed into her chest, sending her falling to the ground with the weight of the brave behind it.

Onlookers leaned in as the dust settled. Leyota's armor was unbroken. The brave, still clutching his spear, stood up and began to examine the tip. It was slightly bent.

He looked down at Leyota and she lay there, clutching at her chest, yet there was no blood to be seen. After a while, Leyota stood up, breathing heavily, but otherwise unharmed.

"This is what I wanted to show you!" she announced. "The animal that I slew was given no disrespect as its life and its body was taken to protect me."

The tribe had fallen silent now, all eyes and ears paying full attention to what

Leyota had to say.

“The animals we kill can protect all of us in this way, if we continue to use this method.” she continued. An elder emerged from the crowd and approached Leyota. He examined the point at which the spear had struck.

He nodded his head as he spoke, “I understand now, Leyota. There is no vanity here. Only strength.”

He turned to the tribe and said, “Leyota has given us a stronger future. Our tribe will not fall so easily to those we hunt, or those who hunt us. And we will continue to honor our animal brothers and sisters in their death by the armor we wear.”

And so it was that Leyota, daughter of Garhan, had changed the ways of the past for her people. To this day, the leather armor of Highmountain continues to use nearly all of the animal to give it its strength.

Libram of Ancient Kings

By

Sister Elda

Libram of Ancient Kings

As recorded by Sister Elda, Head Archivist.

The Silver Hand

The Silver Hand has existed since before recorded history. The world-shaping titans gave this mighty hammer to Keeper Tyr, who used it to help liberate Azeroth from the wicked Old Gods.

Over the ages that followed, the Silver Hand served as a testament to the bravery and sacrifice of the keeper. Now this legendary artifact rests in your keeping. Wield it well, and honor Tyr's memory.

The Silver Hand, Part One

Long ago, the legendary titans crafted stone- and iron-skinned giants to make war on the Old Gods and free Azeroth from their oppressive will.

The giants were led by beings known as the keepers, and the mightiest of these commanders was named Tyr. Armed with an immense hammer, Tyr helped his kin break the strength of the Old Gods and their dark armies. He forged a glorious new destiny for Azeroth.

Tyr was a warrior without equal, but his greatest trait was his conviction. He never gave up. He never strayed from his titan-bestowed quest. The mere sight of his argent hammer on the battlefield inspired courage in everyone who fought at his side.

The Silver Hand, Part Two

From the writings of an order known as Tyr's Guard, recounting Keeper Tyr and Keeper Odyn's mythic battle against Ragnaros the Firelord:

"Ragnaros retreated to the heart of his lair, where he was most powerful, and waited for his enemies to come to him. He called fire from the sky to waylay Tyr and Odyn. Smoke descended on the land, and it became like night.

"A single brilliant light shone in the darkness-the silvery glow of Tyr's great hammer. It drifted to and fro, sometimes forward and sometimes back. The erratic movements confused Ragnaros. He gradually let his guard down, believing Tyr and Odyn were too cowardly to face him in battle.

"It was exactly what the keepers had been waiting for.

"Like a bolt of lightning, Tyr pierced through the smoke and scored a blow against Ragnaros with his hammer. Odyn then flanked the staggered Firelord, and the two keepers overwhelmed their foe."

The Silver Hand, Part Three

From chapter three of The Age of Galakrond, by the historian Evelynna:

"As great a warrior as Tyr was, he did not always escape his battles unharmed. An example of this was his confrontation with the monstrous proto-dragon named Galakrond.

"Countless years after the keepers defeated the Old Gods and imprisoned them beneath the earth, Galakrond emerged to rule the skies of the world. A fierce hunger compelled the proto-dragon to eat everything in his path.

"When Tyr learned about the creature, he feared Galakrond would soon devour all nature. He gathered five other proto-dragons to wage war on him.

"Though the five proto-dragons would eventually vanquish Galakrond, their initial attacks on him went poorly. Tyr's new allies did not always work together. Even when they did, Galakrond proved too mighty for the combined strength of the keeper and the proto-dragons.

In one battle, Tyr himself grappled with Galakrond and pummeled the beast with his hammer. The blows had little effect. Tyr's weapon was knocked from his grasp, and Galakrond consumed the keeper's hand.

"Only with the help of his five winged allies did Tyr escape with his life."

The Silver Hand, Part Four

From chapter nine of The Age of Galakrond, by the historian Evelynna:

"Keeper Tyr worked with a giant named Jotun to replace his appendage. They mined a vein of pure silver deep within Azeroth. Jotun used the metal to forge a hand for his injured companion.

"Tyr was in awe of Jotun's craftsmanship, and he asked the giant for one final favor: to reforge his warhammer so that it would incorporate the image of his new hand. The giant did so, but he inquired why the keeper wanted to draw more attention to his wound.

"Tyr replied that he did not consider his argent hand a reminder of defeat. For him it was a symbol of the sacrifice he had made to defend Azeroth, and he wanted the world to see it that way as well.

"When Jotun finished reshaping the hammer, Tyr named his weapon the Silver Hand."

The Silver Hand, Part Five

As the ages passed on Azeroth, the unity between Tyr and his fellow keepers crumbled.

Keeper Loken fell under the sway of the imprisoned Old God Yogg-Saron. The once-noble giant turned on his kin, leaving many of them incapacitated or imprisoned. Loken's betrayal ignited chaos among the earthen, vrykul, and other titan-forged creatures who served the keepers.

Only Tyr and a handful of his closest allies eluded Loken's wrath. Though they planned to strike down the corrupted keeper, they first needed to find a

refuge for the earthen and their other innocent servants. Tyr rallied the titan-forged to his side and ventured south in search of a place that was safe from Loken's reach.

The journey was harsh, and many of the titan-forged worried for the future. Only the sight of Tyr leading the way, his legendary hammer always in hand, gave them the hope they needed to continue.

The Silver Hand, Part Six

Nearly all of Tyr's followers traveled south, but not Jotun. Inspired by the keeper's ideals of personal sacrifice, the giant stayed behind to distract Loken and help mask his allies' escape.

Jotun succeeded, but he was punished for his heroics.

When Loken learned that many of the titan-forged had fled south, he captured Jotun and twisted his mind. The cursed giant was forced to search the lands surrounding Ulduar and destroy Tyr, anything that symbolized his power, and anyone who followed his ideals.

As his first act, Jotun shattered the anvil he had used to craft Tyr's hand and reshape his warhammer.

The Silver Hand, Part Seven

From the writings of Tyr's Guard, recounting Tyr's death:

"Loken awakened two of the Old Gods' most powerful generals and sent them after Tyr. These enormous creatures were called the C'Thraxxi. They stormed south and caught up with Tyr and the titan-forged refugees in the land we know as Tirisfal. Or, as the vrykul called it, 'Tyr's Fall.'

"Tyr stood against the C'Thraxxi alone. It would be his final-and greatest-hour.

"Tyr called upon all the lessons he had learned in battle. He wielded the Silver Hand as if it were an extension of his own body. The C'Thraxxi slashed at his metal hide, but Tyr's hammer shielded him in holy power and

mended his wounds. The battle dragged on, with neither the keeper nor his enemies giving any ground.

“Tyr knew there was only one way to secure the safety of his allies. He unleashed his immense powers, igniting an explosion of arcane magic that blasted a massive crater in the earth. Tyr and one of his foes were killed instantly. The other, on the verge of death, retreated from the battle site.

The Silver Hand, Part Eight

After Tyr’s sacrifice, his allies entombed the fallen keeper and the dead C’Thrax where they lay. None of the titan-forged felt worthy of taking up their leader’s hammer, and they buried it with his corpse.

Tyr’s followers then enchanted the tomb with protective wards. They bound the Silver Hand to these magical seals, thereby preventing anyone from touching it in the future.

Of all the titan-forged who had come south, the vrykul were the most moved by what Tyr had done to protect them. They decided to stay in the region and stand vigil over the keeper’s tomb.

The Silver Hand, Part Nine

An excerpt from Legends of the Silver Hand, by the historian Evelyn:

“At some point in Azeroth’s distant past, humanity emerged in Tirisfal Glades. The iron-skinned vrykul who lived there slowly died off. Many of them suffered from the curse of flesh, a strange malady that transformed them into creatures of flesh and blood.

“Yet one group of vrykul lasted longer than the others. They formed a secretive group-Tyr’s Guard-to protect Keeper Tyr’s tomb. The vrykul of this order knew that they would not live forever, and so they inducted some of the fledgling humans into their ranks.

“The vrykul taught the human members of Tyr’s Guard the history of the fallen keeper, his tenets of self-sacrifice and justice, and the truth of what lay

within the tomb.”

The Silver Hand, Part Ten

In the ancient days, the only humans ever to breach Tyr’s tomb and bypass its protectors were following the legendary human king Thoradin. After the elderly ruler abdicated his throne, he became obsessed with his race’s history. Thoradin’s curiosity eventually led him to discover Tyr’s final resting place.

When Thoradin arrived at the tomb, Tyr’s Guard confronted him. A tense standoff ensued. The former king was accompanied by a powerful retinue of guards and learned sorcerers. Though the members of Tyr’s Guard did not want them to disturb the gravesite, they also did not want bloodshed.

Thoradin and his followers forced their way past Tyr’s Guard. Much of what happened next is shrouded in rumor. It is said that Thoradin and his retinue ventured into the darkened catacombs, and they were never seen again.

Tyr’s Guard knew that Thoradin’s magi had broken the tomb’s wards in their foolish quest to explore the gravesite. The order’s members made a vow that day—they would not enter the catacombs again, for fear that further meddling could awaken the C’Thrax buried inside and unleash its evil on the world.

The Silver Hand, Part Eleven

For thousands of years, Tyr’s Guard continued its sacred duty. New members came and went, and over time they adopted more techniques to help them protect Tyr’s tomb. In particular, the defenders felt an affinity toward paladins, holy warriors who arose to battle the orcish Horde in the Second War.

The members of Tyr’s Guard learned how to wield the Holy Light, and they became mighty paladins. Yet even this newfound power could not save the order from the undead Scourge.

When the Scourge swept over the human kingdom of Lordaeron, Tyr’s Guard crumbled. Only a few brave members, led by a paladin named Travard, remained to uphold their ancient vows.

Truthguard

Many have tried to break Truthguard. Vrykul war bringers, mighty giants, and even the wicked minions of the Old Gods. This shield has turned them all aside, and not a scratch mars its gleaming surface.

But Truthguard is more than just a simple armament. It is the embodiment of justice, nobility, and honor. Bear this shield as you would a torch in the darkness. Bring light to those without hope, and burn away the shadows that seek to engulf your world in death and despair.

Truthguard, Part One

Earthen poems and vrykul epic sagas speak of Truthguard emerging in a time of war, when armies forged of iron marched across the north and made even mountains tremble.

The main aggressors of this war were the fearsome Winterskorn vrykul. Their goal was to dominate the lands surrounding Ulduar and put all who opposed them to the blade. The Winterskorn were a people who relished violence, and few relished it more than Yrgrim. He stood at the clan's bloody vanguard, leading brutal raids against the good-natured earthen who dwelled in the region.

Strange that someone so obsessed with wanton killing would one day wield Truthguard, a symbol of justice and honor. But the paths that fate weaves are often strange.

Truthguard, Part Two

From a set of earthen tablets titled The Winterskorn War:

“The clang of sword against shield rumbled like thunder through the cavern. The Winterskorn's enchanted blades cleaved through the earthen's stone skin with ease, lopping off limbs and sending heads rolling.

“When the Winterskorn cornered the few surviving earthen at the back of the cavern, the lead vrykul charged forward with his sword poised to strike. His

body came apart before he ever reached his prey.

“Another Winterskorn had cut him down. He moved quick as lightning then, sword arcing through the rest of his warrior kin.

“‘Follow me and live,’ the vrykul said after his killing was done. ‘Stay and this place will be your tomb.’

“Later, the earthen asked this Yrgrim why he had saved them.

“‘The battle lust has lifted from my eyes, and I have seen truth,’ Yrgrim replied. ‘Killing for the sake of killing... conquering for the sake of conquest... there is no honor in such things. There is only shame and regret.’”

Truthguard, Part Three

Yrgrim led the earthen survivors to Keeper Tyr, the one being he believed could save them from the Winterskorn. The vrykul warrior did not expect a reward for doing so. Quite the opposite. Yrgrim had murdered scores of innocent earthen, and he thought Tyr would execute him for his transgressions.

According to one vrykul legend, these are the words Tyr spoke to Yrgrim: “I cannot wash the blood from your hands. No one can. All I can offer you is a way forward. Stand by my side. Hunt the wicked with the same ferocity you once used to hunt the earthen. Do this and you will find the path to redemption.

“On that day, Yrgrim swore an oath to the twin moons that he would serve Tyr and embody his noble ideals. In return, the keeper gifted the vrykul with a shield unlike any ever made.

Its name was Truthguard.

Truthguard, Part Four

From the vrykul saga The Forging of Truthguard:

“Three strikes it took Keeper Archaedas to shape Truthguard. With the first hammer fall, rivers of magma spilled from the icy mountains. With the second, the sky howled and lightning set the heavens aflame. With the third, a single ray of sunlight pierced the storm clouds and whispered over Truthguard’s surface.

“From afar, Keeper Tyr and the giantess Ironaya watched the work unfold. They had each given of themselves to make Truthguard. Tyr had chiseled off a piece of his silver hand to imbue the shield with righteous power. Ironaya had hewn a stone disc from her hide and etched it with runes of protection.”

Truthguard, Part Five

Truthguard saw its first battle in the waning days of the Winterskorn War.

While searching the frozen wastes for earthen whom he could lead to safety, Yrgrim stumbled across a small raiding party of Winterskorn. The vrykul knew of this “deserter.” They cursed Yrgrim’s name and howled for his blood.

Yrgrim calmly offered a challenge: if any of the vrykul could knock the shield from his grip, he would surrender. But if the Winterskorn failed, they would lay down their arms and listen to Yrgrim’s words.

One after another, the vrykul charged Yrgrim, and their enchanted blades glanced off of Truthguard without making so much as a dent.

“You fail because you fight for cruelty and injustice,” Yrgrim said to the bewildered vrykul. “So long as such wicked thoughts guide your hand, you will never become the champions you hope to be.” Then he told them of all he had learned from Tyr, of the noble tenets of justice that now governed his life.

And one after another, the vrykul joined Yrgrim’s cause and cast their enchanted blades aside.

Truthguard, Part Six

The Winterskorn War was only a symptom of a much greater problem: Keeper Loken. He had fallen to darkness and imprisoned many of his fellow keepers within the hallowed halls of Ulduar. But why had he done such terrible things? What could have driven a noble being like Loken to abuse his power?

Truthguard found some of the answers.

At Tyr's behest, Yrgrim stalked the outskirts of Ulduar with his shield and confronted a small number of Loken's servants. Some were massive fire giants. A few others were iron-skinned vrykul whose only purpose was dealing death. Yrgrim bested them, one and all. When his opponents were on their knees, he forced them to look at their own reflections in Truthguard's surface.

The shield's righteous power caused the lies and half-truths that clouded their minds to melt away. They saw, for the first time, that Loken had used them as his pawns. Yrgrim's adversaries revealed many details about the fallen keeper, but one was more troubling than the rest...

Loken had succumbed to Yogg-Saron, the malevolent Old God shackled within Ulduar.

Truthguard, Part Seven

An excerpt from an unfinished book on the dwarves' origins, by Royal Historian Archesonus:

"Tyr vowed to defeat Keeper Loken, but he needed time to plan. He also needed to find a refuge for the innocent earthen, mechagnomes, and vrykul who dwelled around Ulduar. As Tyr led these creatures south in search of a safe haven, he ordered his loyal servant Yrgrim to stay behind. The noble vrykul would hold off any of Loken's minions who tried to prevent the refugees from fleeing.

"Yrgrim, fabled Truthguard in hand, obeyed his master. It was the last time he would see Tyr alive.

“Three fire giants soon emerged to hunt down the refugees, but Yrgrim barred their way. They swarmed the lone vrykul and battered Truthguard. Not even the fists of giants could dent the shield.

“Yrgrim waited until his foes wore themselves ragged against Truthguard, and then he went on the offensive. He slammed the shield against the giants until their molten bodies crumbled and their blood ran like rivers of fire over the land.”

Truthguard, Part Eight

While Yrgrim battled the fire giants, Keeper Loken unleashed ancient horrors who had been locked within Ulduar. These were the C'Thraxxi, monstrous servants of the Old Gods. They crawled from their underground chambers and slipped past Yrgrim, eager to exterminate Tyr and his motley followers.

Yrgrim sensed the C'Thraxxi's foul presence as they passed by, and he raced south in pursuit of the creatures. By the time he finally caught up to them, it was too late... Tyr had stood against the C'Thraxxi alone, and he had paid the ultimate price to defeat them. His followers would name the site of his valiant sacrifice Tyr's Fall, which in the vrykul tongue translated to “Tirisfal.”

Truthguard, Part Nine

Yrgrim laid the first stone of the tomb that would serve as Tyr's final resting place. He and his allies labored over the construction in silence, hearts filled with bittersweet reverence. When the work was done, the refugees set off south in search of a safe haven, but Yrgrim did not follow.

He jammed Truthguard into the earth and swore to stand vigil over his master's tomb. It was the least he could do to honor Tyr's sacrifice. Moved by Yrgrim's decision, the other vrykul joined him.

Truthguard, Part Ten

For many years, Yrgrim remained in Tirisfal with Truthguard at his side. He urged his allies to dedicate themselves to the pursuit of justice and nobility,

just as he had. In this way, Tyr's ideals would live on in more than stories. They would live on through the actions of Yrgrim and the other vrykul.

Once Yrgrim had taught the Tirisfal vrykul all he could, he departed from the region. His battles had whittled away at his iron hide, and he longed to find a noble champion who could take up Truthguard.

Yrgrim's quest eventually led him and his great shield to the land known as Stormheim.

Truthguard, Part Eleven

Stormheim was home to many mighty vrykul, and Yrgrim was sure he would find someone capable of bearing Truthguard. He constructed an arena to test the mettle of the local fighters. Challenger after challenger faced off against Yrgrim, but none could meet his high standards.

In time, no one remained to face Yrgrim's trials. He abandoned his arena, but not his search. He held onto hope that he would find a successor someday.

Yrgrim built a vast tomb and locked himself within. There, he waited for a hero. Someone strong of will and pure of heart. Someone worthy of bearing Truthguard, as Tyr would have wanted.

Ashbringer

You now possess one of the most iconic and renowned weapons ever created.

Once the bane of the undead (then, for a time, one of the Scourge's greatest assets), the Ashbringer has been instrumental in the rise and fall of lords, empires, and kings, living and undead alike. It has stood for both good and evil, and now it rests within your hands.

Wield it well.

Ashbringer, Part One

Few known artifacts or relics are capable of rivaling the Ashbringer's legendary pedigree.

Its origins have been traced to the Second War between orcs and humans. There, on the field of battle, the renowned highlord Alexandros Mograine came into possession of a dark orb.

Though Alexandros considered the artifact to be a living embodiment of shadow, he also believed that it might one day be forged into a weapon of righteousness.

Alexandros's vision would become a reality, and that weapon would become the Ashbringer.

Ashbringer, Part Two

It is said that deep within the hallowed halls of Ironforge, the Ashbringer was crafted by the dwarf king Magni Bronzebeard, a peerless weaponsmith.

For King Magni, it was a dark time; he grieved over the recent loss of his brother Muradin.

Legend holds that King Magni infused the full weight of his rage and sorrow into the Ashbringer's forging, resulting in a weapon of untold vengeance and devastation.

Ashbringer, Part Three

So it is written, that when confronted by undead forces, Highlord Alexandros Mograine dispatched them with ease. The blade in his hand felt like an extension of his own flesh, a beautifully lethal instrument of pure destruction.

And as it carved a swath through his Scourge enemies, this new weapon left naught in the aftermath but charred bone and swirling ash.

Thus was the Ashbringer given its name.

Ashbringer, Part Four

In the hands of Alexandros Mograine, the Ashbringer rained unparalleled fury upon the marauding Scourge armies, decimating the undead in numbers beyond reckoning.

So it was that over the course of time, the man and the weapon seemed as one. Ashbringer became a name of legend, attributed not just to the fearsome blade but also to the relentless knight who wielded it.

Ashbringer, Part Five

From the testimony of Fairbanks, advisor to Highlord Alexandros Mograine, shortly before his execution:

“It was outside of Stratholme that we were surrounded by undead. Their numbers were unfathomable. Wave after wave washed over us... and yet Alexandros stood tall, unbowed and unbroken, a rock for them to break against.

“Alexandros’s end came not from the undead but from his own son-the treacherous one, Renault, who took up the Ashbringer and stabbed his father in the back.”

Ashbringer, Part Six

A recounting of the battle at Naxxramas by Darion Mograine, as told to Atticus Krohl:

“Deep within the floating undead citadel of Naxxramas, I discovered what had truly become of my father. Alexandros’s spirit had been tortured and broken; he had been raised as a death knight to defend the very Scourge that he had once labored to destroy.

“They had scoured from him all that was good, leaving behind only a bitter, rotten shell. In defense of my own life, I was forced to end his cursed existence, or so I thought.

“The blade you see, the Ashbringer... it spoke to me in my father’s voice.”

Ashbringer, Part Seven

From the Liber Monasterium:

“And so it was that Darion Mograine, driven by the voice of his father, bore

the Ashbringer to the Scarlet Monastery, where he learned of his brother Renault's treachery.

"The vengeful phantom of Alexandros Mograine manifested out of the Ashbringer. Renault begged for forgiveness, and he was dealt a vicious sweep of the corrupted blade, separating his head from his shoulders.

"'You are forgiven,' was Alexandros's reply."

Ashbringer, Part Eight

An excerpt from The Battle for Light's Hope:

"The Argent Dawn amassed at Light's Hope Chapel against the swarming multitudes of Scourge. Battle was joined, and though each and every one of us fought bravely, it seemed there could be no hope of victory.

"In our darkest hour, in an effort to free his father's condemned soul, Darion Mograine plunged the Ashbringer into his own chest.

"It was then that the souls of the myriad champions buried beneath Light's Hope lashed out in a devastating blast of purest Light. In that instant, our enemies were undone."

Ashbringer, Part Nine

There are scores of firsthand accounts of the Second Battle for Light's Hope Chapel. They differ in some ways, but on many points, they correspond. What is known is that several years after his sacrifice at the first Battle for Light's Hope, Darion Mograine returned... this time as would-be conqueror, a death knight in the Lich King's service.

He faced off against his onetime ally, a former Knight of the Silver Hand, Tirion Fordring. Ultimately Darion was subdued even as the dreaded Lich King himself, Arthas, appeared on the battlefield.

In an apparent act of contrition, Darion threw the Ashbringer to Tirion, who purified it with his touch. Tirion then focused his full efforts on the Lich King, who was forced to retreat after a single mighty blow from the

uncorrupted Ashbringer.

Ashbringer, Part Ten

In the aftermath of the Second Battle for Light's Hope, the Ashbringer remained in the possession of Tirion Fordring, highlord of the Argent Crusade. In order to draw out the greatest champions of Azeroth, Tirion instituted a contest of strength and battle prowess known as the Argent Tournament.

In time, Tirion's Argent Crusade successfully breached the main gate of the Lich King's stronghold of Icecrown Citadel. As they laid siege to Icecrown's defenses, the highlord created a pact with Darion Mograine and his Knights of the Ebon Blade, resulting in the Ashen Verdict-a united order bent on destroying the Lich King.

Ashbringer, Part Eleven

The final assault on Icecrown Citadel now ranks among the most legendary military campaigns in recent memory.

Marching alongside some of the greatest champions of Azeroth, Tirion Fordring continued his crusade against the Scourge, staging an all-out attack on the Lich King's seat of power.

There, Tirion once again confronted Arthas, and all fell silent as the clash of steel rang out across the icy wastes. At the culmination of a fevered battle, the Ashbringer shattered Arthas's infamous sword, Frostmourne, in a single blow.

Arthas was defeated at last, and the purified Ashbringer took its place among the most celebrated and renowned weapons in all of Azeroth's history.

Note from the Author

Research efforts press on! There's more information to be found in these texts, with only time to hold us back from uncovering all of it.

Come back after further research has been completed and I will continue to

expand the accounts recorded here.

- Sister Elda, Head Archivist

Libram of Constitution

By

Master Kariel Winthalus

<The pages are covered in ancient elven runes.>

The pages herein contain memories of events that transpired in the collection and creation of the reagents required to craft lesser arcanum.

May our enemies never gain access to these libram. May I live to see the pallid light of the moon shine upon Quel'Thalas once again.

May I die but for the grace of Kael'thas.

May I kill for the glory of Illidan.

-Master Kariel Winthalus

Libram of Focus

By

Master Kariel Winthalus

<The pages are covered in ancient elven runes.>

The pages herein contain memories of events that transpired in the collection and creation of the reagents required to craft greater arcanum.

May our enemies never gain access to these libram. May I live to see the pallid light of the moon shine upon Quel'Thalas once again.

May I die but for the grace of Kael'thas.

May I kill for the glory of Illidan.

-Master Kariel Winthalus

<You cannot understand anything written on these pages.>

Libram of Protection

By

Master Kariel Winthalus

<The pages are covered in ancient elven runes.>

The pages herein contain memories of events that transpired in the collection and creation of the reagents required to craft greater arcanum.

May our enemies never gain access to these libram. May I live to see the pallid light of the moon shine upon Quel'Thalas once again.

May I die but for the grace of Kael'thas.

May I kill for the glory of Illidan.

-Master Kariel Winthalus

<The ink swirls and shifts around the page. You get the feeling that the book is mocking you.>

Libram of Rapidity

By

Master Kariel Winthalus

<The pages are covered in ancient elven runes.>

The pages herein contain memories of events that transpired in the collection and creation of the reagents required to craft greater arcanum.

May our enemies never gain access to these libram.

May I live to see the pallid light of the moon shine upon Quel'Thalas once again.

May I die but for the grace of Kael'thas.

May I kill for the glory of Illidan.

-Master Kariel Winthalus

<You feel a searing pain when glancing at these pages.>

Libram of Resilience

By

Master Kariel Winthalus

<The pages are covered in ancient elven runes.>

The pages herein contain memories of events that transpired in the collection and creation of the reagents required to craft lesser arcanum.

May our enemies never gain access to these libram. May I live to see the pallid light of the moon shine upon Quel'Thalas once again.

May I die but for the grace of Kael'thas.

May I kill for the glory of Illidan.

-Master Kariel Winthalus

Libram of Ruminatiun

By

Master Kariel Winthalus

<The pages are covered in ancient elven runes.>

The pages herein contain memories of events that transpired in the collection and creation of the reagents required to craft lesser arcanum.

May our enemies never gain access to these libram. May I live to see the pallid light of the moon shine upon Quel'Thalas once again.

May I die but for the grace of Kael'thas.

May I kill for the glory of Illidan.

-Master Kariel Winthalus

Libram of Tenacity

By

Master Kariel Winthalus

<The pages are covered in ancient elven runes.>

The pages herein contain memories of events that transpired in the collection and creation of the reagents required to craft lesser arcanum.

May our enemies never gain access to these libram. May I live to see the pallid light of the moon shine upon Quel'Thalas once again.

May I die but for the grace of Kael'thas.

May I kill for the glory of Illidan.

-Master Kariel Winthalus

Libram of the Dead

By

Illanna Dreadmoore

LIBRAM OF THE DEAD

As recorded by Illanna Dreadmoore, Head Archivist of the Ebon Blade.

MAW OF THE DAMMED

Mere weapons don't often inspire fear in demons. The Maw of the Dammed is an exception. Its name is spoken with equal parts dread and awe among the Burning Legion's faithful. Even the demons disagree on how many lives the Maw of the Dammed has ended. There is only one who knows the truth. His name is Netrezaar, and his soul is bound to the blade itself.

He is what inspires fear in demons. They know of the eternal hunger that burns in his soul. A hunger so great it cannot distinguish between friend and foe. In the Legion's hands, Netrezaar's spirit consumed entire civilizations. In someone else's hands, he would not hesitate to do the same to the Legion. He would relish every moment.

PART ONE

Despite its long history of bloodshed, the Maw of the Dammed was not created for genocide. It was forged to take a single life: that of the great demon lord Kil'jaeden.

Kil'jaeden was one of the eredar race's most beloved leaders. With a mere word, he could sway the hearts and mind of his people. When he joined the demonic Burning Legion, many eredar blindly followed his path.

One of the first to do so was a gifted smith named Netrius. He adored Kil'jaeden, and he spent his life seeking the eredar leader's approval. Netrius was pledging himself to the Legion as the ultimate expression of his loyalty.

As a reward for his loyalty, Netrius was remade in the Legion's all-consuming fel fire. Volatile magics blazed through his soul, warping his mind and body forever.

Netrius-now known by the name Netezaar-was never the same again. Even his feelings toward Kil'jaeden changed. What was once admiration had twisted into a dangerous obsession. It wasn't enough to simply win Kil'jaeden's approval, he needed more.

An idea took shape in Netezaar's mind. To satisfy his obsession, he would create a weapon to consume Kil'jaeden's life force. That weapon would one day become known as the Maw of the Damned.

PART TWO

Netezaar became a smith of much renown in the Burning Legion. His war machines terrorized worlds. His blades brought ruin to entire civilizations. Yet in truth, most of these weapons were merely experiments in his quest for the perfect tool with which to consume Kil'jaeden.

Success hinged on finding a material that could draw out and contain the demon lord's life force. Netezaar spent years searching for exotic ores, most of which proved useless.

He made a promising discovery on Nihilam, the Doom World. Long ago, a war between the Legion's ruler, Sargeras, and his fellow titans had shaken the fabric of creation around Nihilam. Their apocalyptic battle had darkened the world and infused its metal ores with otherworldly properties.

When Netezaar mined these metals, he found them nearly indestructible. In just the right light, the materials reflected brief images of the battle fought between Sargeras and the titans. Most important of all, these metals also leached away the essence of any living thing that touched them.

For the first time in years, Netezaaar felt joy. He had finally found what he needed.

PART FOUR

The Maw of the Dammed's first victim was not Kil'jaeden. It was one of Netezaaar's servants.

Netezaaar commanded dozen of mo'arg, highly resourceful demons who specialized in engineering and blacksmithing. All of them looked up to the eredar smith with awe, but he cared little for his followers. Like hammers and tongs, they were simply tools at his disposal.

To test the Maw, Netezaaar subjected a pair of mo'arg to gruesome experiments. He slowly cut their flesh with the axe, studying how quickly it drained their life forces. The Maw worked just as planned. The demons' vital energies passed through the blade and flooded into Netezaaar.

PART FIVE

Of the two mo'arg experimented on by Netezaaar, one survived. His name was Gorelix, and he was the eredar smith's most devoted follower. At least, he had been. The experiments had left Gorelix shriveled and disfigured. His admiration for Netezaaar darkened into a hatred hotter than any demon forge.

Gorelix did not have the physical strength to rise against Netezaaar. Even if he could, rebelling would mean a fate worse than death. Netezaaar was one of the eredar-one of Kil'jaeden's chosen.

The broken mo'arg vowed to find another way to exact vengeance on his master. He watched Netezaaar's every movement, seeking a weakness. Over time, Gorelix discovered something odd. Netezaaar's axe was powerful, and yet he would not use it in battle. He kept it hidden from other demons, save his mo'arg servants. What was its purpose, if not to strike down the Legion's enemies?

It dawned on Gorelix that Netezaaar had no intention of ever using the axe for the Legion. He had crafted it for another purpose.

PART SIX

Netrezaar was pleased with the Maw, and he decided the time had come to use it on Kil'jaeden. He would present the axe as a gift to his master and then strike at the unsuspecting demon lord.

Perhaps it would have worked, if not for Gorelix. When the mo'arg learned of the meeting with Kil'jaeden, the last puzzle piece slid into place. He finally realized the true purpose of Netrezaar's axe.

He warned Kil'jaeden of the impending betrayal, and the demon lord plotted his own in return. Kil'jaeden met with Netrezaar just as planned. But before the smith could present his "gift," the demon lord struck. He used his magics to lock Netrezaar's spirit in place, while Gorelix took up the Maw.

As Netrezaar's screams of torment echoed over Argus, Gorelix slowly cut away his master's flesh. He did not stop until only bone remained.

PART SEVEN

Netrezaar's fate was worse than death. Kil'jaeden made sure of that. He locked Netrezaar's howling spirit within the smith's own skull. Then he ordered Gorelix to fuse the bone onto the Maw of the Damned.

In this way, Netrezaar would be one with his beloved axe forever. The weapon's metals would constantly drain his spirit, leaving him racked with hunger. No amount of life force would ever satisfy him. To the contrary, the more Netrezaar consumed, the worse his pangs of hunger would grow.

Kil'jaeden gifted the axe to Gorelix as a reward for his loyalty. He gave the mo'arg only one specific order: keep Netrezaar's spirit fed to continue his torture.

PART EIGHT

On a small world under siege by the Legion, Gorelix learned of the Maw's true power and potential.

He and a team of mo'arg had been tasked with building a citadel to serve as a

base of operations. In one battle, this stronghold came under attack from the world's brave defenders. A massive breach opened in the wall. If the mo'arg could not repair it soon, the entire citadel would fall to the Legion's enemies.

Gorelix volunteered to defend the breach while the other mo'arg worked. Hundreds of enemies stormed the opening in the wall, howling battle cries in their alien tongue. Gorelix stood fast, rending any who came within the Maw's deadly reach. He never flagged. On the contrary, every kill infused his body with greater strength and vitality.

When the last attacker had fallen, the other mo'arg found that they no longer needed to repair the breach. Gorelix had filled it with corpses.

PART NINE

The more Gorelix used the Maw, the more it changed him. He grew into a hulking mass of taut muscle, dwarling every other mo'arg in size. His monstrous appearance earned him a new name: the Fleshripper.

Despite the power the Maw gave him, there were times when Gorelix did not use the axe. Sometimes he would watch from a distance while the Legion besieged new worlds. All the while, Gorelix would taunt Netrezaar's spirit, describing the battle and all the lives lost in great detail.

When the Maw began to physically tremble in Gorelix's hands, he knew that Netrezaar's spirit was suffering. The mo'arg found as much satisfaction from these acts of torture as he did from imbibing the life force of his victims.

PART TEN

On the world of Centralis, the Maw of the Damned secured its place as a weapon of legend.

Centralis was home to a mighty warrior people. They resisted the Legion's attempts at conquest for much longer than other races. Yet like all who stood against the demons, they were doomed to fall eventually.

Rather than simply destroy Centralis's inhabitants, Kil'jaeden decided they

would make fitting victims for the Maw of the Damned. Their potent life essence would engorge Netrezaar's spirit and push him to new realms of torment.

At Kil'jaeden's command, Gorelix traveled to Centralis. He marched at the head of a vast Legion army, Maw in hand. The blade bit through the armor, flesh, and souls of all who fell under his gaze. No corner of Centralis was safe from Gorelix's reach. No creature, not even the smallest wild beast, was shown mercy.

When his long march had ended, only a dead world remained at his back.

PART ELEVEN

After the massacre of Centralis, Gorelix continued learning how to maximize the Maw's destructive power. So effective was he at wielding the axe that he became one of the Legion's most invaluable tools. Rather than waste Gorelix's talents in minor battles, Kil'jaeden saved the mo'arg for special tasks.

This also allowed Kil'jaeden to keep close watch over the Maw and its whereabouts. Though he trusted Gorelix, he could not bear the thought of the axe falling into enemy hands.

While in Gorelix's care, the Maw claimed countless victims. No matter how much Netrezaar's spirit feasted, his wild screams continued echoing through the axe. Even demons began to fear the Maw and its cursed prisoner. They had seen the weapon consume entire races. An entire world. Yet still it wanted more.

Whether Netrezaar's hunger will ever die is unknown.

BLADES OF THE FALLEN PRINCE

Before Icebringer and Frostreaper, there was only Frostmourne. The name alone is enough to chill the hearts of the living. Few weapons have shaped as much of modern history as this one. Frostmourne spilled the blood of kings and destroyed nations. The scars it inflicted on the world remain to this day.

Icebringer and Frostreaper will always carry this history with them, but they will not follow Frostmourne's path. They will make their own future. As one legacy ends, so another begins.

PART ONE

The tales of Frostmourne were many, but they all trace back to the Lich King. The Burning Legion molded his spectral entity for one purpose: to spread a plague of undeath across Azeroth. Deep within the trackless wastes of Northrend, the Lich King began the dark task. His influence crept over the world like a shadow and manipulated mortal minds to serve him as agents of undeath.

The Lich King also possessed otherworldly artifacts to achieve his goal. Among them was the demon-forged runeblade Frostmourne. The weapon could consume the souls of its victims, imprisoning their spirits within the blade. It could also remake the living into madness undead servants. Yet to harness these extraordinary powers, the Lich King required a mortal vessel to wield Frostmourne.

In the young prince Arthas Menethil, he would find such a vessel.

PART TWO

Lordaeron was the first region crippled by the plague of undeath. The affliction claimed entire families and villages as it tore through the human kingdom. These victims found no peace in death. They rose from the grave as mindless undead creatures called the Scourge.

Prince Arthas Menethil vowed to stop these horrors at any cost. He undertook ever more extreme measures in pursuit of this goal. Eventually, against the wishes of his closest allies, he embarked on a reckless search for the plague's source to Northrend.

There, fate led him to Frostmourne. Though Arthas knew the runeblade was cursed, he believed he could use its powers for good. He was wrong. Upon taking up Frostmourne, Arthas succumbed to the Lich King's iron will. The prince's sanity unraveled, and the runeblade gorged on his soul.

He became the first of the Lich King's death knights.

PART FOUR

From chapter three of The Fall of Lordaeron and the Scouring of the Eastweald, written by Royal Historian Archesonus:

“Prince Arthas returned from Northrend to a hero's welcome. Bells tolled as the people of Lordaeron cheered their beloved prince. No one knew that he had lost his soul to Frostmourne. No one knew that he had slain his own soldiers in Northrend and converted them into undead.

“In the capital city's throne room, Arthas knelt before his father and liege, King Terenas II. It was to be a reunion of joy, but it ended in tragedy.

“The prince plunged Frostmourne through his father's heart. The blade drained Terenas's soul, as it would do to many others. With one stroke of the cursed weapon, Arthas destroyed more than a king. He destroyed an entire nation. All of Lordaeron soon fell to the dark prince and his Scourge.”

PART FIVE

As Arthas and the Scourge swept over Lordaeron, panic seized the living. Though many humans gave in to despair, some looked to the holy paladins for salvation. Uther the Lightbringer was the greatest of these righteous warriors. If anyone had the power to stop the fallen prince, it was him.

In the city of Andorhal, the two met in a battle that would decide Lordaeron's fate. Frostmourne clashed with Uther's legendary Hammer of the Lightbringer. Each weapon blow erupted in a shower of warring energies. It was a struggle between Light and darkness, between life and death.

Death prevailed. Frostmourne cleaved through Uther's gilded armor and devoured his virtuous soul. And with that, Arthas extinguished the last ray of hope that remained for Lordaeron's people.

PART SIX

The list of Frostmourne's victims is long. Nearly everyone killed by the

runesblade suffered the same dark fate. The weapon feasted on their broken souls and locked them within Frostmourn itself.

Ranger-General Sylvanas Windrunner was an exception. When the Scourge invaded the high elf kingdom of Quel'Thalas, she led a fierce resistance. Her brilliant tactics stymied Arthas and his unholy forces at every turn. She fought with the courage and valor of a true hero.

When at last Sylvanas fell in battle, she did not receive the hero's death she deserved. Arthas punished the ranger-general for her stubborn opposition. He used Frostmourn to rip Sylvanas's soul from her body, and then he transformed her spirit into an incorporeal banshee.

PART SEVEN

The death of the high elf king Anasterian Sunstrider, as recounted by Magister Hathorel:

"That rabid dog Arthas came to Quel'Thalas for one reason: to steal the power of our glorious Sunwell. We did everything to stop him. Everything. And still Arthas and his foul army marched on.

"It was in those final moments that our great king, Anasterian, appeared. He bore the legendary blade Felo'melorn. Dead and living alike stopped and watched as Anasterian dueled Arthas.

"Old though he was, my king held his own. He pushed Arthas to his limits. But even Felo'melorn was no match for Frostmourn. Arthas cleaved Anasterian's ancient blade in two. Then, with a single ruthless strike, the death knight ran my king through.

"I wanted to fight on, but I knew in my heart that it was all over. Everyone did."

PART EIGHT

Not even the mighty Sapphiron was safe from Frostmourn's bite. This wise blue dragon was a master of arcane magic and one of the greatest of his kind

who had ever lived. For many ages, he and his loyal draconic servants stood guard over a trove of extraordinary relics in Northrend.

It was these relics that drew Arthas's attention to Sapphiron. The death knight and his Scourge minions invaded the dragon's lair to pilfer its treasures. The battle that followed would become one of legend.

Sapphiron and his fellow dragons unleashed the full fury of their arcane might on Arthas, but he would not be denied his prize. The death knight overwhelmed his ancient foes and slew them one by one. Calling on Frostmourne's powers, Arthas then transformed Sapphiron into an undead frost wyrm.

In his new form, Sapphiron would become one of the Scourge's most terrifying weapons.

PART NINE

Few crossed blades with Arthas and lived to tell the tale, but the demon Illidan Stormrage was one of them.

With a mighty army at his back, Illidan stormed across Northrend to destroy the Lich King. He advanced through sleet and snow toward Icecrown Citadel, frozen capital of the Scourge. Upon finally reaching his destination, Illidan found the death knight Arthas and the undead barring his way.

As living and dead waged war upon each other, Illidan and Arthas grappled in single combat.

Armed with the mighty Warglaives of Azzinoth, Illidan assailed the death knight from all sides. The keening of their blades splintered the ice and shook the halls of the Lich King's citadel. Though evenly matched, Arthas gained the upper hand. Frostmourne tore through Illidan's flesh, nearly killing him.

The demon escaped with his life, but his wound would never truly heal. Years later, it would still ache from Frostmourne's icy touch.

PART TEN

With Illidan defeated and his army routed, Arthas took the final step to seal his damnation. He became one with the Lich King, his mind and soul merging with the powerful spectral entity. In that moment, Arthas the death knight was no more. He became the avatar of death itself.

Arthas had bested all of his adversaries, and now his powers had increased by orders of magnitude. It seemed that none could stand against this new Lich King, but there was one who did. His name was Tirion Fordring, and he wielded a holy blade known as the Ashbringer.

At the Second Battle for Light's Hope Chapel, Tirion confronted Arthas and showed the world that he was not invincible. With a mighty blow from the Ashbringer, he forced the Scourge ruler to retreat.

It was not the last time Frostmourne would clash with the Ashbringer. When next the two blades met, only one would remain unbroken.

PART ELEVEN

No king rules forever. Atop Icecrown Citadel, Arthas would learn that lesson.

To destroy the Lich King and his Scourge once and for all, Azeroth's nations launched a massive campaign into Northrend. The bloody war culminated in a siege on Icecrown Citadel itself. Armed with the Ashbringer, Tirion Fordring led some of the world's greatest champions deep into the stronghold.

In the frenzied assault that followed, Tirion once again met Arthas in battle. The Ashbringer crashed against Frostmourne, steel howling like a bitter winter wind. After a single bone-shaking strike, Tirion did what so many other great heroes had failed to do. He shattered Frostmourne. He ended Arthas's reign.

The breaking of Frostmourne unleashed many of the souls trapped within the runeblade. It also freed Arthas from the sword's domination. According to Tirion Fordring, the fallen prince's last words were:

"I see... only darkness... before me..."

APOCALYPSE

Most stories about the Burning Legion speak of countless demons stampeding over worlds, but the cunning nathrezim know that brute force is not only way to conquer an enemy. One lie can break an alliance. One drop of poison can cripple a giant. One disease can reduce a great city to a graveyard.

The nathrezim blade called Apocalypse has accomplished all of these things. It holds the power to spread plagues, incite wars, and turn ally against ally. In the right hands, this weapon has singlehandedly brought entire civilizations crashing down before the Legion's army ever began their invasion.

PART ONE

Apocalypse was not crafted by a single nathrezim. Many of these demons forged and shaped the blade as a tool to hasten the fall of worlds.

Over the course of centuries, Apocalypse passed from one nathrezim to another. Each wielder used it to weaken mortal civilizations and leave them vulnerable to conquest by the Burning Legion. Through the creation of plagues and famines, Apocalypse stoked the fires of paranoia. Through acts of murder and betrayal, the weapon drove the Legion's enemies to turn on each other. Even the mere sight of the blade was enough to sap the strength of mortals and cause them to tremble in fear.

Whenever Apocalypse changed hands, its nathrezim owners would alter and refine it. Through the lessons learned from their conquests, they endowed the blade with new plagues and maledictions. In this way, Apocalypse became a fusion of all dark arts the nathrezim had at their disposal.

PART TWO

The last of the nathrezim to wield Apocalypse was named Kathra'natir. The weapon passed to him during Legion's invasion of Navane. This world was home to a handful of intelligent races. Though they shared a history of enmity, they put aside their differences and united against the demons.

The alliance was tenuous at best, easy prey for Kathra'natir and Apocalypse.

Kathra'natir walked among Navane's resistance forces, disguised as one of their own soldiers. He whispered rumors of betrayal in every ear, inflaming old hatreds and ancient rivalries. All the while, Apocalypse clouded the defenders' ability to reason. They began to fear each other as much as the Legion. In one night of wanton bloodshed, Navane's army went to war with itself.

Kathra'natir admired his handiwork from a distance, listening of the symphony of chaos that filled the night. By sunrise, not a single soldier remained to oppose the Legion.

PART FOUR

An account of Apocalypse from the journal of Alodi, the first Guardian of Tirisfal:

"In the blade's presence, I am physically weakened. Strange thoughts swim through my mind. Dark things I will not repeat here. The weapon has a way of dredging up fears long forgotten and giving them new life. And these are just some of its tamer qualities.

"I have requested that we destroy the weapon, but the other council members have reservations. They would prefer we lock it away alongside other artifacts recovered from demons. It is not the ideal course, but so be it. If this council is to survive, it must do so through mutual trust and understanding.

"My only hope is that it never sees the light of day again."

PART FIVE

Long after Kathra'natir's defeat, Apocalypse resurfaced. It was a time of great turmoil for the Council of Tirisfal. The current Guardian, Aegwynn, had gone rogue. Seeing no other recourse, the council created a new order called the Tirisgarde to capture the troublesome Guardian.

The Tirisgarde armed themselves with mighty artifacts to overwhelm

Aegwynn. They soon learned that artifacts alone were not enough to best a Guardian of her caliber. Aegwynn outwitted her hunters time and again. Out of desperation, the council finally unearthed Apocalypse and other closely guarded relics. They distributed these dangerous weapons to the most loyal and gifted Tirisgarde members.

Apocalypse was entrusted to Laith Sha'ol. From the very moment he held the blade, a darkness bloomed in his mind. It would continue to fester and swell until it consumed him entirely.

PART SIX

Apocalypse granted Laith Sha'ol more power than he could have hoped for, but it came at a price. Hatred tainted his thoughts. His wish to see Aegwynn brought to justice became a wish to see her dead.

Laith narrowly missed cornering his prey in the small human village of Corwell. He interrogated the townsfolk, accusing them of conspiring with Aegwynn. Though Corwell's people knew nothing of the Guardian's whereabouts, they succumbed to Apocalypse's influence. Before long, neighbor regarded neighbor with suspicion. Paranoia sank its poisoned fangs into the quaint village.

In a fit of rage, Laith cut down the town elder. The death ignited a wave of violence. Friends and family turned on each other with bare hands, teeth, and whatever else could serve as a weapon.

Only Laith walked out of that village alive.

PART SEVEN

From chapter eight of *On Plagues, Curses, and Blights* by Royal Historian Archesonus:

“There is an odd period of history during which we see an increase in disease, famine, and violence. The exact cause of these hardships is unknown. One interesting theory associates them with a nameless horseman who carried a sword of sinister origin.

“In some legends, this figure rode a pale horse. In others, a black mare with eyes aflame. Wherever the horseman passed, trouble followed. Crops withered. Diseases festered. Innocent folk simply dropped dead. For this reason, the horseman was known by many names: War, Death, Famine, and Pestilence.

“Did such an individual really exist? I think not. Attributing plagues and such to a physical entity was just a means for the people of the time to cope with phenomena beyond their control.”

PART EIGHT

When Guardian Aegwynn learned of Laith Sha’ol and Apocalypse, she made a stand to spare the world from the demon-forged blade.

Aegwynn lured Laith into a trap, expecting to make short work of her adversary. She had underestimated Apocalypse’s true strength. Laith unleashed the blade on the Guardian, draining her life force. None of Aegwynn’s spells could shield her from Apocalypse’s vampiric power. On the verge of collapse, she screamed a desperate incantation that shattered the connection between Laith and the sword.

In that moment, the darkness in Laith’s mind vanished. He remembered everything he had done while under Apocalypse’s influence. All the heartache. All the vile deeds. All the deaths.

Overcome with horror, he dropped Apocalypse where he stood. Then he ran, and he never looked back.

PART NINE

An account of Apocalypse’s whereabouts from the Council of Tirisfal, author unknown:

“It is unclear where Laith Sha’ol disappeared to, or whether he is still alive. As for Apocalypse, Tirisgarde agents have reported that Aegwynn attempted to destroy the blade and neutralize its powers, but she failed to do so. She then took steps to seal the weapon away in a place where no one would find

ti.

“There are a few prevailing theories about its current resting place. The first is that Aegwynn buried the sword at the site of her battle with Laith and shrouded it in a veil of magic. The second is that she encased the weapon in an arcane shell and cast it into the fiery heart of Blackrock Mountain.

“Though it will take time, our agents will uncover the truth and reclaim the blade.”

PART TEN

Laith Sha’ol never saw Apocalypse again. But in a cruel twist of fate, it would pass to his offspring.

After his battle with Guardian Aegwynn, Laith settled in Stormwind City and started a family. He spent his days helping those in need as a way to atone for his past. His son, Ariden, did not live such an altruistic life.

Ariden traveled the lands of Stormwind with a group of dubious merchants. These grifters sold counterfeit elixirs and artifacts, swindling innocent folk out of their personal fortunes. When the merchants tried to sell their wares to Guardian Medivh in Karazhan, their luck changed.

Medivh saw straight through their lies. To punish the merchants, the Guardian cursed them to act as his servants. Ariden and his fellow con artists became known as the Dark Riders. From that day forward, they would haunt the land, seeking out lost artifacts and bringing them to Karazhan.

PART ELEVEN

Ariden knew nothing of Apocalypse’s origins or its deadly powers. But due to his father’s history with the weapon, he felt an unnatural pull toward it. The need to find Apocalypse burned within Ariden’s soul, and he led the Dark Riders on a feverish search to uncover the mysterious artifact.

The Dark Riders scoured the lands of the Eastern Kingdoms before finally discovering the blade in the Badlands. Despite Aegwynn’s efforts to hide

Apocalypse, it had somehow surfaced again. Who had abandoned the weapon in this place, Ariden did not know. Nor did he care.

Ariden held the blade aloft, and the burning need within him finally subsided. In the years to come, he would pilfer many other artifacts, but none would ever exert the same pull on him as Apocalypse.

None would ever feel so strangely familiar.

Research efforts press on... there's more information to be uncovered in these texts. The only thing that can hold me back is time.

Come back after further research has been completed and I will continue to expand this tome.

- Head Archivist Illanna Dreadmoore

Libram of Voracity

By

Master Kariel Winthalus

<The pages are covered in ancient elven runes.>

The pages herein contain memories of events that transpired in the collection and creation of the reagents required to craft lesser arcanum.

May our enemies never gain access to these libram. May I live to see the pallid light of the moon shine upon Quel'Thalas once again.

May I die but for the grace of Kael'thas.

May I kill for the glory of Illidan.

-Master Kariel Winthalus

Liu Lang, the First Explorer

By

Unknown

“Every horizon is a treasure chest; Every blank map a story waiting to be told.” -Liu Lang

The first pandaren explorer, Liu Lang disembarked from the mainland on the back of the great turtle Shen-zin Su. His discoveries proved that the rest of the world had survived the Sundering.

He would return to Pandaria every five years, gathering more wanderers and explorers with each visit, until his death at the age of 122. The turtle Shen-zin Su has not returned to Pandaria since.

Liu Lang's Final Rest

By

Unknown

“Goodnight, Shen-zin Su. Do not mourn, old friend. I sleep, and when I awaken, my next great journey begins.” -Liu Lang

This location marks the final resting place of Liu Lang, the first pandaren explorer. Weary from a lifetime of travels, he rested under the shade of his trusted bamboo umbrella and drifted to what lies beyond.

According to legend, the unusual tree growing in this spot sprouted from that very umbrella, and his spirit has merged with the lands on Shen-zin Su's back.

In the generations that followed, many of the island's elders have followed, each planting his or her staff in the ground to create the “Wood of Staves.”

Lonebrow's Journal

By

Henrig Lonebrow

—Day One—

My journey from Ironforge finally brings me to Kalimdor!

Prospector Khazgorm of Bael Modan is making great headway. He uncovered a fossil today which the site scholars believe to be a bone fragment of an ancient god. Khazgorm is certain the fossil is part of a greater mystery. While he oversees the excavation site, he has made it my quest to discover more fossils to piece together the story. My assignment: head to the south in search of more clues.

—Day Two—

The lands of the Barrens are vast and expansive. My trek has been long and arduous and has yielded nothing of interest for the Explorers' League archives so far. The only incident of note took place near the gold road. Off in the distance I noticed some strange creatures. Half pig, half man it seemed. I quickly hid and let the foul beasts pass. My what a foul stench they left behind!

—Day Three—

Oh great and splendid discovery!

Whilst exploring today I came across a grand find: massive remains of what seems to have been a boar-like creature. Its skull towered many lengths above me. Each tooth of the beast could dwarf even... well a dwarf. Due to the sheer size of the find, I am lead to believe these are the remains of one of the

rumored Old Gods.

A while back, at the Explorers' League headquarters in Ironforge, I remember a lecture given by Chief Archeologist Greywhisker. The old chap made mention of such a god, one which was revered by the strange elves of Darnassus because of his rumored altruistic nature—Bah! One moment. I hear snorting outside the tent. Surely just some thistle boars trying to get at my apple stash....

—Day 4—

Captured!

Must... write... quickly. Attacked by boar men of the Razorfen tribe. Believed they were taking me to the great boar remains of the fallen god. Instead, they skirted the great fossils and headed directly west of the giant skull, across the Gold Road.

Roughly dragged inside of a foul-smelling, thorn infested bramble called Razorfen Kraul. Thrown inside a crudely crafted hut and held captive along with a dying night elf.

No possessions on me save for this journal, my quill and my pocket watch... Someone coming now...

—Day 5—My night elf cell mate suffers from grave wounds. The boar men have whipped him repeatedly and I believe he will perish before long unless by some miracle a rescue party braves this treacherous place. He slips in and out of consciousness. When he awakes, I try to give him what little water I have.

Last night he was able to speak for the first time. He is a druid, called Heralath, sent to these parts to examine the rumors of the fallen boar god. In a weakened voice he told me that he believed the great boar skull to be the place where the great boar god Agamaggan fell battling the Burning Legion some 10,

000 years ago during the War of the Ancients. His massive body flattened the

land and his blood sank into the earth. Twisted spires of thorns grow where his blood fell...

Heralath and his people seek to discover the source of corruption at this site. Agamaggan was believed to be a pure god, he told me. Why these foul creatures and malignant thorns scar the land is a mystery indeed.

Before I could press for more information, Heraldath slipped into fitful sleep once again...

—Day 6—Heralath's condition worsens.

His eyes opened only once today. He spoke with pained anguish but his message was clear. If I were to escape my doom here in Razorfen Kraul, word must be gotten to Falfindel Waywarder in Thalanaar that Charlga Razorflank was rousing minions in the southern Barrens. The power grows with each day. The Crone must be stopped before the plague of corruption can spread from the Kraul.

Poor Heraldath looks pale as bone. His fever grows worse by the minute. All the while the boar men are preparing for some great military action. I fear that if I do not attempt my escape soon, I will meet a fate similar to my elven cell mate. My plan is to sneak out when the boar men leave for their next hunt. My guards are lazy and often sleep through their shifts.

Once free from the Kraul, I will head towards Thousand Needles and then west to Thalanaar on the border of the mysterious forest of Feralas. There I will seek the druid known as Falfindel Waywarder.

What began as an attempt to explore the past of my people has turned into something much larger. The protection of the Alliance lies in my hands....

Loose Singed Page

By

Unknown

When the pillar of light...\sforth from Ulduar...

...Algalon, the messenger returns... sealed chamber..

...keepers, must not be destroyed ...if...\sslain...

...old gods...

...Titans...

...their wrath ...brings...

The remainder of the page is scorched beyond recognition.

Lorgalis Manuscript

By

Lorgalis

Our world brims with history. History of races new and old. History behind wars long dead, and those which still smolder. History of gods visiting from the skies. And history of older gods who sleep in the earth.

I speak now of those beings - the Old Gods. They who dwelt and raged across Azeroth when the world was new.

The Old Gods are the will of our world. In every storm there roars the laughter of an Old God. The blaze of a wildfire is the heat of their gaze. As Old Gods walk, the earth trembles and breaks, and lesser things scream and tear at their own flesh in despair.

And despair they should, for just as fire shows no mercy to a child's curious hand, the Old Gods have no care for those beneath them. At best, we are pawns. At worst, we are playthings.

They were the first masters of the world, and they ruled with might and terror. Though they are now chained and sleeping, their servants still roam and we small, frail mortals cannot match their strength.

Those who try are devoured. But those who know their place, who kneel in supplication to the servants of the Old Gods, who willingly sacrifice mind and soul... only they will find favor.

Aku'mai, Princess of the Deep, serves the Old Gods. She dwells in Blackfathom Deeps, blessing its caves with her ancient wisdom. Brought to the Deeps by older mortals, Aku'mai is a symbol of divinity. She has but a sliver of the Old Gods' power and savagery, and yet hers is still beyond

measure.

And so she is worshipped. And she is feared, and loved.

—Lorgalis

Maggran's Reserve Letter

By

Maggran Earthbinder

Grish-

Your request for some time off has been accepted. I am sending a reserve Tauren warrior to watch your post while you take time off to spend with your family. Report back in one week!

-Maggran Earthbinder

Magical Ledger

By

Azuregos

How to make an Arcanite Buoy:

Mix up some Arcanite with some Buoy. Good luck!

You didn't think it would be this easy, did you? I still owe you for the chipped scale, old friend.

-Azuregos

P.S. I hope you can figure out a way to actually make an arcanite buoy because I just made that nonsense up on the spot. I have no idea how they're going to find Maws.

Magister Duskwithers' Journal

By

Magister Duskwithers

It is my fervent hope that through my research I may find a supplemental source of magical energy that will be safe for my people. With the Sunwell gone, we must find a way to continue our way of life without succumbing to the lure of arcane magic.

I believe the future of the sin'dorei can once again serve as a shining example to all!

No luck yet. What little magic I have ready access to must be channeled through the Spire. I do have a number of intriguing ideas though. I will set my brightest apprentices to following these paths of inquiry, and see what we come up with.

It's been a while since I've written anything in these pages. Still nothing promising. I received word yesterday that one of the pupils at Sunstrider Isle, one Felendren, failed to heed the advice of his mentors and succumbed to the affliction.

I shall redouble our efforts.

Nothing. I will not give up hope, though. The Sin'dorei cannot afford to be in a position of magical dependency at this moment when we are besieged to the south.

I've devised an entirely new approach, and if successful, it will allow me to filter out the 'impurities' in some corrupted, fel magic power sources that I have stashed away. I must proceed with caution.

Amazing! We've met with some success, though the amount of magic we were able to extract was miniscule. I am going to pull most of the apprentices away from their studies to focus on this promising new approach.

With any luck at all, we should be able to refine the process and kill two birds with one stone - an abundant source of energy for ourselves, and a way to counter any fel magics we may come across in the future!

No! While experimenting with the new process my main apprentice, Telethayon, suddenly and without warning shriveled before my very eyes, succumbing to the state that afflicts my brethren. I tried to stop it, but he was too far gone. I had no choice but to put him out of his misery.

Such is the price of discovery, but I feel the weight of that cost too dearly already.

It is too much to bear... two more apprentices have succumbed. We were being so careful... I do not understand what has gone wrong.

I will have to abandon these investigations, and start over from scratch.

I was too late. A third apprentice had, unknowingly to me, been sharing the fouled research with some of the others. I am going to try to contain the situation, but first I must get the unaffected apprentices away.

I will do so by letting them all know that I am going on sabbatical at the Farstrider Retreat, in the hopes of finding a new approach to the problem.

I must find a way to atone for this horrible error in judgment.

Magnar Icebreaker

By

Unknown

Here lies Magnar Icebreaker. He stole a scale from the Earth Warder himself and led his warband to countless victories.

In the Battle of Suramar Pass he and his son were betrayed by secret worshippers of Helya and slain. He did not go alone, lying atop the piled corpses of his foes.

Manacles of Rebellion - Chains

By

Unknown

Forged of iron and imbued with spells of subjugation and pain, these manacles with inward facing spikes were forced onto the slave races of the Mogu. While the spells have long since faded, their cruelty is still chilling.

This specimen was donated by the esteemed <class>, <name>.

Manacles of Rebellion

By

Unknown

Forged of iron and imbued with spells of subjugation and pain, these manacles with inward facing spikes were forced onto the slave races of the Mogu. While the spells have long since faded, their cruelty is still chilling.

This specimen was donated by the esteemed <class>, <name>.

Mantid Lamp

By

Unknown

The glow from this lamp is neither from fire nor magic. Inside, you can see many glowing insects preserved in amber.

This specimen was donated by the esteemed <class>, <name>.

Mantid Society

By

Unknown

Mantid assaults on the Serpent's Spine are a terrible thing to experience. Both as a defender, and as a mantid. Only the smartest, strongest, or most agile of mantid survive this encounter, and pandaren defenders are slaughtered outright in terrible numbers.

Mantid survivors make their way back to the great trees, often bearing trophies of their conquests. There, they are welcomed back into the mantid society, and take their place among their civilization according to the level of their deeds.

The purpose of this rite of passage is unclear, but those who travel beyond the wall are forewarned: any mantid you encounter beyond the wall is a hardened veteran, to be feared and respected.

Manual of Engineering Disciplines

By

Unknown

The Engineering Disciplines

While it is arguable which race first devised the science of engineering on Azeroth, there is little argument as to which races are the main proponents of it in modern times: the gnomes and the goblins. Their dedication to engineering as a collective whole has not only fueled fantastic inventions in what is arguably a magical Age of Invention, but it also fueled their intense racial rivalry. Nowhere is this more evident than in their divergent disciplines.

Gnome Engineering

The gnomes as a race tend to excel in the design of items intended to manipulate and control the world around them. While they maintain a cursory understanding of explosives and weaponry, gnome engineering focuses instead on items that quite literally try to make life easier and more accessible. It is a discipline of theoretical possibilities made reality through gnomish know-how. Some possibilities, however, are never fully realized.

Goblin Engineering

As a race that finds itself as neutral in almost every conflict, goblins have taken great steps to turn science into profit. They embrace the practical applications of engineering, as evident in their radical designs of explosives, firearms, and machinery. Goblin engineering only maintains a passing interest in engineering theory; their inventions usually don't have the issue of not working, but rather working too well. It is certainly not for the faint of heart.

Discipline Study

Gnomes and goblins protect their knowledge from each other to such lengths that it is nigh impossible to access both sets of disciplines simultaneously. Each race, regardless of political affiliations, keeps the knowledge of these disciplines available only to those who agree to forgo pursuit of the other's discipline. If a student chooses to embrace gnome engineering, for example, then no knowledge of goblin engineering will ever be made available to them.

Permanent Decisions

The previous section highlighted an important point about the two engineering disciplines that must be reiterated for the sake of education. A decision to engage in either of the two disciplines means that the opposing discipline's schemata will not be available for study. While such finality may be daunting to the layman engineer, the seasoned one understands that gnomes and goblins guard their secrets with complete fervor; some knowledge is always better than none.

Quotes

“You want to know about goblin engineering? Try asking one of their best and brightest engineers about it - I think his name is ‘Nubby Stumpfingers’. Want to know why he's named that? THAT'S goblin engineering.”

—Ringo Tragediction, gnome engineer

“Say what you want about us goblins, but I will tell you this: WE HAVE EXPLOSIVES!”

—Yazz Nitrospork, goblin bombardier

More Quotes!

“Know that feeling you get when you finish making something and turn it on for the first time to experience the power and joy of invention as your device springs to life? Gnomes don't.”

—Nixx Sprocketspring, Master Goblin Engineer of Gadgetzan

“Engineering is about taking fantasy and making it fantastic!”

—Rovis Mc

Crankenspank, gnome inventor

Mariner's Log

By

Unknown

First Watch, Seven Bells

Cedric found in rum closet again. Disciplined.

First Watch, Eight Bells

Watches changed. All is well.

Middle Watch, One Bell

Cedric found attempting to break into Captain's wine cabinet. Disciplined.

Middle Watch, Two Bells

Cedric climbed rigging, became tangled and fell. Attended by ship's surgeon. Sent below to sober up.

Middle Watch, Four Bells

Bottle of rum found in Cedric's pants. Disciplined.

Middle Watch, Five Bells

Cedric's clothes found. Cedric found separately. Cedric disciplined.

Middle Watch, Six Bells

Cedric singing loudly. Woke Captain. Cedric disciplined by Captain.

Middle Watch, Eight Bells

Watches changed. All quiet. Two men sent to locate Cedric.

Morning Watch, One Bell

Fire in Captain's quarters. All hands roused. Throwing powder overboard.

Marshal McBride's Documents

By

Marshal McBride

REPORT: Kobolds

The activity of kobolds has decreased in Northshire Valley. All kobolds were driven off by the rampaging Blackrock orcs.

REPORT: BLACKROCK ORCS

An invasion force of Blackrock orcs has emerged in the valley. This attack seems to be a precursor to something far more insidious. Warn Magistrate Solomon of Lakeshire.

COMMENDATION:

The bearer of these documents is to be awarded Deputy status with the Stormwind Army, having served Northshire with eagerness and distinction. I am confident you will find this person useful in Elwynn Forest.

signed:

-Marshal Douglas McBride, Stormwind Army, Northshire

Maybell's Love Letter

By

Maybell

Tommy Joe -

With each passing hour, my heart withers from your absence. Oh, if only our folks could see beyond the silly crimes they have done to each other, and know that the only true crime is hate. Hate consumes, and I fear in these dimming times that hate will take hold of more than just our families.

If they realized this then we could, at long last, be together. It is for that day I hope, and for that day I live.

Your love,

Maybell

McCarty's Notes

By

Quartermaster McCarty

<The handwriting is unintelligible chicken scratch, but you can make out references to the color pink...>

Megacharge's Cookbook

By

Unknown

This heavy book contains recipes and uses for various types of explosives, from conventional to exotic. You quickly flip through to the section entitled “Anti-Magical Ordnance.”

“If you’ve ever gotta take down some kind of magic barrier, then you might have to get a bit unconventional with your munitions. You could stack an ogre-sized heap of dynamite against one and you’re only likely to end up with some scorched ground, and maybe a missing limb or two.

“Fortunately, Megacharge has got you covered there, with the Arcane Bunker Buster (patent pending)!”

“To make one, you’ll first need to acquire some high grade, precision blasting powder. Here in Blackfuse Company, it’s pretty easy to come by, since they use it for all of the cannons.

“If you’re elsewhere in the world, though, you’ll need to find a top-of-the-line producer, as only the finest blasting powder will work in this application.”

“For a detonator, you’ll need one of those high-charge electric deals. The Arcane Bunker Buster requires a lot of juice to go off, so your average detonator just won’t do.”

A note is attached to this page:

“Reminder: Order more high-voltage detonators. The last shipment was lost off of the Shadowmoon coast near the demon-inhabited cliffs. Maybe we

should send a diving team to salvage.”

“The final, and most important ingredient for the Arcane Bunker Buster, is a sizable quantity of demon blood. The unique properties of the magic-infused blood combine with the blasting powder into an incredibly potent mixture.

“When ignited by a high-voltage electric charge, this combination will explode in a magically-charged explosion, sufficient enough to take down most arcane barriers.

“Just make sure to take cover before the thing goes off.”

Memorial Plaque

By

Unknown

Here lie the Truecallers. Brave Aelynn and noble Banlorus ruled the battlefields and courts alike. They fell as they lived, protecting our people from threats on all sides.

Anu Dorah. We remember.

Merrin's Letter

By

Merrin

My Dearest Tarrel -

Excuse the haste with which this correspondence was written but time is not a luxury we have. The dig crew was making significant progress unearthing important Titan artifacts. But we began to discover other ancient objects, specifically large bones.

Not long after the bones were dug up we fell victim to attack by Raptors. The battalion of men from Longbraid's regiment fought valiantly. But ultimately, they were overwhelmed. Nearly everyone perished. Only 3 of us survived. A laborer by the name of Ormer Ironbraid proved to be most heroic as he ensured the safety of myself and Prospector Whelgar.

We now take refuge in a sheltered cavern, seemingly out of harm's way. But we are indeed trapped until a force can be sent to reckon with the Raptors. Whelgar is trying to continue work but I suspect he is still quite frightened. That is our situation, Tarrel. Please urge Longbraid to muster a rescue force at once.

My love for you remains strong, even through this dire time.

—Merrin

Metzen's Letters and Notes

By

Unknown

On behalf of Smokywood Pastures, thanks again for looking into this. We're not sure which group has Metzen, but investigating either would be a good place to start!

Time is money friend, and we have very precious little of it in this case. Be swift in your efforts to rescue, as these groups are not to be taken lightly in what they are capable of.

Anyway, the next two pages are the ransom notes we received. Good luck...

If you want the reindeer back alive, then you'll be quick with the ransom. The Southsea Pirates don't take kindly to delays in payment, and we know how valuable the beast is to YOUR form of piracy.

Bring the sum of 1000 gold in to the mouth of Lost Rigger Cove in Tanaris. Any attempt to rescue the reindeer will result in Metzen taking a very long walk off of a very short plank.

Yeargh...

The Southsea Pirates

Your prized pet isn't doing very well out here in the unrelenting heat of Searing Gorge... you'll be wise to meet our demands without delay.

You will bring us five star rubies and the sum of 700 gold - place both in a single plain package that is free of markings. Leave the package at the gates to Stonewrought Pass within a week.

Failure to meet our demands will result in Metzen being the main course of a traditional Dark Iron Dwarven Winter Veil feast.

Mmmm... reindeer...

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,

And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;

“Now, Mercer! now, Chilton! now, Jordan and Kaplan!

On, Nagle! on Pardo! on, Goodman and Metzen!

To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!

Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!”

Military Ranks of the Horde & Alliance

By

Unknown

MILITARY RANKS OF THE HORDE & ALLIANCE

Throm'ka! In this book you will find many listings of the military ranks of the Horde and the puny Alliance.

First will come the Horde, then the Alliance, each with listings of officers and enlisted ranks. As is fitting, the strongest are listed at the top, with the weaker listed below them.

OFFICER RANKS OF THE HORDE Part 1

High Warlord

Warlord

General

Lieutenant General

Champion

OFFICER RANKS OF THE HORDE Part 2

Centurion

Legionnaire

Blood Guard

Stone Guard

HORDE ENLISTED RANKS

First Sergeant

Senior Sergeant

Sergeant

Grunt

Scout

OFFICER RANKS OF THE ALLIANCE Part 1

Grand Marshal

Field Marshal

Marshal

Commander

Lieutenant Commander

OFFICER RANKS OF THE ALLIANCE Part 2

Knight-Champion

Knight-Captain

Knight-Lieutenant

Knight

ALLIANCE ENLISTED RANKS

Sergeant Major

Master Sergeant

Sergeant

Corporal

Private

Mists of Dawn

By

Unknown

Before the Age of Memory, the gentle Earthmother breathed upon the golden mists of dawn. Where the amber clouds came to rest, there were endless fields of flowing wheat and barley. This was the basin of her works - the great basket of life and hope.

The Earthmother's eyes shone down upon the lands she had breathed into creation. Her right eye, An'she (the sun), gave warmth and light to the land. Her left eye, Mu'sha (the moon), gave peace and sleep to the stirring creatures of the dawning. Such was the power of her gaze that the Earthmother closed one dreaming eye for every turning of the sky. Thus, her loving gaze turned day into night for the first dawning of the world.

While the right eye shone down upon the golden dawn, the Earthmother's gentle hands spread out across the golden plains. Wherever the shadow of her arms passed, a noble people arose from the rich soil. The Shu'halo (the tauren) arose to give thanks and prayer to their loving mother. There, in the endless fields of dawn, the children of the earth swore themselves to her grace and vowed to bless her name until the final darkening of the world.

Misty Monsters

By

Unknown

This pit closely resembles the environments of the jungle basins. It is said that this is where life began! Inside this pen you can find Old Wise, our resident yeti.

DID YOU KNOW?

Old Wise did not need a collar of domination to come with us. Our top trappers realized he had an appetite for goats and lured him back to the city. He seems content to sit here and eat goats. It is said the Magistrix herself commended him for his wise behavior, and he has been affectionately called “Old Wise” ever since.

PLEASE DO NOT ANGER OLD WISE - Management.

Mogu Coin

By

Unknown

This currency was used during the reign of mogu emperor Wai, who is depicted in all his snarling glory. The reverse of the coin depicts the changing of Mogu dynasties, a bloody process wherein the previous regime must be overpowered and executed. In many ways, ancient Mogu government was a meritocracy, based on brutal strength and terrible cunning.

This specimen was donated by the esteemed <class>, <name>.

Monument of Remembrance

By

General Turalyon

In remembrance of the Supreme Allied Commander, Anduin Lothar: A man who would sacrifice everything in defense of his king, his people, his home...

Let our enemies know our names. Let our allies honor our passing. We are the Sons of Lothar.

- General Turalyon

Monument to Grom Hellscream

By

Thrall

Here lies Grommash Hellscream, Chieftain of the Warsong Clan

In many ways, the curse of our people began and ended with Grom.

His name meant 'giant's heart' in our ancient tongue. He earned that name a hundred-fold as he stood alone before the demon Mannoroth - and won our freedom with his blood. Lok'Tar ogar, big brother. May the Warsong never fade.

-Thrall, Warchief of the Horde

Moonlit Note

By

Unknown

This is it, the final one! We hope you've had a lot of fun!

You seek a sail, not white or black, it must be the color of Silas' hat.

Moonrest Gardens Plans

By

Unknown

Goramosh,

I am sending a representative of the Ethereum to you. Ambassador Duyheen tells me that there are more of his kind who would like to join the cause. Feel him out, see if you can find a use for him.

If he proves helpful, I may consider accepting more of his kind into the fold.

Don't be an idiot; burn this letter once you've read it!

M

Mor'zul's Instructions

By

Mor'zul Bloodbringer

To bind a dreadsteed, you must do these three things: Create a Circle of Greater Summoning.

Within the Circle, open a portal to Xoroth and pull the dreadsteed through it.

Defeat the dreadsteed, then dominate its spirit.

The following pages will detail how each of these steps may be performed. It will not be easy, but you have proven to be very able. With focus and skill, I am confident the dreadsteed will be yours.

Read on,

-Mor'zul Bloodbringer

Implements of the Ritual

Before you begin your task, you must have the following magical implements: J'eevee's Jar

A Black Lodestone

Xorothian Glyphs

My servant Gorzeeki will have them for you, for a price. Do not attempt any step of your ritual without all of these implements. Each is essential.

Within the next pages, I will describe how each implement must be used.

Circle of Greater Binding

A Circle of Greater Binding must be created at a site where magic is strong. There is such a place deep in the ruins of Eldre'Thalas, also called Dire Maul. In Eldre'Thalas there is imprisoned a being of great power, Immol'thar; it is on the pedestal of his prison where you must perform the ritual to create the Circle.

Fight your way to the Pedestal, then let J'eevee out of his jar.

The Bell, the Wheel and the Candle

After releasing J'eevee he will then place the Bell, the Wheel and the Candle, and a circle will appear. This is the start of the ritual. You must be vigilant; the aforementioned objects conduct vast energies and are prone to failing. When this happens you must quickly use your Black Lodestone to restart them before your entire ritual fails.

If all three objects have failed before you can restart them, then your ritual ends and you must begin it anew.

In addition to conducting the energies of the ritual, the Bell, Wheel and Candle have unique properties of their own.

The Bell of Dethmoora, when ringing, bestows warlocks in the circle with vigor and energy.

The Wheel of the Black March, when spinning, protects those in the circle from harm.

The Doomsday Candle, when burning, sends eldritch energy at foes who enter the circle.

Because of these blessings, it is very important to keep all of these objects working during the ritual.

It must also be noted that the Black Lodestone, used to restart the Bell, Wheel or Candle if they fail, requires soul shards. Each time you restart a ritual object with the Lodestone one of your soul shards will be consumed, so be

sure to have a large stock of them before the ritual begins.

Completing the Ritual

You can track your progress by the magic runes along the border of the circle. When nine runes appear then the ritual is complete, and you will see energy rise from the newly empowered Circle.

From there, you may invoke the Xorothian Glyphs and open a portal into Xoroth and pull a dreadsteed through it.

Defeat the dreadsteed and release his spirit. Confront the spirit and it will be enthralled, and you will be rewarded with the secret of its summoning.

Morris's Order

By

Morris

By order of Executor Zygand, below are the items deemed necessary in order to maintain the stock of Brill:

12 Long swords

9 Daggers

8 Round Shields

15 Axes

1000 Arrows

Fulfillment of this order is to be considered a direct command of the Dark Lady, and those responsible will be brought to Her attention, as will any who oppose or otherwise hamper Her wishes.

Mount Hyjal and Illidan's Gift

By

Unknown

The few night elves that survived the horrific explosion rallied together on crudely made rafts and slowly made their way to the only landmass in sight. Somehow, by the grace of Elune, Malfurion, Tyrande, and Cenarius had survived the Great Sundering. The weary heroes agreed to lead their fellow survivors and establish a new home for their people.

As they journeyed in silence, they surveyed the wreckage of their world and realized that their passions had wrought the destruction all around them. Though Sargeras and his Legion had been ripped from the world by the Well's destruction, Malfurion and his companions were left to ponder the terrible cost of victory.

There were many Highborne who did survive the cataclysm unscathed. They made their way to the shores of the new land along with the other night elves. Though Malfurion mistrusted the Highborne's motivations, he was satisfied that they could cause no real mischief without the Well's energies.

As the weary mass of night elves landed upon the shores of the new land, they found that the holy mountain, Hyjal, had survived the catastrophe. Seeking to establish a new home for themselves, Malfurion and the night elves climbed the slopes of Hyjal and reached its windswept summit. As they descended into the wooded bowl, nestled between the mountain's enormous peaks, they found a small, tranquil lake. To their horror, they found that the lake's waters had been fouled by magic.

Illidan, having survived the Sundering as well, had reached Hyjal summit long before Malfurion and the night elves. In his mad bid to maintain the flows of magic in the world, Illidan had poured his vials, which contained the

precious waters from the Well of Eternity, into the mountain lake.

The Well's potent energies quickly ignited and coalesced into a new Well of Eternity. The exultant Illidan, believing that the new Well was a gift to future generations, was shocked when Malfurion hunted him down. Malfurion explained to his brother that magic was innately chaotic and that its use would inevitably lead to widespread corruption and strife. Still, Illidan refused to relinquish his magical powers.

Knowing full well where Illidan's ruthless schemes would eventually lead, Malfurion decided to deal with his power-crazed brother once and for all. With Cenarius' help, Malfurion sealed Illidan within a vast underground barrow prison, where he would remain chained and powerless until the end of time. To ensure his brother's containment, Malfurion empowered the young warden, Maiev Shadowsong, to be Illidan's personal jailor.

Concerned that destroying the new Well might bring about an even greater catastrophe, the night elves resolved to leave it be. However, Malfurion declared that they would never practice the arts of magic again. Under Cenarius' watchful eye, they began to study the ancient arts of druidism that would enable them to heal the ravaged earth and re-grow their beloved forests at the base of Mount Hyjal.

Muddy Journal Pages

By

Stalvan Mistmantle

...most certain that she shares the same feelings for me now. She even placed her hand on mine this morning. When she smiles, her eyes light up like glittering diamonds. Unspoken words pass between us. I can feel her in my pounding heart and heated veins.

...anger and fury the likes of which I never knew existed! How dare she. As I was instructing Giles in the meaning of numbers, Tilloa appears before me with a suitor, holding hands in public nonetheless! What an uncouth young man. Rather than introduce me properly, Tilloa simply said, "Oh that's just my tutor, Uncle Stalvan. He's a nice old man." Old! At that word my cheeks flushed with heat. I am but a few years older and yet she betrays...

Muddy Note

By

Unknown

Day 1:

6am to 11am - upper camp

11am to 11:30am - break, lunch

11:30am to 4:00pm - canyon pass

4:00pm to 7:30pm - upper camp

Day 2:

Same schedule as day 1

Day 3:

Same schedule

Day 4:

Same schedule, with one exception. Just before sunset, Thorsen had me cover for him as he crept down the canyon pass. I assumed he went to meet with our agents.

But he returned an hour later. This surprised me. I had hoped he met with our agents and would rejoin Kurzen. Something is wrong.

Day 5:

Thorsen was very agitated today. Whatever he saw or whomever he met during his excursion yesterday must have scared him.

I assumed our agents spoke with him, but when I asked Thorsen where he went while I covered for him, he remained quiet. He believes I am his friend, and he believes he is protecting me from a dangerous secret.

His loyalties are misplaced, but they are strong. When he rejoins us, he will be a valuable addition to Kurzen's forces.

Day 6:

Early in the morning, Thorsen spoke at length with Sergeant Yohwa. I had to pretend I still slept and so was unable to move within earshot. But I assume they spoke of Thorsen's earlier excursion.

I watched him closely at lunch and noticed Yohwa doing the same. Later, Doren summoned Thorsen. The three of them share a secret. Doren and Yohwa must know that Thorsen is meeting with your agents.

He is spying for the rebels.

We must give Thorsen no more intelligence, and we must kill him. He is of no more use to our Colonel.

I will put an end to Thorsen if given the opportunity, but if you receive this letter then you will know I have not yet had the chance. In which case, I suggest Thorsen's next meeting with our agents is a fatal one.

Hail Kurzen,

-M

Murloc Clue

By

Unknown

<The letter is missing entries as the ink has washed away in many places.>

... every form of... \shas been based... \son the antagonism of oppressing and
oppressed nothing to lose, but your chains the past cannot be
forgotten cannot be forgiven will RISE AGAIN!

Musings of the High General

By

High General Abbendis

Purify the body with labor. Purify the soul with prayer. Purify your enemies with fire. Pain is not an enemy, but an ally to be embraced, held close, and delivered to unbeliever and believer alike. Resistance to the ways of the Light is a sign of impurity, and should be excised from the flesh of the community.

Mysterious Note

By

Wrathion

Adventurer -

I have gone through great effort to learn your name, and I am pleased that one of my missives found its intended recipient. All is quiet on Pandaria - for the moment - but world events are developing quickly. Help me to shape the course of the upcoming conflict and you will be generously rewarded. Please seek me out at the Tavern in the Mists, hidden away in the Veiled Stair.

-The Black Prince

Mysterious Note

By

Wrathion

My friend -

A great deal has happened since we last crossed paths in the Eastern Kingdoms. I hope you haven't forgotten about me. All is quiet on Pandaria - for the moment - but world events are developing quickly. Help me to shape the course of the upcoming conflict and you will be generously rewarded. Please seek me out at the Tavern in the Mists, hidden away in the Veiled Stair.

-The Black Prince

Mysterious Pearl

By

Unknown

The pearl appears to be temporarily drained of its power...

Mysterious Propaganda

By

Vanessa VanCleaf

The hour of our redemption draws ever closer, brothers and sisters! Tonight we will shed the shell of our former lives and be reborn as heroes!

-V

Mysterious Wreckage

By

Unknown

You have found the wreckage of a mysterious object. Beyond the flames, you are able to make out an insignia marked “M:1815212085”. You wonder what world this object must be from...

Mythology of the Titans

By

Unknown

No one knows exactly how the universe began. Some theorize that a catastrophic cosmic explosion sent the infinite worlds spinning out into the vastness of the Great Dark - worlds that would one day bear life-forms of wondrous and terrible diversity. Others believe that the universe, as it exists, was created as a whole by a singular, all-powerful entity.

Though the exact origins of the chaotic universe remain unclear, it is clear that a race of powerful beings arose to bring order to the various worlds and ensure a safe future for the beings that would follow in their footsteps.

The Titans, colossal, metallic-skinned gods from the far reaches of the cosmos, came forward and set to work on the worlds they encountered. They shaped the form of their worlds by raising mighty mountains and dredging out vast seas.

They breathed skies and raging atmospheres into being - all part of their unfathomable, far-sighted plan to create order out of chaos. They even empowered primitive races to tend to their works and maintain the integrity of their respective worlds.

The Titans, ruled by an elite sect known as the Pantheon, brought order to a hundred million worlds scattered throughout the Great Dark Beyond during the first ages of creation.

The benevolent Pantheon, seeking to safeguard their structured worlds, was ever vigilant against the threat of attack from the vile, extra-dimensional entities of the Twisting Nether. The Nether, an ethereal dimension of chaotic magics that connected the myriad worlds of the universe together, was home

to an infinite number of malefic, demonic beings, who sought only to destroy life and devour the energies of the living universe.

Nat Pagle's Guide to Extreme Anglin'

By

Nat Pagle

...sand so that's where you'll find the legendary sword of the Scarlet Highlord, Ashbringer.

Ain't it amazin' what you run into in an ordinary day of fishin'?

Neeka's Report

By

Neeka Bloodscar

Helgrum,

My compliments to whomever issued the order to establish our base of Kargath in the Badlands. It is an ideal locale to train our troops. Its harsh weather, vicious wildlife, warlike natives and complete lack of outside support make this place a crucible from which only the finest warriors and scouts will emerge.

Good planning. Well done.

I will describe the surrounding lands as the scouts of Kargath have surveyed:-
Red, rocky hills and dry flats that offer little support for life.

-A blazing sun and severe winds.

-No lakes or streams. Not even scattered pools. To find water denizens must dig deep, muddy wells, or suck scant moisture from the rare cactus or spiny weed.

In short: hot, hard living.

The Badlands are filled with enemies. Ogres roam the blistering sands, ambushing the unwary. Dark Iron dwarves inhabit a barracks east of Kargath and battle their lighter-skinned cousins in Loch Modan to the north. Brutal, primitive beasts called Troggs haunt any scrap of shade they find and defend it savagely.

And in eastern Badlands, in the Lethlor Ravine, there are dragons. We don't

know how many and we don't know how big, since scouts who get too close never return.

It need not be said that we—those garrisoned at Kargath—are quite happy with our assignment. We stay tough here, because if we get soft then we die.

And I wouldn't have it any other way.

Neeka Bloodscar

Head Scout, Kargath

Nerus' Journal

By

Nerus Moonfang

They may never forgive me for what I have done, but they will be safe. For now, my family will be safe.

The weight of my decision weighs heavy on my heart, but each day I see their carefree smiles lifts that burden just a little.

Blissful ignorance is a gift I've given them; one they will not realize until it's too late, but there is no going back. What's done is done.

I hope I've made the right choice.

- Nerus Moonfang

Netherologist's Notes

By

Netherologist Coppernickels

<After a number of pages of mind-numbing 'science' that seem to make absolutely no sense, there is a note scribbled at the bottom of the last page....>

Sorry, boss. It looks like the Netherstorm's gonna blow pretty soon. It'll probably take most of the rest of Outland with it.

I'm not 100% certain, but I think the problem is related to whatever those blood elves are doing at the mana forges. Good thing you're building that rocket!

—Coppernickels

p.s. - do you think I could get a seat on the rocket? You're certain to need a netherologist while you're cruising through the Twisting Nether!

Nethersworn Manifesto

By

Unknown

From the shadows will come
The one who came before
When the world was unripe, he sowed the seeds
His fruits left for the righteous to tend
We must shape the world for his rebirth
For only the faithful will stand in his shadow
In the darkest corners of Azeroth we will hide
To keep blind those without faith
Knowing no bonds and carrying no weight
Ever vigilant for the return
And on that day, when the world is ripe
Our rites will carve a path for his ascension
And at the place its skin is thinnest
He will pierce the heart of this wounded world
To the shadows he will return

And return the shadow to this world

News From the North

By

D. Adams

To High General Abbendis

New Avalon, Scarlet Lands

High General Abbendis,

I hope this letter finds you in good health. My name is Dansel Adams, hunter by trade, Scarlet Crusader by blood. I am writing this letter to inform you that I have witnessed a miracle.

During a routine purging of heathens in the Scourge infested Plagewood, my party and I were interrupted by a deafening screech coming from the sky. When we looked to the heavens, towards Naxxramas, our jaws dropped to the floor. I tell you this now, High General, 'twas a sight not to be believed! The dread citadel was moving. Slowly at first and then with a thunderous roar - poof - it was gone!

That's right, High General, Naxxramas is gone! No more! Could it be anything other than a miracle of the Light? I say not!

May it be that the impure, unkempt barbarians, are judged and sentenced next. Praise be the Light!

Please let our brothers and sisters know of this miracle, High General.

May the Light preserve you for all eternity so that you may spread the good word until the end of days.

Respectfully,

D. Adams

“The Closer”

Nights with the Nightborne

By

Una Wintern

NIGHTS WITH THE NIGHTBORNE by Una Wintern.

<You unroll the treatise.>

This scroll appears to be a periodical release smuggled out of Suramar. It is written in a breathlessly gossipy style and has numerous examples of a Nightborne fashion detailed and diagramed.

There is even a section for adolescent elves that is stridently political and well written. It is a sharp contrast to the “grown-up” section.

Nitrin's Instructions

By

Nitrin the Learned

To grant the imbiber of the tincture vision to see the dead, certain material components must be gathered.

First, an eyeball from the mountain gronn of western Nagrand, near the cursed forge camps of the Burning Legion, south of Warmaul Hill.

Also found in western Nagrand are the greater windrocs. Only a flawless specimen will do!

Lastly, from both western and southwestern Nagrand is the blubber from the aged clefthoof.

Gather these items and return them to me! Make haste!

-Nitrin

Note for Oakin

By

Unknown

Oakin Ironbowl. Your courage set a path that helped save Highmountain. It sparked a powerful alliance between the Tauren and the Stonedark Drogbar. You are a true hero, and we thank you...

Note for Old Mefu

By

Unknown

One of the eldest of Highmountain, you were stubborn till the end. Honored Spirit Walker, you will continue in tales for generations...

Note for Oro

By

Unknown

Dearest Oro... Husband, father, and loyal servant of the Rivermane, and Highmountain tribes... You shall always be remembered and loved.

Note for Ulan

By

Unknown

Dearest father, Ulan... You have made the ultimate sacrifice for the Highmountain Tribe. May your spirit soar amongst the clouds and throughout the stars.

Odorous Pamphlet

By

Unknown

ZEPPELIN TO OBLIVION, PRESENTED BY TRADE PRINCE
GALLYWIX

Green fire rains from the heavens. A tide of demons washes over civilization. Sounds bad, right? Not if you're seeing it all go down from Trade Prince Gallywix's Zeppelin to Oblivion! Act now and buy a ticket (see disclaimer) for a place on the trade prince's uberzeppelin. This floating pleasure palace will tour every major city as the Burning Legion dances the fel tango over the world. Grab a drink, enjoy a live performance by the Bilgewater Quartet, and ride out the apocalypse in style! Disclaimer: Access to the uberzeppelin's rum slides and pudding jacuzzis sold separately.

Ogre Wayguide

By

Unknown

Ha Ha You Came This Far For Nothing

Go Away

Now

Old Hatreds - the Colonization of Kalimdor

By

Unknown

Though victory was theirs, the mortal races found themselves in a world shattered by war. The Scourge and the Burning Legion had all but destroyed the civilizations of Lordaeron, and had almost finished the job in Kalimdor. There were forests to heal, grudges to bury, and homelands to settle. The war had wounded each race deeply, but they had selflessly banded together to attempt a new beginning, starting with the uneasy truce between the Alliance and Horde.

Thrall led the orcs to the continent of Kalimdor, where they founded a new homeland with the help of their tauren brethren. Naming their new land Durotar after Thrall's murdered father, the orcs settled down to rebuild their once-glorious society.

Now that the demon curse was ended, the Horde changed from a warlike juggernaut into more of a loose coalition, dedicated to survival and prosperity rather than conquest. Aided by the noble tauren and the cunning trolls of the Darkspear tribe, Thrall and his orcs looked forward to a new era of peace in their own land.

The remaining Alliance forces under Jaina Proudmoore settled in southern Kalimdor. Off the eastern coast of Dustwallow Marsh, they built the rugged port city of Theramore. There, the humans and their dwarven allies worked to survive in a land that would always be hostile to them. Though the defenders of Durotar and Theramore kept the tentative truce with one another, the fragile colonial serenity was not meant to last.

The peace between the orcs and humans was shattered by the arrival of a massive Alliance fleet in Kalimdor. The mighty fleet, under the command of Grand Admiral Daelin Proudmoore (Jaina's father), had left Lordaeron before Arthas had destroyed the kingdom. Having sailed for many grueling months, Admiral Proudmoore was searching for any Alliance survivors he could find.

Proudmoore's armada posed a serious threat to the stability of the region. As a renowned hero of the Second War, Jaina's father was a staunch enemy of the Horde, and he was determined to destroy Durotar before the orcs could gain a foothold in the land.

The Grand Admiral forced Jaina to make a terrible decision: support him in battle against the orcs and betray her newfound allies, or fight her own father to maintain the fragile peace that the Alliance and the Horde had finally attained. After much soul-searching, Jaina chose the latter and helped Thrall defeat her crazed father.

Unfortunately Admiral Proudmoore died in battle before Jaina could reconcile with him or prove that orcs were no longer bloodthirsty monsters. For her loyalty, the orcs allowed Jaina's forces to return home safely to Theramore.

Old Ri and the Million Souls

By

Unknown

Late one autumn evening, two good friends sat on the deck behind the Lazy Turnip Inn. Below them slumbered the quiet farming town of Halfhill. The midnight air was cool to the skin. A thin misting fog had begun to coat the rolling green hills of the valley below with dew, and the spire of the Imperial Granary stood out as a dark shadow against the brilliant canvas of stars overhead.

An evening of good food and many hours smoking the native herbs had put the two friends in a contemplative mood.

Zhi - the younger and more tightly wound of the two companions - suddenly asked a very pointed question: "What if none of this is real?"

His old friend Ri, who until now had been leaning back with his hat over his eyes, lifted up the straw brim to peer at his friend. "A serious question?" he said, his brown eyes gleaming intently.

Zhi swept his arm over the horizon, indicating the whole of the valley. "What if we are just images, drawn into someone's painting?" he asked. He touched the side of his face, gasping. "What if we are characters in a book!?"

Old Ri hugged his belly with both hands and bellowed a deep, contemplative laugh. He took the smoking pipe from his friend Zhi and set it aside.

"Behind the eyes sits a person's soul," Old Ri answered at last. "Their essence: the thinking, loving, emotional core of being. My soul makes me real, as does yours."

And now Old Ri rose to stand beside his friend. He put his arm around Zhi's shoulder and drew his attention to the valley below. "See there below us, to our right? The farmer's market?" In the cool autumn darkness, the Halfhill Market was like an island of warm yellow light amongst the dark undulating hills. Colorful flags rippled in the chill breeze, and figures could be seen moving amongst the stalls, buying supplies or bartering the fruits of their labor. The sound of their voices and laughter, indistinguishable from one another but unmistakably alive, could be heard all the way to the inn.

"Those figures moving about, each of them has a soul," Old Ri continued. "And together, we share this space. Millions of souls, sharing one place together. Our place! Halfhill is real, so long as you and I are here together to enjoy it." Satisfied, Old Ri returned to his seat and motioned to the innkeeper for another drink.

Zhi lingered at the edge of the patio, resting his weight against the rough timber of a pillar. He breathed in the cool air, and watched fireflies dart amongst the waving starlit grasses of the fields below. "Ri," he said at last. "Painting or no... if our souls are to share a place, I would share no other with you."

Old Ri tipped his hat back over his eyes and answered with a warm rumble of agreement.

The sound of crickets mixed with the lively bustle of the market below lulled the two friends back into a blissful silence.

Old Wanted Poster

By

Unknown

Dangerous!

The following humans of Hillsbrad have been deemed dangerous and are marked for bounty by High Executor Darthalia:

Clerk Horrace Whitesteed. Wanted for the murder of Deathguard Toma.

Citizen Wilkes. Wanted for the murder of Apothecary Eli.

Miner Hackett. Wanted for the murder of Deathstalker Fry.

Farmer Kalaba. Wanted for the ambush of supplies from the Undercity.

All of these enemies are hiding and will be hard to find. A reward will be granted upon notice of their death.

Ominous Letter

By

Lord Illidan Stormrage

Vazruden,

Since the Dark Portal has reopened, Honor Hold and Thrallmar have been receiving significant reinforcements from Azeroth. I have seen reports suggesting that they are planning an attack upon the citadel, and while we must contend as well with the Burning Legion. This is unacceptable!

Do not jeopardize the operation in the Blood Furnace! The fel orcs being produced there are the key to our success. Strengthen the defenses on the ramparts and post more perimeter guards immediately!

Trust me, you do not want for me to pay you a visit.

—Illidan

Ominous Pamphlet

By

Unknown

DEFY THE LEGION

No one can save us from the demons, but we can deny them the glory of their victory. Burn your worldly possessions. Set the streets alight and give in to the temptations of chaos. Do not stop the rampage until only dust and bones remain for the Legion to conquer.

On Naxxramas

By

Unknown

I went to work within a war factory of the mighty Scourge today! Naxxramas bristles with activity. I was saddened to learn that they were using more foolish puzzle mechanisms to power mission-critical teleport devices, but otherwise it seemed to be a tight ship. My thoughts turned toward gainful research, until I ran astray of the perverse nerubian...

The Nerubian's overtures are without number. Always calling to me in that creepy, droning voice of its. Invitations to study in his 'parlor'. I've taken to sequestering myself in the broken pipe behind Gluth's chambers, as it's the only place he won't follow me. My mind is wearing thin!

How does this lackadaisical cadre of misfits and rotting corpses intend to conquer all of Azeroth? Their self-defeating disingenuity falls short of any reasonable appearance of effort at self-preservation! I can make no effort to effect change with the detestable nerubian hounding my footsteps and blackening my dreams!

Though this may seem a trend in my recent ventures with employment in the Scourge, adventurers have broken into the necropolis and are killing my colleagues. Alas, even the hot redhead in Faerlina's cult, slain, before the creepy spider would let me talk with her! I hate this place, as soon as I turn undead I'm SO out of here. It's time to fight!

On Scholomance

By

Unknown

I have earned the chapter's favor at last and been granted entry to the Scholomance! Today my final ascent into glorious undeath begins!

Things within the Scholomance are far more rustic than I'd expected. Research materials are strewn in awkward piles, some sealed together with wax dripped from the odd untended candle. Constructs, spirits, and demons roam the halls untended. I must say that I expected more from such practiced necromancers as these!

Today a troupe of brigands broke into the school and began slashing their way through to the crypts. As they cut down a study group in the foyer, the nearby students continued their practices, oblivious! The forces within that hall would overwhelm a small army, yet they yielded piece-meal. Fools!

As I read with Darkmaster Gandling today, invaders broke through the viewing room doors and reached the crypts! The crazy sod hid behind a bookcase, giggling, as he watched them slay each of the school's administrators within the crypts! Then, he burst forth, shouting "School is in session!" Is he off his rocker? I'm recommending myself for transfer to Stratholme!

On Stratholme

By

Unknown

Today I became a Thuzadin Necromancer within Stratholme! I rather wonder why no-one puts out the fires, and I was mortified to learn of the nonsensical system of ziggurrats linked to the slaughterhouse gates. If we need to keep people away from the slaughterhouse, why don't we just lock the gate? Forever?

I'm beginning to learn why things are backwards around here. This arrogant sod on a rotten horse strolls by and proclaims himself "Baron" Rivendare of Stratholme. The man has clearly mistaken the scourge for a petting zoo, as he spends half of every afternoon moving the disciples, minions, and constructs into small groups and stationing them around the city!

After the completion of the Baron's tea-time parade tonight, a party of oh, let's call them well-wishers, stomped through the city knocking down the pins he'd set up. "Lock the gates," I urged him. "The minions in control of my ziggurats will protect the slaughterhouse, boy!" he assured me. I'm packing my crap and booking it out the back gate!

It looks like I made a clean break. Judging by the smoke coming from the city, my flight was timely. A gainless venture, working in Stratholme, except that I stole the bastard's signet ring. A modest forgery bearing the Baron's seal should see me comfortably inside the walls of Naxxramas.

On Undeath

By

Unknown

After repeated failures at serving within the Scourge, I found that I held myself to much higher standards than even those within the upper echelons of the organization. Given the inherent inflexibility of social power structures, it is difficult to balance attempts to effect change with extant social challenges.

It is fortunate, then, that this organization offers low-skill employment opportunities for disaffected individuals or those inconvenienced by some malady (such as, in my case, death).

I have come to embrace one truth. The arrival of death is cold and unfulfilling, and gives no answers. I am freed of earthly obligation, but I feel no relief for I feel no heart. I simply am. I may only hope to fall again before the blazing wrath of a noble and merciful heart, in glorious battle!

The necropolis has been called back to Icecrown. We have taken on supplies and personnel, and the city is alive once again! I am different. I feel whole. I feel alive. I feel His perfect will directing me. I know exactly where I will stand, and when the warriors come, I will test them.

One Truth in Undeath

By

Unknown

Behold the finest of ironies. The living ascribe unto undeath all the most sickly attributes of their own lives—hopeless servitude, savagery, stillness of the spirit. We serve! The living serve, too, though they serve kings, warlords, druids, priests, gods, men, and beasts. We serve only the mighty, unifying will of the Lich King, which compels us unto prosperity and unity!

For all the endeavours of men, there exist only endless records of tragedy, cruelty, betrayal, and selfishness. For the Scourge, there is only efficiency and totality. Serve the Lich King in life, or serve him in death. His is a way of choice whose roads lead only to fulfilment!

Cold in flesh, but warmed by unity. The mighty Scourge are one nation, one mind, one being. True cold dwells in the heartless gaze of the guards who turn away sickly refugees from their neighboring country in a time of war! Are not all men of one kind? Nay, divided in their icy hearts.

Raise high our ideals, and bring low our foes! Fold their broken into our number until all serve the Frozen Throne!

Orders From Drakuru

By

Drakuru

Minions be hearin' da call of your masta! Da Lich King be givin' Drakuru full control of da armies of da Scourge in Zul'Drak. We be commanded ta kill everyting.

EVERYTING MUST DIE!

We be processin' all da corpses in da Dead Fields and sendin' em up ta Prince Navarius' crew in Zeramas for Scourgin'! Notin' goes ta waste on Drakuru's watch!

Soon we be drinkin' da blood of da prophets ta become stronger dan eva before! Zul'Drak and Gundrak gonna fall to da Scourge!

Orders From High Command

By

High Commander Halford Wyrmbane

Zaren,

Your first objective is to take and hold the Cathedral Quarter of Gilneas City. From there I want you to work with Lord Crowley's worgen to push forward into enemy territory. Take out their near outposts and cut their lines of communication.

King Wrynn has assured me that a full armada of warships is en route and should be arriving any day. Once the rest of the fleet is here, we will launch an all out assault on Forsaken Forward Command and beat those worthless maggots back into Silverpine Forest

Once Gilneas is securely in Alliance control, we will begin preparations for retaking Lordaeron.

For the glory of the Alliance!

-High Commander Halford Wyrmbane

P.S. We will launch a signal flare when we are ready to attack Forsaken Forward Command. Keep your soldiers on high alert.

Origins

By

Unknown

This early jinyu shrine may provide some insight to the origins of the race. Depicted is a collection of squat, primitive aquatic creatures. They surround a series of pools on a field of gold - perhaps a rendering of the Vale of Eternal Blossoms.

One of the primitive creatures holds a staff aloft beside the waters, but the symbols that surround his head are of an unknown language that likely predates the first mogu dynasty.

The exact connection between these early aquatic creatures and the Vale remains unclear.

Orion's Report

By

Lieutenant General Orion

General,

We're holding the line at the Stair of Destiny, but the Legion sends wave after wave to assault our ranks. They must have a staging area nearby that our scouts have yet to locate. Though the Alliance forces here stand by our side, I fear the Legion's superior numbers will overrun our defenses. Send what help you can, lest the Portal fall - and we become trapped in this nightmare world forever.

Lieutenant General Orion

Orman of Stromgarde

By

Unknown

Orman of Stromgarde

The first Captain General of the Scarlet Crusade

Citizen of Stromgarde

Lost at the mouth of Icecrown Glacier

Pandaren Fighting Tactics

By

Unknown

During the dark days of the mogu dynasties, pandaren slaves were not permitted weapons of any kind. When training in secret, pandaren monks would often use farm tools or simple bamboo staves for practice. Emphasis was also placed on unarmed strikes.

In contrast, the favored weapons of the mogu were based on fear rather than practicality. They were large, cumbersome, and difficult to wield. Pandaren monks took advantage, developing fast strikes and the skill to quickly move around the battlefield. The larger, slower mogu were often completely disoriented by the speed of the pandaren monks in open combat.

Over the years, fighting styles have changed dramatically, incorporating any number of other abilities, weapons, styles, etc. But the core foundation of pandaren fighting techniques remains the same: Defeat an opponent of any size with your bare paws if you have to.

Pandaren Game Board

By

Unknown

Pandaren love games. This game in particular has been a favorite among the Pandaren since the time of the first Pandaren emperor. This is a fine example of an ancient set.

This specimen was donated by the esteemed <class>, <name>.

Pandaren Scroll

By

Lorewalker Cho

Well done, stranger.

By befriending the hozen, it is clear that you have followed the path I set you upon when last we spoke.

Be diligent in your meditations, and perhaps our land will reveal other secrets to you as well.

I invite you to join me in our village of Dawn's Blossom. Many of my people will be thrilled to meet one from outside the mists.

- Lorewalker Cho

Pandaren Tea Set

By

Unknown

The Pandaren have a rich history of tea. While much care is given to its brewing, the secrets to properly enjoying tea have always been equally valued. This simple tea set was made during the reign of the Mogu, and provided solace and respite to the owner during a time of great pain and tyranny. Although it is cracked and broken, it serves as a reminder to take comfort in the simple pleasures of life.

This specimen was donated by the esteemed <class>, <name>.

Partially Soaked Pages

By

Anduin Wrynn

<Most of the pages are soaked in water. You can make out a few passages.>

The battle is more fearsome than I could have imagined.

All around us, I hear the booming of Horde artillery.

Their shells rain upon the deck above, and the screams of the crew are drowned out only by the roar of return fire.

Admiral Taylor bade me hide here, in the hold, until the fighting ceases.

They have posted guards outside my door.

I feel restless. I should be out there, helping them!

Those that did not perish in the initial battle were lost in the ensuing storm.

As our battered ships fought their way through rain and fog, the most critically injured succumbed to their injuries.

I did what I could to staunch their wounds, but it was not enough.

Why am I always too late to save my friends?

I awoke in the middle of the night to the sound of a great, loud noise, like thunder.

The ship was running aground on the rocks.

The ship groaned and listed, and shouts and screams erupted on deck.

I rushed to the door of my cabin, but my bodyguard locked me inside.

There is nothing I can do now but wait.

The Vanguard has washed up on an unfamiliar shore. The ship is still, and all around me, I hear silence.

No one has come for me, and I fear that the crew is dead.

The cabin is filling with water, so I must find a way out soon.

If any Alliance soldier finds this, know that I, Prince Anduin Wrynn, am alive.

I am going to travel inland and search for food and aid.

Please tell my father that I am well.

Path of the Huojin

By

Unknown

“Always challenge. Always question. In the pursuit of a greater good, inaction is the only wrong.” -Master Zurong

The path of the Huojin is marked by practical and decisive action. Followers of this discipline believe that morals and ideals are not absolute, but change with circumstances.

As such, a Huojin Master must remain flexible in his or her thinking, always evaluating the greater good.

Path of the Tushui

By

Unknown

“Discipline is not a war that is won. It is a battle, constantly fought.” -Master Feng

The way of the Tushui is one of a principled life. Followers of this discipline believe there is a moral certainty to the world: one correct path of right and wrong.

These values are immutable, and must be preserved no matter what the cost, even if it means self-sacrifice, or painful losses in the pursuit of a higher ideal.

Pearl of Yu'lon

By

Unknown

Etched around the center of this orb of jade is a serpent eating its own tail. Inscriptions on either hemisphere read: 'There is but one certainty - every end marks a new beginning.' This orb, carved during the reign of Pandaren Emperor Shu Blindeye in honor of the Jade Serpent, is a representation of his rebirth into a new body every hundred years. Yu'lon still bestows wisdom and insight from his temple in the Jade Forest.

This specimen was donated by the esteemed <class>, <name>.

Peeling the Onion

By

Drek'Thar

Peeling the Onion

The How-to Guide On Dismantling the Stormpike

-By Drek'Thar

Within these pages you will find a wealth of knowledge on battle tactics and politics. The learned soldier is the soldier that leans on the shoulder of experience. Let this book serve as a guide in your battle for Alterac Valley.

Chapter 1 - The Front Line

Dismantling the Stormpike army is very much like peeling an onion. To get to the core, you must start by removing the outermost layers.

The front lines, comprised mostly of Stormpike Mountaineers and Alliance Sentinels, are tied to the Captain's bunker. It is Captain Balinda Stonehearth who empowers these units and provides for reinforcements when the lines are under siege. Strike at the Captain and the front line forces will crumble.

Chapter 2 - The Twin Towers

Make no mistake; Vanndar Stormpike is a cunning foe and certainly no fool. Once the front line has been breached, the secondary defensive targets must still be destroyed. It is the twin towers of Stonehearth and Icewing which control the Stormpike Guardsmen outside of Dun Baldar and the Stormpike patrols.

Beware, soldier, as both of these towers are heavily fortified and ruled over by one of Vanndar's elite Commanders. Should your forces breach the fortifications, make certain that the Commander within has been...ssilenced. This too will be part of the dismantling of the Stormpike.

Chapter 3 - The Four Commanders

The third layer of the Stormpike onion is comprised of the four Commanders. In this respect, Vanndar has mimicked our own glorious Frostwolf defenses. Of course he will tell you otherwise... But I digress. The four Commanders control the ebb and flow of the Stormpike Guardsmen that fiercely guard Dun Baldar. Silence them all and the Stormpike Guardsmen will fall. Then there is but one layer left to peel.

Chapter 4 - The Dun Baldar Bunkers

As you have undoubtedly noticed, the Stormpike defensive layers are in place to prevent one mighty power move from dismantling the entire army. Before you ask, yes, this is exactly how our own forces are setup and no, I will not change our defensive structure. They copied us, why should we have to change?

Where was I? Yes, so, the Dun Baldar bunkers (which are located in Dun Baldar) control the Stormpike Defenders - Vanndar's most trusted and elite guard units. Destroy those two towers and the reinforcements sent to aid Vanndar will cease to exist.

Epilogue

After having done all of this, you are left with the center of the onion: The sweet core. Vanndar Stormpike will be left defenseless and alone. Rules of military conduct require that we ask for his surrender before carrying out any executions. Be sure to mention the surrender thing when you see him... then kill him.

Pestilence with Teeth

By

Unknown

Compies are a plague. They be gnawing at our food, poisoning our waters, hunting our children, eating our wounded. They not better than the rats of a sewer.

But these rats be trainable. We Zandalari see these compies as a menace. But our enemies, they not be knowing. They not be growing up with the threat of these little things and their poisons. It is time we turn these vermin into weapons. Take them! Train them! Sick them upon our enemies and watch how they be the ones squirming. Have these compies eat their food, poison their waters, hunt their children, and eat their wounded. Prove how even the vermin of Zandalar are a weapon in our arsenal!

Petrified Bark

By

Unknown

Simone the Seductress:

You will find Simone befouling Un'Goro Crater. Do not be fooled by her disguise. Approach her with caution and challenge her to battle.

Klinfran the Crazy:

Klinfran wanders the Burning Steppes. Approach him with caution and force him to show his true form.

Solenor the Slayer:

In the arid landscape of Silithus lurks the fiend, Solenor the Slayer. Undoubtedly disguised, definitely a danger. Approach him and force him to transform.

Artorius the Doombringer:

Artorius brings corruption and doom to all that he touches in Winterspring. Find him, kill him.

Be warned, hunter, these demons must be fought on their own terms. If they feel that they do not outmatch you, they will flee.

GO ALONE.

Petrified Bone Whip

By

Unknown

This whip was fashioned from the spine of some large and ancient creature. The blood of many Mogu slaves was shed by this instrument of pain.

This specimen was donated by the esteemed <class>, <name>.

Plaque

By

Unknown

Dedicated to the memory of our beloved founder, Namuria Gladesong, and the many other brave hunters lost in the War of the Shifting Sands.

They gave their lives to save Azeroth, and we shall honor their sacrifice forever.

Pollen Collector

By

Unknown

It is difficult to discern the purpose of this object, but it seems to be a pollen collector of some sort.

This specimen was donated by the esteemed <class>, <name>.

Pride of the Menagerie

By

Unknown

SU'ESHTHE

MENAGERIE STAR ATTRACTION

Please keep your arms to yourself. Management is not responsible for any limbs lost.

Priestly Preening: Be Like Your Better

By

Unknown

1. Cultivate a fulsome beard, for it conceals the imperfections of the face from the Light.
2. Purify your hands in the milk of the mare, that they be soft and supple when handling the offertory.
3. Bathe in the rivers, allowing the glorious natural gifts of the Light to cleanse your skin.
4. Replace regularly your holy raiment, that your appearance and odours not offend the servants of the Light.
5. Maintain at all times an upright posture - let not fatigue nor sloth curl the spine.

<The list continues for several more pages of minutiae>

Prismatic Punch Card

By

Unknown

The security rating of this data SO high that it is pending the invention of a new number to describe it!

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01001101 01100101 01110011 01110011 01100001 01100111 01100101
00100000 01110100 01101111 00100000 01000011 01100001 01110011
01110100 01110000 01101001 01110000 01100101 00111010 00100000
01111001 01101111 01110101 01110010 00100000 01101100 01100001
01110101 01101110 01100100 01110010 01111001 00100111 01110011
00100000 01110010 01100101 01100001 01100100 01111001 00100000
01100110 01101111 01110010 00100000 01110000 01101001 01100011
01101011 01110101 01110000 00101110
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Prison Manifest

By

Armond Thaco

<The book is out of date and barely legible.>

Baradin Hold Special Notes:

Occu'thar slain by adventurers shortly after the Battle for Tol Barad. While clean up crew was attempting to restore Baradin Hold, its prison was invaded by another of its kind.

This one is stronger, has a strange aura to it, and one eye glows powerfully. The guards call it Occol'tharon. Wards barely held it. No idea why it appeared or how, but we're stuck with it...

<the last page has some desperate scrawling on it...>

Tol Barad is lost to the inmates, all forces in full retreat.

Can't make it to retreat point, too many demons. My last stand is here. If anyone finds this, tell the Kirin Tor that I took as many of them with me as I could.

- Armond Thaco

Professor Putricide's Lost Journal

By

Professor Putricide

Good news, everyone! No one will ever find my masterpiece!

Stitchwork is nearly complete. Just a few more pieces and some elbow grease, perhaps some ooze and/or gas... Such imbeciles! They never think to look for trap doors in my lab. Well, there was that one adventurer, but now she's part of Stitchwork.

Now, where did I leave my... Oh, delightful! Why am I still writing this down?

Proof of Deed

By

Head Curator Thorius Stonetender

This proof of deed is to verify that <name> slew Margol the Rager, scourge of the searing gorge.

The Ironforge museum recognizes this achievement and thanks the bearer for their generous contribution.

-Head Curator Thorius Stonetender

Prophetic Pamphlet

By

Unknown

PROPHECY OF THE THREE SIGNS

These are the three signs of our doom, as foretold by the sages. When all of these events have come to pass, we will know the Burning Legion has won and our oblivion is at hand.

The king below will cast away his diamond crown.

Day will break over the city of eternal night.

The wolf cub will inherit a bloody pack.

Prototype Reaper Instruction Manual

By

Unknown

Prototype Reaper Instruction Manual v.1.28.92

1. To start the Prototype Reaper, simply enter the vehicle and engage the control-unlocking mechanism next to the red button. Do not, under any circumstances, push the red button.
2. The Prototype Reaper has been designed to withstand the severe heat of the slag pot. Do not attempt to move slag barrels without the Reaper!
3. The Prototype Reaper's main steam valve builds steam power during regular exertion. Steam power can be used to activate the hydraulic servos for a quick burst of speed, or a pressurized pump for heavy lifting.

Pteradon Skeleton

By

Unknown

This intact pteradon skeleton was recovered from the remote Un’Goro Crater. Based on the skeletal structure, it is clear that this specific genus has not yet been encountered. This skeleton could have been preserved for any number of centuries beneath the region’s rich soil.

Purchase Order Receipt

By

Lomac Gearstrip

Attn: Mrs. Gadgetspring

The industrial-strength laxative agent you requested is enclosed. My condolences on the fate of Mr. Blimo Gadgetspring after his encounter with the cliff giant. I'm curious why you're opting for a laxative in an effort to recover him, as opposed to some sort of vomit-inducing agent? It seems to me you're doing Mr. Gadgetspring a disservice. Good luck with your endeavor!

- Lomac Gearstrip

Quan Tou Kuo the Two Fisted

By

Unknown

Father of Dichotomy Dark and Pale Ale and the school of Balanced Inebriation.

Seeking to mitigate negative effects of beer without diminishing its virtues, Quan Tou Kuo developed a two part system of drinking designed to result in a state of balanced inebriation. When imbibed separately in the proper ratios, the Pale Ale of the spirit and the Dark Ale of the mind combine in the drinker's stomach to achieve a state of enlightenment and goodwill without the loss of judgment and self-control typically experienced by heavy drinkers.

Quel'thalas Registry

By

Sylvanas Windrunner

Entry Date: Unknown

Name: Nathanos Marris, Human Ranger Lord of Lordaeron.

Entry: Kael'thas Sunstrider's dissention in regards to my decision to allow Nathanos Marris into the order is noted. It should also be noted that Nathanos - although a human - is one of the most gifted rangers I have ever had the pleasure of training.(continued)

For millennia we have isolated ourselves from outsiders. I will be the first among us to admit that mistakes were made in the past. Humans should have never been exposed to magic. I will not deny this but I will not condemn us to this guarded existence for the blunders of our predecessors. There is much that a coexistence between the Quel'dorei and other races of this world can bring. We must practice tolerance.(continued)

It is with these words, then, that I deny Kael's request in regards to Nathanos Marris. He will prove to be an invaluable ally. Mark my words.

Signed,

Sylvanas Windrunner

Ranger General of Silvermoon

Rabine's Letter

By

Rabine

Layo:

We have received the generous help of this fine adventurer. I have dispatched the adventurer to you in Silithus as a resource. Please see that such a valuable resource does not go to waste in your efforts to unlock the secrets present there. The Circle eagerly awaits news of progress.

May Cenarius watch over you...

Rabine

Ranger Captain Alleria Windrunner

By

Sylvanas Windrunner

Ranger Captain Alleria Windrunner

Renowned Troll Hunter of Quel'Thalas. Lead Scout and Intelligence Agent for the Alliance Expedition that marched into the orc homeworld of Draenor. Presumed deceased.

Your heart flew straight as any arrow upon the wind, sister. You were the brightest of our Order. You were the most beloved of our kin.

- Sylvanas Windrunner - Ranger General of Quel'Thalas

Recruitment Letter

By

Takrin Pathseeker

Horde Conscription Registration

This person has demonstrated incredible feats of strength and skill in the name of the Horde. They should immediately be assigned to work in the Crossroads.

Respectfully yours,

Takrin Pathseeker

Red Punch Card

By

Unknown

Security rating 10^{10000} super sensitive data!

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01001000 01100101 01101100 01110000 00100001 00100000 00100000
01001001 00100111 01101101 00100000 01110100 01110010 01100001
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01100110 01100001 01100011 01110100 01101111 01110010 01111001
00100001
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Relic Box

By

Unknown

The box contains various magical looking trinkets and baubles. Upon close inspection, these “relics” appear to be nothing more than clever forgeries.

Reliquary Facsimile

By

Unknown

In the one-hundred-and-seventieth year of the Thunder King's reign, the Korune spellweavers came to Lei Shen with their greatest creation. A bell cast from the makers' flesh, shaped by stars' fire, and bound by the breath of darkest shadow. This bell, when rung, could shake the world and call to the heavens.

Taken to war, the bell's cacophonous tones stirred the hearts of Lei Shen's warriors. It fueled their hatred and anger, lending them strength on the field of battle. The bell's screaming voice struck fear and doubt into the hearts of the Emperor's enemies, sending them fleeing in his path.

Awed by its power, the Thunder King described the instrument as "the voice of the gods," and named it Shenqing, the Divine Bell.

Reliquary Papers

By

Unknown

To Whom It May Concern:

Rohan Sunveil, a Reliquary member in high standing and leader of the Sunveil Excursion, seeks able-bodied adventurers to assist him in an archaeological study in the southern Blasted Lands. Participants will be compensated for their work.

The Sunveil Excursion is focused on the acquisition, cataloguing, and preservation of any and all magical artifacts found in the Tainted Forest region. Formerly known as the Tainted Scar, the area has recently been rejuvenated by a worgen druid, and is mostly covered with trees and brush. For further details, please contact Rohan or Clarya Sunveil.

Remains of a Paragon

By

Unknown

Apparently the amber preservation process is not without risk. Only the head of this paragon remains. It appears to predate the pandaren revolution, although pinning down the precise era is impossible.

This specimen was donated by the esteemed <class>, <name>.

Ren Yun the Blind

By

Unknown

Father of the individual sensory beers and the Four Senses Brew.

Ren Yun, his other senses heightened by his blindness, suffered for years with what he considered to be the harsh taste of normal Pandaren brews. After years of wandering and experimentation he developed separate brews that delighted each of his four senses but, though he had perfected these individual beers, the combination of the separate elements into one perfect unifying brew eluded him. For a lifetime more he wandered on until he found at last the secret to bind all of his sensory beers into one master recipe, the Four Senses Brew.

Report from the Frontlines: Dragonblight

By

Unknown

DRAGONBLIGHT - Prince Valanar is looking for an exceptional death knight to travel into Dragonblight, Northrend's frozen central plain, and lead an elite cadre of soldiers in a strike against the red dragonflight. "Your training is nearly complete," he said in a recent public address. "The time has come to strike against those who would protect the living! We shall show them the true meaning of Dragonblight!"

Alexstrasza, red dragonqueen and arguably the Scourge's most powerful enemy in Northrend, has been seen building up her own army as of late, though it is assumed that her efforts are aimed at the rogue blue dragonflight.

Report from the Frontlines: Eastern Kingdoms

By

Unknown

DEATH'S BREACH, EASTERN KINGDOMS - Instructor Razuvious spoke out earlier this week, reiterating his policy on mutiny and insubordination. "Any death knight who dares desert the Scourge will meet a fate far worse than death. Their suffering shall see no end - I will see to it personally."

Report from the Frontlines: Undercity

By

Unknown

UNDERCITY - Our sources inside the Undercity report that the Horde is mobilizing to stage an assault on Northrend. “The Horde’s troops, most of whom are returning from deployment in Outland, are now gathering and preparing to strike at Icecrown.”

Furthermore, covert agents report that the Forsaken’s Royal Apothecary Society has ramped up activity lately. “While nothing is confirmed at this point, rumors fly that the Society has had a breakthrough in their plague research. Again, this is only hearsay, but all forces are advised to give Forsaken alchemists a wide berth.”

Report from the Frontlines: Western Northrend

By

Unknown

WESTERN NORTHREND - Reports from the Aerial Surveillance Squadron in Icecrown Glacier show that communication with the lich-lord, Chillwinter, has been cut sharply cut off. “Chillwinter was last seen piloting the necropolis, Talramas, over Borean Tundra on a confidential mission,” reports Scourge Engineer Karomon, the Squadron’s chief information officer. “Our diagnostics show that his communication crystals are fully operational... it’s just... dead silent.”

Report On the Defias Brotherhood

By

Baros Alexston

From the hand of Baros Alexston,

Office of the City Architect

Stormwind

Your Majesty,

There are many reasons as to why I felt that a report should be compiled and presented on the recent affairs of the “Defias Brotherhood” and their activities throughout the kingdom.

For perspective, I shall begin with a bit of history. As you may or may not know, my service to the city of Stormwind began as a member of the Stonemasons’ Guild. Through years of work, we completed the rebuilding of Stormwind, at which time the Stonemasons’ Guild bills and fees and salaries left unpaid and unspoken for.

At that time, Edwin VanCleaf had been elected Guildmaster of the Stonemasons, and spoke out, demanding restitution for our works. In response, the Stormwind House of Nobles ordered the Stonemasons’ Guild disbanded, which, understandably, angered VanCleaf. Leading a riot, VanCleaf led the Stonemasons out of the city.

Before I continue, there are some other events that took place during this time that I should bring to your attention. First, it was at this time that I was offered the position of city architect if I did not join with VanCleaf. Because of certain ideological differences, I chose to remain in Stormwind.

During the riots, VanCleaf's lieutenant and most trusted assistant, Basil Thredd, was captured and held in prison. Awaiting trial and questioning, Thredd was almost forgotten about in the Stockade.

Returning to VanCleaf, after he led the remnants of the Stonemasons out of Stormwind, he took advantage of the relatively unprotected state of Westfall, and used his considerable manpower to run many of the farmers off, and take over the handful of gold mines.

Taking advantage of the resources at his disposal, VanCleaf hatched a plan of retribution against the government of Stormwind.

This information came to light recently with the assistance of the bearer of this document, who was instrumental in shedding light on this vast conspiracy.

Research Notes

By

Willem West

A most encouraging breakthrough! I was finally able to summon a simulacra of life in the form of a small green dragon, but it initially appeared as though this was merely a fluke, as no other wielder could replicate the effect.

Through some experimentation—and a sudden shocking heat in my pocket—I discovered a forgotten green dragon scale in that pocket, and the pieces fell into place. The wand needed a focus to channel the arcane energies through!

I immediately etched runes into the wand to provide a basic focus, and tried again. Unfortunately, this only allowed me to summon a small lamb, a mere reflection of the simplest of all arcane manifestations.

Still, the green scale allowed me to summon the whelp again; I wonder if there may be other items that may act as a focus for the wand, and summon other various simulacra.

Further experimentation is, as always, necessary...

- Willem West

Revelation of Garhan

By

Unknown

Garhan Stornhorn, also known as Garhan the Great, was a legendary leatherworker amongst the Highmountain tribes.

Long after leather had shown its usefulness to our people, we became complacent with it, believing nothing further could be done to harness its potential. Garhan believed that we had just scratched the surface of what could be done.

Many moons he toiled in his tent, applying various treatments to the leather to see if there was any change. Months passed, and seasons passed through their cycles, until one evening Garhan discovered something that made history.

His wife, Mahne, was preparing their dinner while Garhan was at his bench, deciding what to try next.

She was preparing to make a soup and had a pot of water boiling over the fire in the middle of their tent.

“Garhan, my dear. Put down your leathers for a minute and come help me with this,” she said delicately. She knew how important his work was to him, and didn’t want to frustrate him further.

“It just doesn’t make sense,” he responded, “Nothing I’ve tried, NOTHING seems to make any significant changes to the leather. Is this really all we can do?!” He slammed his heavy fist upon the workbench and bowed his head in thought.

“All the more reason to step away for a moment, and focus on something else to clear your head. I’m sure your answer lies ahead of you. You’ll find it in time.”

Garhan stood from his bench and moved to where Mahne was cutting vegetables for the soup. “Here, put these in the pot for me please,” she said as she handed Garhan a handful of herbs.

As Garhan approached the pot, he looked down and his mind wandered. “What if I boiled the leather?” He continued standing there, herbs in hand, wondering what could happen from trying such a thing.

It was already known that water treatment made leather easier to mold into shapes, but cold water from the river had always been what was used.

Garhan turned around and put the herbs back on the table. He rushed to his workbench, grabbed a few pieces of leather, and dropped them in the pot. What he saw made his eyes go wide. The leather began to shrink, and become more dense.

“What on earth have you done to my soup?” Mahne asked in surprise.

“I’m sorry, Mahne, but I think I’ve found what I’ve been looking for,” Garhan replied. He fetched a spoon and fished out the leather. After it had cooled, he tested it. The leather was thicker, but still pliable. As he continued to examine it, it became cooler and harder.

After a few hours, the leather had completely hardened. Garhan held it in his hand, and examined what it had become. “This is it,” he thought to himself. “This will change everything.”

Over the next few weeks, Garhan perfected his process. He fashioned a jerkin and fit it on to himself. It was as light as leather should be, but felt stronger.

He tested spear and hammer against it, and it proved to be much more durable than the tanned hides his people were accustomed to.

And so it was that Garhan Stornhorn fashioned the first true leather armor of

the Highmountain tribes. His methods and his legend spread far and wide.

His legacy was honorably carried on by his daughter, Leyota. But that is a different tale for a different hide.

Ripped Note

By

Unknown

That beast that reigns over this island is terribly powerful indeed. The other creatures here cower before him: Skyman and Jaguero alike. Even now I can hear his roars and they cause me to flinch.

These creatures will surely stop any who come to the island. I must have faith in my ancestors.

Rise of the Blood Elves

By

Unknown

At this time, the undead Scourge had essentially transformed Lordaeron and Quel'Thalas into the toxic Plaguelands. There were only a few pockets of Alliance resistance forces left. One such group, consisting primarily of high elves, was led by the last of the Sunstrider dynasty: Prince Kael'thas.

Kael, an accomplished wizard himself, grew wary of the failing Alliance. The high elves grieved for the loss of their homeland and decided to call themselves blood elves in honor of their fallen people. Yet as they worked to keep the Scourge at bay, they suffered greatly at being cut off from the Sunwell that had empowered them.

Desperate to find a cure for his people's racial addiction to magic, Kael did the unthinkable: he embraced his people's Highborne ancestry and joined with Illidan and his naga in hopes of finding a new magical power source upon which to feed. The remaining Alliance commanders condemned the blood elves as traitors and cast them out for good.

With no place left to go, Kael and his blood elves followed Lady Vashj to Outland to help contest the warden, Maiev, who had recaptured Illidan. With the combined naga and blood elf forces, they managed to defeat Maiev and free Illidan from her grasp. Based in Outland, Illidan gathered his forces for a second strike against the Lich King and his fortress of Icecrown.

Rise of the Horde

By

Unknown

The orcs became increasingly aggressive under the secret control of Gul'dan and his Shadow Council. They constructed massive arenas where the orcs honed their warrior skills in trials of combat and death. During this period, a few clan chieftains spoke out against the growing depravity in their race.

One such chieftain, Durotan of the Frostwolf clan, warned against the orcs' losing themselves to hate and fury. His words fell on deaf ears, however, as stronger chieftains such as Grom Hellscream of the Warsong clan stepped forward to champion the new age of warfare and dominance.

Kil'jaeden knew that the orc clans were almost ready, but he needed to be certain of their ultimate loyalty. In secret, he had the Shadow Council summon Mannoroth the Destructor, the living vessel of destruction and rage. Gul'dan called the clan chieftains together and convinced them that drinking Mannoroth's raging blood would make them utterly invincible.

Led by Grom Hellscream, all the clan chiefs except Durotan drank and thereby sealed their fates as slaves to the Burning Legion. Empowered by Mannoroth's rage, the chieftains unwittingly extended this subjugation to their unsuspecting brethren.

Consumed with the curse of this new bloodlust, the orcs sought to unleash their fury on any who stood before them. Sensing that the time had come, Gul'dan united the warring clans into a single unstoppable Horde.

However, knowing that the various chieftains like Hellscream and Orggrim Doomhammer would vie for overall supremacy, Gul'dan set up a puppet warchief to rule over this new Horde. Blackhand the Destroyer, a particularly

depraved and vicious orc warlord, was chosen to be Gul'dan's puppet. Under Blackhand's command, the Horde set out to test itself against the simple draenei.

Over the course of a few months, the Horde eradicated nearly every draenei living on Draenor. Only a scattered handful of survivors managed to evade the orcs' awesome wrath. Flushed with victory, Gul'dan reveled in the Horde's power and might. Still, he knew that without any enemies to fight, the Horde would consume itself with endless infighting in its unstoppable appetite for glorious slaughter.

Kil'jaeden knew that the Horde was finally prepared. The orcs had become the Burning Legion's greatest weapon. The cunning demon shared his knowledge with his waiting master, and Sargeras agreed that the time of his revenge had finally come.

Roc Talon

By

Unknown

This petrified talon was found off of the southern coasts of Stranglethorn. Ecologists believe this talon to be that of an ancient sun roc. Though the creatures feature prominently in primitive tauren mythological cycles, the existence of this talon suggests the creatures truly existed at some point.

Rock of Durotan

By

Drek'Thar

Here lies Durotan - first Chieftain of the Frostwolf Clan, and father of our honored Warchief, Thrall. He was the bravest of our kind - betrayed by those who would see our people enslaved. Durotan gave his life that our freedom might be gained. We honor him - and the legacy he passed on to us through his son.

Drek'Thar, Far Seer of the Frostwolves

Rokaro's Letter

By

Rokaro

This 3 page document is blank.

Role Call

By

Unknown

The jinyu operate in a strict caste society, clearly evidenced by this stone tablet engraved with names. Eggs are sorted early on based on the needs of the community.

Many jinyu are cast as workers, diligently put to work building dams or other structures. Others are selected to be craftsmen, and immediately undergo a rigid apprenticeship on hatching.

Only warriors and priests are given access to the most food and finest shelters, and only the most successful of priests can ascend to the role of elder or waterspeaker. It is a taboo for the jinyu castes to intermingle.

Rune-Inscribed Note

By

Meela Dawnstrider

I greet you, young <class>. The winds told me of your coming. The earth gave praise of your strength. And now the ancient spirits whisper of your accomplishments to come. Our people always need wise and great leaders. They often turn to our kind for both virtues. If you are willing, I would teach you more of our ways.

Seek me out in Camp Narache on Red Cloud Mesa—we will speak more then.

-Meela Dawnstrider, Shaman Trainer

Rune-Inscribed Parchment

By

Shikrik

Lok'tar, <brother/sister>. The elements beckon you closer and bid me to show you the path of the shaman. The spirits of our ancestors watch from beyond and swell with pride knowing you have joined our ranks.

When you are ready, seek me out near the entrance to the Den. It is there that I will be training others of our kind. Until then, may the wind be at your back.

-Shikrik, Shaman Trainer

Rune-Inscribed Tablet

By

Ishi-yo

Greetings to you, <brotha/sista>. Da spirits say you be ready to aid our allies. You have great ties to da elements, an' you be much more powerful den when you first started your lessons wit me.

Now I be sendin' you to meet wit Shikrik, da orc shaman trainer in da Valley of Trials. She know you be comin' to study wit her already. Make our ancestors proud. Until we meet again, may da flame keep you warm, and da wind be at your back.

-Ishi-yo

Saga of the Shield Seeker

By

Unknown

Gorvold Ironbrow was a great warrior. He was one of the few willing to brave the dangers of our lost past. His many victories were fueled by his cunning and collection of powerful artifacts from the older ages.

Braving the forbidden areas of Storm Peaks, he learned of a powerful shield, wielded by a champion of Tyr. The shield became his obsession as he scoured the continent in search of it.

After venturing to forgotten battlefields in the north, Gorvold learned that the champion went south with Tyr, fleeing the crumbling empire of the titans behind. Gorvold built a mighty ship and began his journey south as well.

Gorvold braved sea beast and storm alike, following the harrowing trail south. With guile he tracked the barest scraps of a trail across a continent to find a long forgotten battle.

Here he found stunted vrykul, the castoffs of Ymiron's edict, both worshipping and avoiding the site of a fallen titan keeper and his great foe.

From ruins Gorvold discovered the trail did not end here. After the great battle, Tyr's champion moved on. So too did Gorvold.

<the final section is written in a different hand>No one knows where Gorvold went or what he found, only that he returned empty handed, forever maddened by his failure. His only words were of how he failed the test of Yrgrim.

Gorvold threw himself into battle with near berserk rage. His cunning was

replaced with reckless abandon, and ultimately fell in battle, taking his secrets with him to the grave.

Saga of the Sin'dorei

By

Unknown

Thousands of years ago, the exiled Highborne landed on the shores of Lordaeron and founded the enchanted kingdom of Quel'Thalas. These high elves, as they called themselves, created a fount of vast, magical energies within the heart of their land - the Sunwell. Over time, they grew dependant on the Sunwell's unstable energies - regardless of the bitter lessons they'd learned in ages past.

during the Third War, the villainous Prince Arthas invaded Quel'Thalas and reduced the once-mighty realm to rubble and ashes. His undead army decimated nearly ninety percent of the high elven population. In addition, he used the Sunwell's energies to resurrect Kel'thuzad - a powerful undead Lich - thereby fouling the Sunwell's mystical waters. The few elven survivors, realizing that they had been cut off from the source of their arcane power, grew increasingly volatile and desperate.

In the midst of the elves' darkest hour came Kael'thas Sunstrider - the last of Quel'Thalas' royal bloodline. Kael, as he was commonly known, knew that the remnants of his people would not long survive without the nourishing magics that once empowered the. Renaming his people blood elves, in honor of their fallen countrymen, he taught them how to tap into ambient mystical energies - even demonic energies - in order to sate their terrible thirst for magic.

In search of a new destiny for his people - referred to in the elven vernacular now as the Sin'dorei - Kael'thas ventured to the remote world of Outland where he encountered the fallen night elf, Illidan. Under Illidan's tutelage, Kael and his blood elves have regained much of their former power.

Unfortunately, the blood elves' practice of embracing demonic energies resulted in them being shunned by their former comrades in the Alliance. Thus, the remaining blood elves on Azeroth look desperately to the Horde to help them reach Outland, where they can reunite with Kael'thas and achieve the golden destiny he promised them.

Saga of the Valarjar

By

Fjornson

Saga of the Valarjar

Etched by Fjornson, stonecarver of the Valarjar.

Strom'kar, the Warbreaker

Human history is not complete without mention of Strom'kar. With this blade, a visionary warlord named Thoradin united his race into a single nation. He led his people to victory against the trolls in one of the greatest wars humankind has ever fought. He changed the destiny of the world. Strom'kar's story is one of violence and bloodshed, of cunning and desperation. And, ultimately, of bravery and sacrifice.

Strom'kar, the Warbreaker, Part One

The early human tribes had many legends about giants who had once walked among them. These mighty beings had many names, but the most common attributed to them was "vrykul." The folktales said that the giants watched over humans as parents would watch over sons and daughters. The vrykul taught their primitive children the ways of foraging, of masonry and smithing, and of making war.

By the time of Warlord Thoradin, the vrykul of the human lands had long since died out. What little remained of their presence included weapons they had left behind. The humans treated these arms as sacred heirlooms and symbols of their tribes. But the blade later known as Strom'kar would become much more than that.

In Thoradin's hands, it would become a symbol of all humanity.

Strom'kar, the Warbreaker, Part Two

From chapter eight of The One True Human Kingdom, by the historian Llore:

“Even as the brutish Amani trolls raided and pillaged, the human tribes bickered and squabbled with each other. Only Warlord Thoradin and his Arathi tribe recognized the folly of their ways. If they did not unite, the moss-skinned trolls would crush humankind and desecrate its ancestral lands.

“So it was that Thoradin declared himself king and set out to bring the tribes to heel. Many he won to his side through the marriages of his sons and daughters. Others, through promises of wealth and land.

“But some closed their ears to words of diplomacy. They spoke only the language of violence.

“Fortunately, Thoradin knew that language well.”

Strom'kar, the Warbreaker, Part Three

For weeks, Thoradin and his warriors struggled to conquer the rugged mountain people known as the Alteraci. Though the upstart king was confident he could subdue the tribe if given enough time, he knew the cost would be very high. To prevent unnecessary bloodshed, he changed his tactics.

Thoradin shed his battle armor and painted his chest with Arathi tribal symbols. With only Strom'kar in hand, he marched up the mountain and challenged the Alteraci leader, Ignaeus, to a duel.

Before long, Ignaeus emerged from the forest, skin dyed red with his own tribal marks, blade sharpened and hungry for death. He dwarfed Thoradin in size and strength, but the Arathi leader had other advantages. He had chosen the duel on a day when thick fog enveloped the mountains. Using the weather to his advantage, Thoradin eluded Ignaeus's wild swings and disarmed his bigger foe.

Ignaeus was at Thoradin's mercy, but the Arathi leader did not strike. He plunged Strom'kar into the damp earth and extended the hand of peace. On that day, he won the Alteraci to his side.

Strom'kar, the Warbreaker, Part Four

The only human tribe powerful enough to end King Thoradin's dream of unity dwelled in Tirisfal Glades. A great warrior named Lordain led the region's noble people. They would not submit to shows of force like the Alteraci. To win their loyalty, Thoradin needed to appeal to their religious beliefs.

Thus Thoradin and his personal guards made a pilgrimage to the region's shrines and sacred groves. At each site, the king performed rituals as was the custom of Lordain and his kin. Thoradin even wore a pendant of the silver hand, an image held sacred by Tirisfal's humans.

At the end of the pilgrimage, Thoradin met with Lordain. The king pledged that if the tribe joined him, he would adopt their mystic ways and spread them among the Arathi. To seal his promise, Thoradin ran his palm along Strom'kar's edge and mixed his blood with the earth of Tirisfal.

The histories record Thoradin as saying, "Between our people, let this be the only blood we spill."

And so it was. Lordain and his people bent the knee to King Thoradin.

Strom'kar, the Warbreaker, Part Five

From chapter fourteen of The One True Human Kingdom, by the historian Llore:

"Thoradin and other early human warlords held their swords and axes sacred. Many believed that the spirits of their ancestors lived on in their weapons. With this in mind, it's quite extraordinary that Thoradin convinced all of the human tribal leaders to lend him their personal blades.

"Arathi blacksmiths took shards of metal from each of these weapons and

added them to Thoradin's greatsword. It was an act of brilliance, for it secured the eternal loyalty of the tribes. Who would ever rise up against Thoradin and risk striking the sword that contained their own ancestors?

"When the work was done, Thoradin renamed his sword Strom'kar, the Warbreaker."

Strom'kar, the Warbreaker, Part Six

With the human tribes united, King Thoradin set out to found a new capital. According to one legend, he discovered his answer in a dream. In it, he saw his father wearing the pelt of a black wolf. He told Thoradin of an arid land southeast of Tirisfal Glades. If the king built his capital there, his people would prosper.

Thoradin sought out the land from his dream, a region known today as the Arathi Highlands. As the story goes, the king spied a black wolf roaming the barren terrain. On that spot, Thoradin used Strom'kar to carve out the boundaries of his city in the dirt. Then he set his masons to work.

So arose Strom, mighty capital of the first human kingdom.

Strom'kar, the Warbreaker, Part Seven

Thoradin was not a king to sit idle on his throne, just as Strom'kar was not a sword to sit idle in its sheath.

The Arathi military patrolled the far-flung borders of the human territories, repelling Amani troll incursions. King Thoradin took part in many of these skirmishes, often at great risk to his own life.

One account tells of a brutal Amani ambush that struck Thoradin's forces. The trolls routed the humans, separating the king from his warriors. Though he was outnumbered ten to one, Thoradin did not flee. He did not beg. He did not cower. No true Arathi would stain his honor with such craven acts.

Thoradin sharpened Strom'kar's edge on the skulls of his enemies and painted its steel with their blood. When the guards finally reached him, they

found their king standing over ten broken Amani corpses.

Strom'kar, the Warbreaker, Part Eight

From chapter twenty-nine of *The Warring Tribes and the Rise of Arathor*, by the historian Evelynna:

“To defeat the Amani, Arathor and the high elves of Quel'Thalas forged an alliance. King Thoradin marshaled over twenty thousand human soldiers and launched his armies at the trolls. The decisive battle unfolded at Alterac Fortress. The Amani host besieged the stronghold. While the humans defended the fortress from the onslaught, the high elves smashed into the troll rearguard.

“Thoradin waded through the Amani warbands with the rest of his soldiers, Strom'kar hacking down troll after troll. Once the king knew his forces had worn the enemy thin, he revealed his secret weapon.

“One hundred human magi emerged from Alterac Fortress. Alongside elven sorcerers, they pooled their power and unleashed a single terrible spell on the Amani. A column of fire ripped down from the heavens and blasted through the trolls. The howling torrent of flame burned the Amani to ash.

“Thus the Troll Wars ended, with human and elf triumphant.”

Strom'kar, the Warbreaker, Part Nine

After the Troll Wars, Thoradin embarked on a diplomatic mission to Quel'Thalas and secured humanity's bond of loyalty with the high elves. The king created a military pact so that each side would help the other if the Amani ever threatened their lands again. He also carved out new territorial borders with the elves and drew up trade agreements to foster the prosperity of Arathor for generations to come.

Before Thoradin left Quel'Thalas, the elves gave him a gift. Their greatest blacksmiths and enchanters toiled over Strom'kar and imbued it with extraordinary power. Thoradin marveled at the masterwork of the elves. The new Strom'kar gleamed with an otherworldly beauty. It weighed almost

nothing in Thoradin's hands, and no matter how often he used it, the edge never seemed to dull.

Strom'kar, the Warbreaker, Part Ten

As his years wore on, a grizzled Thoradin abdicated his throne in peace. He broke tradition and kept Strom'kar as his own. Though some bristled at what they considered an act of greed, Thoradin retained the blade for practical reasons. Strom'kar had become a symbol of kingship. Thoradin wanted Arathor's citizenry to see his bloodline as the legitimate rulers, not simply whoever wielded the sword.

Free from the burden of leadership, Thoradin spent much of his time studying ancient ruins in Tirisfal Glades. He became obsessed with the origins of humankind and with the tales of giants who once walked the land. Thoradin learned to use Strom'kar's enchantments to locate hidden places of power.

During one of his journeys in Tirisfal, Thoradin and a retinue of his followers entered mysterious catacombs buried beneath the earth. According to the legends, none of them were ever seen again.

Strom'kar, the Warbreaker, Part Eleven

Many strange tales exist about what befell Thoradin, but the truth is the strangest of them all. In Tirisfal Glades, he discovered two long-lost subterranean chambers. One belonged to the noble keeper Tyr. The other, to a monstrosity known as Zakajz, a bloodthirsty servant of the malevolent Old Gods.

Before written history, Tyr had sacrificed himself to defeat Zakajz in a battle that shook the heart of Azeroth. The keeper's allies buried both combatants at the site of their mythic confrontation, and they sealed the tomb with magical wards to prevent anyone from disturbing what lay inside.

Unaware of the great darkness locked beneath the earth, Thoradin instructed the magi in his retinue to break the seals. They succeeded... and, in so doing, their arcane spellwork inadvertently resurrected Zakajz. As the lumbering creature tore through Thoradin's followers, the former king did not flee. He

did not beg. He did not cower. No true Arathi would stain his honor with such craven acts.

Thoradin sharpened Strom'kar's edge one last time, burying the sword into Zakajz's skull. The blade's elven enchantments forced the horror into a deep slumber and prevented it from regenerating.

It was Thoradin's last great act. At the moment of his strike, he suffered a mortal wound from Zakajz. The warrior who united humankind died that day, Strom'kar stained with the blood of one final enemy.

Odyn's Fury, Helya's Wrath, Warswords of the Valarjar

Keeper Odyn believed the natural creatures of this world were too weak, too soft, and too short-lived to be trusted. You have already shown him his folly, and none of us has any doubt that you will continue to do so.

Now you will carry Odyn's prized weapons in defense of Azeroth. Go forth and forge your legacy.

Warswords of the Valarjar, Part One

Keeper Odyn was inspired to create an army of titan-forged champions, the Valarjar, and set them to protect Azeroth against the multitude of threats he knew it would face. But his dream was thwarted, and his Valarjar were contained for thousands of years.

Before Odyn was imprisoned, he crafted two blades. They were meant to aid the greatest among the Valarjar.

Instead, they fell into the hands of his enemies.

Warswords of the Valarjar, Part Two

In ancient days, Odyn oversaw the creation of the Halls of Valor, a sanctuary for the spirits of the mightiest vrykul who had given their lives in glorious battle. He had led the armies of the Pantheon against the Old Gods, and he knew there would always be a need for brave, fearless champions to face the forces of evil.

The most talented blacksmiths among the vrykul were asked to create weapons and armor for these peerless warriors. Keeper Odyn was awed by the work of one smith; his shields were light and strong, truly astonishing in the hands of a skilled fighter.

Odyn asked him to try something new. “Focus not only on mere defense,” the keeper said, “but also on the poetry of aggression.”

The smith heeded Odyn’s words and soon presented the keeper with two of the finest warswords ever made on a vrykul forge. Odyn did not merely accept them; he blessed them with his power.

Odyn hung these warswords in the Halls of Valor and let them motivate the Valarjar, his champions. “These will be carried into battle by only the greatest among you,” Odyn said. “So go, then. Prove yourself worthy.”

It would be many years before someone rose to the challenge.

Warswords of the Valarjar, Part Three

The first-and-only Valarjar to carry these weapons into battle was named Ingvar. He was a renowned fighter when he was alive, and a legendary warrior after his death.

Always aggressive, Ingvar led a raiding party to investigate a cave that seemed to be dripping with dark magic. Inside they found something terrible: a pack of creatures that had been corrupted by the Old Gods. When the Old Gods’ war against the titan-forged had been all but lost, C’Thun quietly lashed out worldwide, seizing the minds of whatever the entity could touch.

Ingvar and his comrades were frighteningly outnumbered. But they did not run. Most of the vrykul fell in minutes, but Ingvar remained standing. Though badly wounded, he fought his way through the cave and destroyed every enemy inside.

After his last breath, the Val’kyr Helya sent his spirit to the Halls of Valor, where Odyn welcomed him with open arms.

Warswords of the Valarjar, Part Four

Ingvar's death had been a noble sacrifice that resulted in victory against incredible odds. Keeper Odyn declared him a paragon among the Valarjar and bestowed upon him these warswords. In times of great peril, Ingvar was always the first to lead the Valarjar into the fray.

But all too soon, his acts of heroism came to an end.

When Odyn had set out to realize his vision for the Halls of Valor and the Valarjar, he had needed to create Val'kyr, spirits capable of preserving worthy souls for all time. Helya had not been interested in becoming a Val'kyr. No one had volunteered, in fact. Odyn had transformed her and others into Val'kyr against their will.

For many years, Helya had no chance to seek vengeance. When the opportunity arose, she took it without hesitation.

Warswords of the Valarjar, Part Five

Keeper Loken had fallen under the sway of madness, but he was clever. He knew Odyn and his Valarjar would be formidable enemies, so he approached Helya with a proposition. He would break Odyn's control over her; in exchange, she would trap Odyn and his champions within the Halls of Valor.

Helya's anger burned deep within her, and she accepted. The plan worked almost flawlessly. Odyn was entirely unprepared for Helya's rebellion, and he and nearly all his Valarjar were neutralized, confined to their sanctuary in the sky.

Only a few Valarjar were outside of the Halls of Valor when Helya attacked. One of them was Ingvar.

He took these warswords and immediately retaliated, hoping to defeat Helya and free Odyn.

Warswords of the Valarjar, Part Six

As a Val'kyr, Helya had tremendous control over the spirits of the deceased.

Champion or not, Ingvar understood that he was facing a fight he likely would not win.

But he had these warswords, imbued with Odyn's power. There was no one else to make the attempt.

Ingvar found Helya and tried to strike her down. In his hands, these swords nearly overwhelmed her. But in the end, she overpowered his spirit and smote him into oblivion. His swords fell to Azeroth, among the few Valarjar artifacts that were not trapped within the Halls of Valor.

Helya kept them as a memento of her victory over Keeper Odyn.

Warswords of the Valarjar, Part Seven

Over several millennia, Helya claimed as many souls of slain vrykul as she could, and her ranks of Kvaldir—corrupted, undead vrykul—continued to swell.

Helya began to go after the souls of not just the heroic vrykul dead but also the living. Any vrykul who seemed poised to learn the truth about the conflict between Helya and Odyn became a target, and she had her Kvaldir slay them with ruthless efficiency.

She started to raise her own champions, the Helarjar of Helheim, and she had them search Azeroth for her enemies.

Warswords of the Valarjar, Part Eight

Any spirits that ended up in Helya's care suffered greatly. Helheim was torment for vrykul heroes, who found themselves transformed into Kvaldir even if they had been worthy of entering the Halls of Valor as Valarjar.

Many of these vrykul became more dangerous in death than they had been in life. Empowered by Helya and afraid of disappointing her, they zealously obeyed her commands.

Eventually, one of these Kvaldir caught Helya's attention. Vigfus Bladewind distinguished himself in battle against vrykul, and Helya decided that he was

worthy to bear these swords for all time.

What better way to end the lives of Odyn's faithful than with two of his prized creations?

Warswords of the Valarjar, Part Nine

Vigfus Bladewind used these swords to kill many vrykul heroes over the years. Helya even committed some of her own power into the blades, just as Odyn had. Not only did their lethal potential increase, but they made it easier for Helya to claim their victims' souls.

In truth, it is her power that makes these weapons truly magnificent. Her power, laced with her hatred, crashes endlessly against Odyn's spirit. The tension between those energies will forever permeate these blades, threatening to overwhelm whoever carries them into battle. A single lapse in the heat of combat could result in oblivion.

Never forget that.

Warswords of the Valarjar, Part Ten

Helya's champion, Vigfus Bladewind, carried these weapons for millennia, spilling untold amounts of heroic blood.

On occasion, Helya would test him to see if he was still truly worthy of her favor. She would give him unwinnable fights. Sometimes she would make him battle other exceptional Kvaldir, or she would order him to raid vrykul settlements without any help.

With these weapons in hand, he never failed.

Warswords of the Valarjar, Part Eleven

In the moments before Bladewind's destruction, he asked Helya for aid. She granted it to him, pouring even more of her spirit into these weapons. A measure of that extra power remains, and it will for all eternity.

These weapons were forged to assist mighty warriors who fight without fear.

They turn bloodlust into power, and only one with an indomitable will can hope to control them. If they are ever wielded against Azeroth again, the world may not survive.

If they are used to defend it, the world may never fall.

Scale of the Earth-Warder

These magnificent artifacts were forged from a scale of the Earth-Warder, Neltharion. As you might imagine, obtaining it came at a high cost.

This sword and shield have endured countless battles, wielded by a legendary vrykul warrior and king. Thanks to your help, his spirit can rest in peace, but his armaments now pass to you. May they bring you the same victories they brought him.

Scale of the Earth-Warder, Part One

When Odyn created the Halls of Valor, countless vrykul sought to prove themselves worthy of joining the ranks of his mighty valarjar. Perhaps none went to such lengths as the one who would become king: Magnar Icebreaker. His victories in battle were beyond measure, and the strength of his deeds inspired others to seek their own heroic legacy.

Many of his greatest deeds were accomplished with two legendary artifacts: the Scale of the Earth-Warder and the Scaleshard. Obtaining them nearly cost Magnar his life, but their power carried him to heights even he never imagined were within reach.

Scale of the Earth-Warder, Part Two

Magnar's comrades gave him the name "Icebreaker" after his successful campaign in Northrend. While hunting nests of nerubians, Magnar discovered a way to surprise the enemy. Cracks in glacier walls could be turned into tunnels, allowing him to dig deep into enemy strongholds and assault them from within.

As he traveled across Azeroth, Magnar saw many powerful creatures, but

none enraptured him so much as Neltharion, the Dragon Aspect of Earth. Vrykul and dragons rarely had reason to interact, but over the years, Magnar never failed to watch in awe when Neltharion flew overhead. With Neltharion's lair close to the vrykul home of Stormheim, Magnar began to wonder what might be waiting inside. What marvels would the Earth-Warder's den hold? What power could the vrykul obtain?

His curiosity would become an obsession.

Scale of the Earth-Warder, Part Three

Magnar Icebreaker convinced a raiding party of vrykul warriors to accompany him into Neltharion's lair. They waited until they saw the Dragon Aspect leave his mountain, and then they carefully crept inside. They hoped they would find treasure or artifacts; what they found instead was a host of enemies.

Though Neltharion was gone, many of his kin remained. A colossal fight broke out in the smaller side caverns beneath Highmountain, pitting the vrykul invaders against impossible odds. Magnar led his party in a frantic run for an exit, but before they could escape, Neltharion returned to his lair.

The Dragon Aspect, enraged at the trespassers, unleashed a single lethal breath of fire. There was nowhere to hide and nowhere to run. In desperation, Magnar grabbed a piece of debris from the ground—it was one of Neltharion's cast-off scales. It saved Magnar's life. The blast of flame parted around the black scale, but the sheer force carried Magnar out of the lair, sending him tumbling down the slopes of Highmountain.

Magnar was badly wounded, but he survived.

Scale of the Earth-Warder, Part Four

A black dragon's wrath was not easily shrugged away. It took years for Magnar to recover from his injuries.

He spent the time examining the scale he had taken from Neltharion's lair. He was in awe of its resiliency. It had saved him from a fiery death without

being so much as scratched or singed. Magnar wanted the scale to be forged into a lasting armament, but no vrykul blacksmith knew how to sculpt something so unusual.

As Magnar recuperated, he began to study the art of blacksmithing. If nobody else knew how to unlock the scale's potential, he would learn to do it himself.

Scale of the Earth-Warder, Part Five

Few understood Magnar's motivations. Most vrykul sought a place in the Halls of Valor through glory on the battlefield, not by working a blacksmith's forge. In time, Magnar would become known as a respectable smith in his own right. The edges of his blades were often sharper and more precise than those of his peers.

They needed to be. Magnar knew he would only have one opportunity to craft Neltharion's scale into a worthy shield.

When the time came, Magnar retreated to his forge and began to work. Days later, he emerged. In his grasp were two armaments unlike any the vrykul had ever seen. One was a shield of unimaginable endurance. The other was a sword, polished to a fine edge. It was the last time Magnar created a weapon.

He would never need another.

Scale of the Earth-Warder, Part Six

Magnar was already a respected warrior. With his new sword and shield in his hands, he became a legend. Tempered by his disastrous venture into Highmountain, he approached his campaigns with thoughtfulness and discipline, and against his newly forged power, the enemies of the vrykul stood little chance.

Other vrykul flocked to his side with each victory, believing that Magnar's astonishing feats would usher them all into the Halls of Valor as Valarjar, immortal champions.

Before long, Magnar was leading a sizeable portion of the vrykul people.

Only a few years after forging his armaments, he was known as King Magnar Icebreaker.

Scale of the Earth-Warder, Part Seven

Magnar Icebreaker eventually returned his sights to the region where he had made his name: Northrend. Remnants of the insectoid nerubian armies were once again emerging from their caves, seeking to seize Ulduar and the titan machinery within it.

Against Magnar, they did not get far. The king led his people against the nerubians, pushing them back to the entrance of Azjol-Nerub itself. So thorough was the nerubians' defeat that they ceased all aggression for millennia.

Scale of the Earth-Warder, Part Eight

No vrykul doubted that Magnar would ascend to the Halls of Valor upon his death. And even though Helya had sealed away Keeper Odyn and the Valarjar, she wondered if Magnar's spirit would be strong enough to make the journey anyway.

King Magnar Icebreaker had his sights focused firmly on the city of Stormheim, now occupied by Highborne elves. The vrykul believed that their path to a glorious afterlife with Odyn would be cleared if they once again held their ancestral home.

Helya and her followers knew this ambition would provide their best opportunity to bring down Magnar... and with luck, his soul would be dragged to Helheim, not the Halls of Valor.

Scale of the Earth-Warder, Part Nine

The vrykul launched a massive attack on Stormheim, surprising the Highborne with their ferocity. For weeks the two sides skirmished. Magnar led the charge. The Scale of the Earth-Warder protected him from the elves' arcane reprisals, and the vrykul's assault scored immediate victories, building enough momentum to push the Highborne out of the city entirely.

The elves' last chance to reclaim the city happened at Nightborne Pass. The Highborne rallied their forces for a final counterattack, clashing with the vrykul in a brutal, confined brawl.

In the end, the vrykul stood victorious. The Highborne were forced to flee for their lives. They never made a claim upon Stormheim again.

But it was then, at the moment of Magnar's biggest triumph, that betrayal fell upon him.

Scale of the Earth-Warder, Part Ten

Mere moments after the vrykul secured their victory over the Highborne, the servants of Helya struck. Traitors arose within the vrykul's ranks to slaughter Magnar's closest confidants... and his son, Hruthnir. Amid the chaos, more of Helya's followers, the Helarjar, arrived to make sure Magnar was killed.

After seeing his son butchered, Magnar was consumed with rage. He became a whirlwind of death, killing every enemy within reach. Countless Kvaldir and traitorous vrykul had fallen to his blade before, finally, they brought him down. His people were able to rally and prevent the Helarjar from claiming Stormheim, but they were too late to save their king.

Scale of the Earth-Warder, Part Eleven

In death, Magnar's spirit lingered. His rage stopped him from making the journey to the Halls of Valor... but it also kept his soul from Helya's grasp.

For thousands upon thousands of years, he burned with righteous fury, hovering between the life long past and the afterlife he deserved. But now he is free, reunited with his son in the presence of Odyn.

His armaments remain on Azeroth, destined to bring glory and honor to whoever wields them next.

Note from Fjornson

There is more to tell of these legends. I will carve more, and you will return.

Salt-Crusted Journal

By

Unknown

We barely escaped from Kezan with our lives! The volcano took everything... my house, my car, my pet boar, my pet boar's house, my pet boar's car... But at least we got safely onto the ships! We'll sail straight for Durotar, sucker a few orcs after we get onto dry land again, and be rolling in money again within a week!

We've been on the ocean for what seems like forever. I don't think anyone knows where we are.

Our supplies are dwindling, and we used up half our water trying to run the pump for the makeshift desalinator. We tried throwing a few people overboard to gain speed, but we kept all their gold so it didn't help that much.

It was kinda fun, though.

We've landed! Well, more like crashed. The boats tore themselves open overnight while the "captain" had a rag tied to the wheel.

We all woke up face-down in the sand on this mysterious desert beach! Nobody has any idea where we are, but we'll have to make do in this exotic and highly uncharted territory.

Did I say we all woke up? That may have been an exaggeration.

We found something amazing! An old busted-up machine thing. One of the smartypants antique collectors that survived the crash said it looked like it might be a Titan thingy.

Whatever it is, I bet it's valuable. The guys that found it said their heads hurt after digging it up and it's leaking some kinda glowy light but WHATEVER!

The guys who found that artifact are acting a little FUNNY! Nothing too bad for a goblin mind you. And they've only stabbed one or TWO people.

I guess it's not that bad! Everyone around here is feeling a LITTLE funny anyway ha ha ha.

That brute they keep with them sure TALKS a lot, though.

THE others let me JOIN them finally they showed me the ARTIFACT for a really long time til I felt the tingles they say MEATFACE knows everything he is the SMARTEST I hope with his help we can LIBERATE this lost beach from the OTHER EVIL GOBLINS that came in their FLYING MACHINES to KILL US they lied they said WE'RE FROM GADGET-ZAN TO SAVE YOU but we were not fooled we took their stuff ha ha ha

DELICIOUS JOURNAL I MUST EAT IT

<The rest of the pages are missing>

Sara Balloo's Plea

By

Sara Balloo

To My Honorable King:

'Tis not the place of a lowly soldier's wife to question the actions of great leaders such as yourself. The battles that rage across our lands are being fought to preserve the great life we know and love, from the cool waters of Loch Modan to the brisk, snow-capped peaks of Dun Morogh.

But the wars we wage in the name of preservation are to come at what cost? Upon the death of which fallen soldier do we realize that the very life we strive to save is slipping from us on the battlefield? Under how many swords and axes must we throw our future? Under how many feet of sodden soil must we bury our past?

It is not the place of the lowly soldier's wife to ask such questions.

Yet I write to you now as the lowly soldier's widow. My husband might have been one soldier in the ranks of thousands to you. To me he was the great Sully Balloo, father of my children and my one partner in this life.

Forgive me if my questions to you, oh great leader, ring inappropriate. But the dead cannot ask these questions for themselves....

Your Loyal Subject,

Sara Balloo

Sargeras and the Betrayal

By

Unknown

Over time, demonic entities made their way into the Titans' worlds from the Twisting Nether, and the Pantheon elected its greatest warrior, Sargeras, to act as its first line of defense. A noble giant of molten bronze, Sargeras carried out his duties for countless millennia, seeking out and destroying these demons wherever he could find them.

Although Sargeras' nearly limitless powers made short work of the shambling demons he found throughout the Great Dark, he was greatly troubled by the creatures' corruption and all-consuming evil. Incapable of fathoming such depravity, the great Titan began to slip into a brooding depression. Despite his growing unease, Sargeras rid the universe of demonic entities by trapping them within a corner of the Twisting Nether.

While his confusion and misery deepened, Sargeras was forced to contend with a particularly insidious group intent on disrupting the Titans' order: the Nathrezim. This dark race of vampiric demons (also known as dreadlords) conquered a number of populated worlds by possessing their inhabitants and turning them to the shadow.

The nefarious, scheming dreadlords turned whole nations against one another by manipulating them into unthinking hatred and mistrust. Sargeras defeated the Nathrezim easily, but their corruption affected him deeply.

As doubt and despair overwhelmed Sargeras' senses, he lost all faith not only in his mission, but also in the Titans' vision of an ordered universe. Eventually he came to believe that the concept of order itself was folly, and that chaos and depravity were the only absolutes within the dark, lonely universe.

His fellow Titans tried to persuade him of his error and calm his raging emotions, but he disregarded their more optimistic beliefs as self-serving delusions. Storming from their ranks forever, Sargeras set out to find his own place in the universe. Although the Pantheon was sorrowful at his departure, the Titans could never have predicted just how far their lost brother would go.

By the time Sargeras' madness had consumed the last vestiges of his valiant spirit, he believed that the Titans themselves were responsible for creation's failure. Deciding, at last, to undo their works throughout the universe, he resolved to form an unstoppable army that would set the physical universe aflame.

Even Sargeras' titanic form became distorted from the corruption that plagued his once-noble heart. His eyes, hair, and beard erupted in fire, and his metallic bronze skin split open to reveal an endless furnace of blistering hate.

In his fury, Sargeras shattered the prisons he'd created and set the loathsome demons free. These cunning creatures bowed before the dark Titan's vast rage and offered to serve him in whatever malicious ways they could. Seeking a way to lead and control his vast demonic army, Sargeras recruited (and subsequently corrupted) the ancient and intelligent race of the Eredar. From within their ranks, Sargeras picked two champions to command his demonic army of destruction.

Kil'jaeden the Deceiver was chosen to seek out the darkest races in the universe and recruit them into Sargeras' ranks. The second champion, Archimonde the Defiler, was chosen to lead Sargeras' vast armies into battle against any who might resist the Titan's will.

Kil'jaeden's first move was to enslave the vampiric dreadlords under his terrible power. The dreadlords served as his personal agents throughout the universe, and they took pleasure in locating primitive races for their master to corrupt and bring into the fold. First amongst the dreadlords was Tichondrius the Darkener. Tichondrius served Kil'jaeden as the perfect soldier and agreed to bring Sargeras' burning will to all the dark corners of the universe.

The mighty Archimonde also empowered agents of his own. Calling upon the

malefic pit lords and their barbarous leader, Mannoroth the Destructor, Archimonde hoped to establish a fighting elite that would scour creation of all life.

Once Sargeras saw that his armies were amassed and ready to follow his every command, he launched his raging forces into the vastness of the Great Dark. He referred to his growing army as the Burning Legion. To this date, it is still unclear how many worlds they consumed and burned on their unholy Burning Crusade across the universe.

Saurial Egg

By

Unknown

Found in the remote rainforest of the Un’Goro Crater, this egg once held an embryonic Devilsaur. The saurial’s genetic material has proven invaluable to League ecologists who are closer than ever to devising a serum for the devilsaurs’ debilitating venom.

Scarlet Courier's Message

By

High Commander Galvar Pureblood

High General,

The armies of Hearthglen and Tirisfal are less than a day's ride from New Avalon. We ride with the Light shining upon our backs and the wind at our heels. Soon the Scourge will have to contend with the full might of the Scarlet Crusade!

Light Bless You,

High Commander Galvar Pureblood

Scarlet Crusade Documents

By

Unknown

Disperse information as you deem necessary.

Tirisfal Regional Command

Captain Melrache

Captain Vachon

Captain Perrine

Directives by the order of the Highlord.

Captain Perrine, further fortify your position at the southwest tower (as designated). Additional supplies will be dispatched at a later date. In the meantime, materiel should be obtainable from the surrounding farms. Also, further reconnaissance and information

should be gathered about the organization of the undead in Brill.

Captain Vachon, there appears to be increased movement by the undead near the northern tower. This insurgence must be quickly and decisively dealt with.

Captain Melrache, there are concerns about the level of organization of the undead near the borders of the Plaguelands. A fresh group of men will be dispatched to your position in the coming weeks.

Glory under the Light

Schwinderhoof

By

Unknown

Nobel warrior of the Bloodtotem, you gave your life to protect Highmountain... Even when all others failed...

Scout's Journal

By

Unknown

I've found an incredible site!

The whole area pulsates with the hum of ancient architecture.

If it were not so late in the day, I would investigate the chamber immediately!

Sleeping, tonight, will be a struggle...

A most productive day, today!

The chamber is indeed of ancient origin, and houses a magnificent mechanism which seems to be in disrepair.

I will investigate further tomorrow.

This discovery will surely force Schnottz to take notice of me!

How could he deny me a promotion after something like this?

It has taken me all day to wrestle the cipher from these hieroglyphs: Through eyes of blue is starlight revealed. Ten shards, one rod, and the veil disappears.

Forget Schnottz and his empty promises!

If I can just unravel this riddle, its secrets shall be mine!

I've done it!

Using sapphire from the chamber's adornments, I have fashioned a pair of

goggles. With them, I am able to see things previously hidden from view.

Amazing!

With luck, my next entry will find me a newly rich man!

Scrawled Pamphlet

By

Unknown

YOU CAN SAVE YOUR FAMILY

Azeroth will burn. None of you can stand against the Legion. Not you, not your family, not your greatest champions.

So save what you can, while you can.

Join the Legion. Now. Not later. The day will come when all mortal fools finally accept the inevitable, and there will be a great tide of people pleading for the Legion's mercy. But right now, many still cling to worthless hope. Now is your chance to claim a place in the demons' numbers, before it is too late. Bring your friends. Bring your children. (Feel free to abandon those who annoy you.) Time is running out.

Scribbled Note

By

Unknown

[illegible]

Scribbled Pamphlet

By

Unknown

LIMITED SUPPLY: HIGH-QUALITY DEMON DISGUISES

Say the inevitable happens. You're minding your own business when a pack of demons comes knocking at your door. What do you do? The Darkmoon Theatre Troupe has your answer! Our award-winning face-gineers have created a series of full-body demon costumes that even Kil'jaeden the Deceiver would applaud. Current disguises include pit lord (requires two people to wear), doomguard, mo'arg, and felhound (not recommended if you have back problems). When the demons see you in one of these suits, they'll never know the difference. That's a guarantee.

Scroll of Auspice

By

Unknown

When the horror comes a-rising
And the heavens hum with war
Our great vessel of salvation
Must be broken from its core.
Rending daggers of the great ones
Shall be bound with wood and shade
If the fiery wings of sunset kings
Are ever to be stayed.
Incantations fae and primal
Bought on promises of gold
Bind the glamour to the thing
That quenches fires and fears of old
Comprehend this sacred recipe
Perform it as I've penned
Drive its fruit through Blood of Ancients

And your terror-war shall end.

Scrolls of the Faldrottin

By

Unknown

In ages to come the Tideskorn break
By burning foe, in hearts aflame
The clans sundered, his spear struck deep
The war within feeds the foe without
But from his ashes our hopes arise
Of king and maiden of spear and shield
Shadowed from watchers, she seeks no throne
But rule she must, lest the Tideskorn fall
Among the outcasts, she hides from fate
In Skold-Ashil her destiny waits
Blessed by Eyir, her spear must seek
Unworthy rulers and would-be kings
But as she rises, so too she falls
With heavy heart of God-King's blood
What once was friend will turn to foe

A final battle with twisted sides
From her fall, a queen will rise
Chosen by titans, vrykul and men
To take the spear to burning foes
And retake to tides long scorned.

Sea-kissed Scroll

By

Unknown

Today was a day of great dishonor. After a good journey raiding up the coast we came to drop off our share of the loot at our stash cave.

This time First Mate Torglork had other ideas, he and some of the crew wanted a larger share of the loot, so they jumped Captain Ironbeard in the cave and killed him! By the time the rest of us knew it was all too late. I did not want to be killed so I went along with it...

To make sure our leaders don't know, Torglork has taken the mantle of Ironbeard and serves as the new captain. Everytime I see him I want to put an axe in him, and then myself for letting this dishonor go on for so long...

With the invasion fully underway we have been reassigned to Ironfist Harbor in Nagrand, and will likely not see Tanaan again for some time.

I managed to bribe a warlock for some help. He swore this ritual and enchanted thing would bring back Ironbeard... mostly. I will head back to the cave and try to bring him back. Perhaps together we can put this misdeed to right.

The ritual failed... mostly. Ironbeard got up but he was still dead. He only remembers rage and the moments of his death. I told him of Torglork's taking of his name and he only grew more enraged and attacked me, driving me out of the cave.

I can hear him in there, raging against those that betrayed him. I will head back to the coast and return to the ship. I will find another way to restore my honor...

Sealed Note

By

Unknown

<name>,

First, I would like to apologize for the cryptic note - but discretion is imperative.

As past events have taught us, others in the Horde may act without proper planning, or restraint. We plan to move first towards our next objective and avoid further pointless losses.

You have shown yourself to be a highly skilled and reliable ally. We would like to invite you to join us - as soon as possible - at the Valley of the Emperors in Kun-Lai Summit.

We hope you will meet us with all due haste.

-A Friend from Silvermoon

Sealed Research Report

By

Unknown

Greetings, <name>.

I thought you might be interested in the results of my research.

As it turns out, both Reuben and Leagrem are survived - so to speak - by family. Even if they're already aware of the lost soldier's fate, visiting one of them may prove a worthy venture.

You can find Reuben's ex-wife, Joanna Whitehall, in the Undercity's War Quarter, where she spends most of her time. I'm unsure how receptive she'll be to the news, mind.

As for Leagrem, his aunt became the Orphanage Matron in Stormwind, an admirable position to hold.

No matter your path in life, I wish you the best of luck in your endeavors.

Sealed Research Report

By

Unknown

Hello, <name>.

As it turns out, I've unearthed a bit of information from that note.

On James, I could find little, I fear. However, I did uncover a bit of family information on Amelia. While neither she nor her children survived the war, her brother did, a man named Alexander Calder; you can find him in the Forlorn Cavern within Ironforge, studying the dangerous magic of the Burning Legion.

She also had a cousin to which she was close, a woman now known as Deze Snowbane, who promotes the battle for the Arathi Basin within Orgrimmar.

You should visit one of them when next you're in the area. I'm certain they'll be interested to hear of their lost Amelia, if nothing else.

Sealed Research Report

By

Unknown

Salutations. I've at last found the time to look into that missive you found on the Scourge. Though it took some doing, I believe I have discovered a living relative of the deceased.

Maxwell's sister, one Zarena Cromwind by name, runs a small weaponsmith shop out of Booty Bay. I'm unsure how close she was to her brother, but if you find yourself passing through, you should arrange a meeting. Closure on these matters is precious and rare in this day and age.

Sealed Research Report

By

Unknown

I've finally unearthed some information on the former soldier you fought. The trail was difficult to follow, as this particular family tree was not properly documented, but I've found a blood relative at last.

Would you believe Caretaker Alen at Light's Hope Chapel is, in fact, Christoph's son? It might ease his mind to hear of his father. If ever you find yourself in service to the Argent Dawn within the Plaguelands once more, please, speak with him. It would be a kindness.

Sealed Research Report

By

Unknown

<name>,

I hope this letter finds you well. After some digging, I've discovered some information on those who wrote that note you recovered.

Samla's father leads the Forsaken and Trolls who make the pilgrimage to Thunder Bluff in the ways of his faith. His name is Miles Welsh, and you can find him with his fellow undead in the Pools of Vision.

Torgal, meanwhile, is survived by his cousin, Elissa Dumas. She is a reclusive sort from what I've come to understand; she spends her days in the Temple of the Moon in Darnassus.

I urge you to visit whomever you can, <name>. They may never have learned of Torgal or Samla's fate.

Sealed Research Report

By

Unknown

The Keeper passed on the letter you discovered, <name>, and I thought you might appreciate an update.

The last surviving family member of the “Vargus” mentioned has been tracked to the desert of Silithus, dwelling in Cenarion Hold. He goes by the name of Garon Hutchins.

You should speak with him during your next excursion to the wastes. He may be interested to hear what we’ve learned.

Secret Journal

By

Unknown

I can hardly believe it. We've endured this torment for four long years, but soon it will be over. The Brotherhood will be reborn and we will then wash across this land as a flood to cleanse it of its filth and corruption.

Secret Lab Tourism Brochure

By

Unknown

Welcome to the Secret Lab, Azshara's most engaging new tourist destination!

Have you ever wondered where secrets come from?

Deep in the resource-rich forests of scenic Azshara, goblin scientists are hard at work inventing the secrets of tomorrow for you to enjoy today! For just a small up-front fee you and the whole family can get a front-row seat and watch as skilled goblin engineers probe and taunt the very fabric of the cosmos.

Why are we here? What makes us intelligent? How many kilo-fraps of volatile energy can we compress into a cubic ounce of dangerously explosive rocket fuel before it goes critical and unleashes a shockwave capable of tipping the planet off its axis? We can find out together. Your secret lab awaits!

<The remaining 36-pages of the brochure consist of complicated legal waivers and a gift shop ordering form.>

Secret Note #1

By

Harbinger Elm

Agasham,

Our plans must be kept secret at all costs! It will be disastrous if the other tauren tribes discover our affiliation.

Signed,

Harbinger Elm

Secret Note #2

By

Harbinger Rex

Agasham,

Working together, our forces will be more powerful than all of the tauren tribes put together! Yet, we require your total obedience. Remember, your people will be rewarded only after our plans come to fruition!

Signed,

Harbinger Rex

Secret Note #3

By

Harbinger Grakus

Agasham,

Our agents from Lordaeron will meet with your delegates, soon. We will notify you once we've found an appropriate location for our summit.

Signed,

Harbinger Grakus

Senir's Report

By

Senir Whitebeard

A Report on the State of the Frostmane Trolls in the General Area of Dun Morogh

The trolls situated in Dun Morogh are largely centralized in Frostmane Hold, a mountain cave on the western border. They have sufficient numbers to cause some concern, however, they seem more than content to stay in their cave. This is, no doubt, because they do not wish to incur the wrath of the dwarves again, and risk total extermination. Their actions can be considered territorial, if anything, and it is my belief that they pose no real threat to us, so long as we do not encroach upon their territory. This may be a situation unappealing to the dwarven populace, but given the dispersal of military resources, it may be prudent to relegate the extermination of the trolls to a lower level of importance, and continue to focus on the threat posed by the troggs and the Dark Irons.

Enclosed, you will also find a copy of my brother Grelin's report on Anvilmar.

Signed,

Senir Whitebeard

A Report on the State of the Frostmane Trolls in the General Area of Coldridge Valley

Prepared by Grelin Whitebeard, Senate Special Envoy

From the time that I have spent observing the movement of the Frostmane

trolls in the Coldridge Valley area, I have determined that they pose no large threat to dwarven settlements in the area. Moreover, they are a threat that can be eliminated with little additional support from the army. Through the assistance of Mountaineers already stationed in Coldridge Valley and mercenaries (paid with funds set aside by the Senate prior to my dispatchment), I am confident that the problem will be solved in short order. This action has been authorized with the sanction given to me by King Bronzebeard.

Sentinel Scout's Report

By

Unknown

Sentinel Commander Lyalia,

West beyond the Ruins of Dojan are the marshes of the Krasarang River.

Among the riverlands I came across a refugee camp of pandaren who have fled their Crane Temple along the southern coast.

They appear to be faced with a physical manifestation of despair that is welling up from the ground infecting the local habitat.

They need help.

It is my intention to assist these refugees and then rejoin the rest of the sentinels as soon as possible.

Sevren's Orders

By

Magistrate Sevren

Gunther Arcanus:

As you are doubtless well-aware, we of the Forsaken serve a power higher than that of the Scourge: we serve the will of our Dark Lady, the Banshee Queen Sylvanas Windrunner. Our cause is just: we seek revenge against those who have betrayed us, and enmity against those that would betray us in the future.

We are strong, Gunther, but not strong enough. As a former member of the Kirin Tor, you would be well-suited for our army. Your skills are needed if we are to bring the fight to the Scourge and to the living.

The time is now, Gunther. The Forsaken grow stronger and stronger every day, and our enemies are preoccupied with other matters. I invite you to come to Brill, to share our table and to share our fight.

May She reign supreme,

-Magistrate Sevren

Shadow, Storm, and Stone

By

Unknown

Across mogu art and literature, one legend is found, repeated and embellished again and again. It is the legend of Shadow, Storm, and Stone. Here is a rough translation of the earliest known transcript of the story:

The beast of seven heads

Fumed seven breaths.

The land wept shadow

And the swarm blackened the sky.

Supreme was the ancient one;

None dared waken its wrath.

Until the coming of the Storm.

First came thunder, then came Stone.

The thunder Storm's voice,

The Stone his weapon.

Lightning seared the sky.

The swarm fled from its light.

Stone struck at the heads of the beast.

The shadow bled into land and sky -

Fear and rage that would not die.

Storm's will was done.

Stone's purpose fulfilled.

Shadowmoon Mission Orders

By

Warchief Grommash Hellscream

The Iron Horde must gain greater air superiority if we are to conquer our enemies. A large population of wild rylak live in Shadowmoon Valley. Force these creatures to submit to our will. I want to see an air fleet of thousands darken the skies on Azeroth.

—Warlord Grommash Hellscream

Shadowmoon Rubbing

By

Unknown

Today, a bright fire exploded across the heavens, and four great white stones fell from the sky.

One such stone landed in the plains below our village.

We know not what it is. Is it a gift from our ancestors?

Shadowmoon Rubbing

By

Unknown

Today, a bright fire exploded across the heavens, and four great white stones fell from the sky.

One such stone landed in the plains below our village.

We know not what it is. Is it a gift from our ancestors?

Shortly afterward, a shadow appeared in the sky beneath the pale moon. Some stare at it in fear, others in adoration.

The clan has given it many names: great father, dark mother.

The Chieftain calls it the “Dark Star.”

Shadowmoon Rubbing

By

Unknown

Today, a bright fire exploded across the heavens, and four great white stones fell from the sky.

One such stone landed in the plains below our village.

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Shortly afterward, a shadow appeared in the sky beneath the pale moon. Some stare at it in fear, others in adoration.

The clan has given it many names: great father, dark mother.

The Chieftain calls it the “Dark Star.”

Since the crystals fell, our power has grown in ways we do not fully understand.

We have always spoken the language of the stars and the earth. Now, we hear another - the voice of shadow.

Yesterday, we found one of our clan defiling the spirits of our ancestors.

The Chieftain is livid. It is clear - this new magic is dangerous. It leads us down a path from which we cannot return.

From this day forth, let it be known. The powers of shadow are forbidden to the clan.

The “Dark Star” is evil.

Shadowmoon Rubbing

By

Unknown

Today, a bright fire exploded across the heavens, and four great white stones fell from the sky.

One such stone landed in the plains below our village.

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Since the crystals fell, our power has grown in ways we do not fully understand.

We have always spoken the language of the stars and the earth. Now, we hear another - the voice of shadow.

Shadows of the Loa

By

Unknown

The Zandalari worship “loa,” powerful spirits who have been a part of the world predating even the titans. Countless loa exist, most weak, but some very powerful. Most are shapeless, whereas others have animal or creature forms. Zandalari families often worship their own family loas, cities usually have their own civic deities, and the greatest loa are worshipped by the nation as a whole. Powerful, enlightened Zandalari can become loas upon their death - or so it is believed. These spirits are central to the Zandalari worldview: so say the loa, so go the Zandalari.

Shaw's Report

By

Master Mathias Shaw

Lord Stoutmantle—

Led by Edwin VanCleaf, the Stonemason's Guild was composed of the most skilled builders among men. The Stonemasons helped to rebuild the broken city of Stormwind that was razed by the orcs during the First War. VanCleaf and his tradesmen were peerless builders and their work and artistry was evident in the edifices of the Cathedral of Light and Stormwind Keep itself.

However, the nobles of Stormwind ran up a huge debt by expanding the kingdom's military presence through Elwynn and into Stranglethorn. The massive debt crippled the kingdom's economy and stripped VanCleaf and his Stonemasons of their promised rewards. After spending years toiling to rebuild the glorious city, the Stonemasons were left broke, forgotten by the city's corrupt officials.

Having personally known Edwin VanCleaf my entire life, I can tell you that facing him as a foe is quite a daunting task. You see, he was my childhood friend, and I personally trained him in the ways of the shadows thinking that one day he might consider a career alongside me. If VanCleaf is heading up the Defias Brotherhood, may the Light have mercy on our souls.

Master Mathias Shaw

Stormwind Assassin's Guild

Signed Recruitment Letter

By

Kargal Battlescar

Horde Conscription Registration

This person has demonstrated incredible feats of strength and skill in the name of the Horde. They should immediately be assigned to work in the Crossroads.

Respectfully yours:

- Kargal Battlescar

Looks good to me.

- Takrin Pathseeker

Silver Covenant Orders

By

Unknown

You must meet with Arcanist Tybalin on the top floor of the Silver Enclave. He will entrust you with a book that is beyond value. Be discreet in your movements and guard this book with your life. Carry it back to Caladis Brightspear at Quel'Delar's rest with all haste.

Simple Letter

By

Llane Beshere

Tell me, <class>, have you heard an orc scream yet? Perhaps defended your home from gnolls as they seek to tear your throat out? Yeah, sounds harsh, doesn't it? Well, you're gonna need my help if you want to protect your loved ones. You'll find me inside the abbey in Northshire. My knowledge doesn't come cheap, but if you're experienced enough, I can give you training that will help you fight off the threats to Stormwind and beyond.

Llane Beshere, Warrior Trainer

Simple Memorandum

By

Unknown

ATTENTION:

You must report to Thran Khorman immediately. He is located within building A3; also known as Anvilmar to local inhabitants. After successfully making contact with Khorman, you will proceed to prepare yourself for the coming war—the war to take back our home of Gnomeregan!

All efforts and essential tasks should be focused on achieving this directive. Once accomplished, a new task will be given to you.

Simple Note

By

Harutt Thunderhorn

Many tribes claim that it is a gift to be blessed with the aptitude to use magic or to talk to our ancestors, but you should know this as well, <class>, you are just as gifted. Some do not have the strength in their arms to wield mighty weapons. Some do not have the skill to parry a blow from an assassin, or to even suffer the physical punishments from an arcane spellcaster, but you do. You are strong. And I will help you become stronger. Find me in Camp Narache.

-Harutt Thunderhorn, Warrior Trainer

Simple Parchment

By

Frang

Throm-Ka, warrior. I won't fawn over your deeds of strength and valor. They're old news. Killed any humans lately? Not many, I wager. You're slowing down. Getting soft without a challenge.

I need another pair of hands, and no matter what your toadies say, you need the training I can give you. Whenever you get that through your thick skull, I'll be waiting under the canopy just outside the Den.

-Frang, Warrior Trainer

Simple Rune

By

Thran Khorman

By Magni's beard, there's much to discuss, and little time to do it, <name>. Find me in Anvilmar overlooking Coldridge Valley as soon as you can. We gotta get started.

There's a mess of things I can tell you about to get you caught up to speed, but all that's got nothing to do with us... for now. What we need to focus on is the grip of an axe, the weight of our armor, and the smell of our own sweat beadin' down our foreheads as we fight our enemies. We'll start with that.

-Thran Khorman, Warrior Trainer

Simple Scroll

By

Dannal Stern

Many of our kind resort to the arcane and divine as a means to give themselves strength, but we know better, don't we, <class>? We know that our weapons are our holy symbols, our shield is our spell book, and our mail is our wisdom.

Even in undeath we are strong, and we will only become stronger.

Find me in the inn in Deathknell. I will speak to you more of these matters and other things.

-Dannal Stern, Warrior Trainer

Simple Sigil

By

Alyissia

I hope my sigil finds you well, <class>. I write to you because our people have need for those strong with the blade, the glaive, and all other weapons. So much has happened since our people have been reintroduced to the other races of Azeroth that we have an even greater need for protectors of all kinds.

This is where you come in. I would tell you more, but I feel it should be in person. Find me inside Aldrassil... on the lower levels.

-Alyissia, Warrior Trainer

Simple Tablet

By

Tar'sere

Aye, mon. Take dis letter to Frang in da Valley of Trials. He usually be outside da Den whipping young warriors into shape to fight for da Horde.

He needs cunning warriors like you to show da orcs how to fight wit sometin' other den their muscles. You be faster and smarter den most, but don't be braggin' 'bout that—orcs don' take kindly to insults. They be good allies, an' maybe they teach you a ting or two also.

-Tar'sere

Singed Page

By

Unknown

<No recognizable words remain on this badly burnt page.>

Singed Page

By

Unknown

I did this. I don't remember doing it, but it cannot be otherwise.

I have committed sins in my life before. I even killed a man once who didn't deserve it. But this is different.

I am changed. These murders were not my choice. A beast lives inside of me.

I will be hunted and shunned. I need to hide. Run. Bury the bodies.

I start to walk outside when I realize what truly bothers me.

I feel no guilt.

Singed Page

By

Unknown

...but she knew that, already. She had resigned herself to living as a pariah after bartering her soul away in bits and pieces. Vengeance had been worth it, or so she thought.

Yet here was a chance to regain her humanity and all the stranger asked for in exchange was her trust.

“I’ll do it,” said Katreyn. “I have nothing to lose.”

Singed Page

By

Unknown

Though nearly defeated
His courage stayed strong
Took sword and unsheathed it
And charged the fel throng
Since that violent day
Ne'r would arrow, nor sword
Find, in battle nor fray,
Its way to the dwarven lord

Sister Aquinne's Note

By

Sister Aquinne

Nyoma,

You can't imagine how surprised I was to receive the recipe book! Everything you included is just as I remember from home. I can't wait to try out the new recipes.

When you have some time, you should come visit me in Darnassus. I'll even cook for you!

Your friend,

Aquinne

Slaghammer's Notes: the New Leader

By

Slaghammer

Praise be to the new leader! Once the hand to the Twilight Father, the Shadow Deacon has decided now is the time to regain our past glory!

While the Twilight Father left to serve Deathwing, the Shadow Deacon maintained his "role" as a bishop in Stormwind. He continued infiltration and recruitment efforts there for some time until the fall of Deathwing and the Twilight Father. He then ordered what was left of our organization to go quiet and allow our foes their temporary victory.

But then he found it, or perhaps it found him. The Black Blade...

Slaghammer's Notes: Tyr's Fall

By

Slaghammer

We have finished setting up a small base as per the Deacon's orders. He is driven, so sure this is the proper path for the Twilight's Hammer. We will be visible to our enemies but he believes it is worth the risk.

There is some sort of broken seal leading to a complex beneath the lake. The lake itself looks like it suffered a titanic explosion thousands of years ago. Somehow the Shadow Deacon knew of this location and knows that a C'Thraxxi died here. His plan is bold. He will use the Black Blade to resurrect this ancient being and restore the Twilight's Hammer to its pinnacle.

Tomorrow I go in to command the forces holding the upper area. He has already dampened the wards and is preparing to enter the lower area.

Slaghammer's Notes: Xala'tath, the Blade of the Black Empire

By

Slaghammer

The Shadow Deacon was a cautious and calculating master, preferring the secrecy of the shadows to direct action. Ever since he found the Blade, his entire demeanor has changed. Arrogant, commanding, audacious. He now favors a bold plan to restore power to the Twilight's Hammer.

The Blade is called Xal'atath. It has come from an age before most of our races existed. We only have the scrawlings of previous holders to go from. While it is mostly ravings of those that lacked the will to wield the Blade, many of them say the same things.

They speak of the Black Empire, of a time when our true masters ruled all of Azeroth. Massive sacrifices, living buildings filled with void energies. Sometimes we can hear the Shadow Deacon speaking to... someone in his tent. He has mentioned the glory of the Black Empire as well.

Snufflenose Owner's Manual

By

Unknown

CONGRATULATIONS!

You are the proud new owner of the amazing snufflenose gopher! Although a shy creature, we are positive you'll find your new pet's fuzzy cuteness and incredible olfactory capabilities endearing.

In the following pages, you'll find information on your gopher's: 1. Feeding and care 2. Eccentric (and adorable) behavior 3. Use of the patented Snufflenose Command Stick(tm) Again, congratulations. You won't be disappointed,

-Marwig Rustbolt

Owner, Snuff Inc.

FEEDING AND CARE:

We are committed to providing you with everything needed to care for your pet. Our customers have come to expect this level of service from Snuff Inc, and we agree!

To that end, we have designed sturdy gopher crates with small holes, perfect for keeping your pet safe, secure and out of the light.

For your convenience, inside every crate is a food pellet receptacle, infused with the alluring scent of blueleaf tubers (the snufflenose gopher's favorite treat)!

WALKING YOUR GOPHER

The snufflenose gopher likes small, dark places. And it is very shy.

If you wish to walk your gopher, then you must take it to a place that feels like home. And you **MUST** take it to where your gopher can smell its favorite food: blueleaf tubers!

The closest such place is the “trench” area of Razorfen Kraul. If you open your crate near the trench, and your gopher can smell any nearby tubers, then he will venture out and follow you.

THE SNUFFLENOSE COMMAND STICK(tm)

The snufflenose gopher is an amazing animal. Not only does it inspire love and affection from even the most ornery plainstrider, it can smell a buried blueleaf tuber from up to fifty yards away!

If you wish to send your gopher to find a tuber, then you may use our (separately sold) patented snufflenose command stick. Direction following on next page...

All of our gophers are highly trained, and merely waving your command stick will send a nearby gopher into “search mode.” The gopher will then sniff for a tuber and if he smells one, he’ll move toward it and dig it up.

If you wave the command stick again while the gopher is searching for a tuber, then it will stop its search and happily return to your side.

We are confident that you’ll find our gophers well trained, useful and squeezably soft additions to your party!

It pains us to mention that we at Snuff Inc. have received reports that some greedy tuber hunters care little for the safety of their lovable pets and send them into dark, dangerous nooks and cranies in search of tubers.

We do not condone such irresponsible behavior, but in the efforts of customer satisfaction we have included a warranty with every gopher sold, allowing new owners to return to their point of purchase and replace lost pets.

Happy Hunting!

Solomon's Plea to Darkshire

By

Magistrate Solomon

Lord Ebonlocke—

The Township of Lakeshire humbly requests the aid of the Night Watch. We are under siege from both the Blackrock orcs and Morganth's Shadowhide gnolls. I would not send bidding if our situation was not severe. We await aid from Stormwind but until such help arrives, I beg of you to lend support. Once the kingdom is breached, all of humanity is in peril.

Magistrate Solomon

Solomon's Plea to Westfall

By

Magistrate Solomon

Lord Stoutmantle—

The Township of Lakeshire humbly requests the aid of your Militia. As I write this, we find ourselves under siege from both the Blackrock Orcs and Morganth's Shadowhide Gnolls. I would not send bidding if our situation was not severe. We await aid from Stormwind but until such help arrives, I beg of you to lend support. Once the Kingdom is breeched, all of Humanity is in peril.

Magistrate Solomon

Solved Cipher

By

Unknown

<Much of the coded missive was destroyed by fire.>

...his calling...

...the will of Grand Master Fahrads that we act by dawn tomorrow. The one who calls is restless...renewed urgency

...mustn't forgo the element of surprise...an eventuality, you must divert attention away from the object.....but with all luck attributed to the Twilight's Hammer....

...fter the operation is done, both groups will reconvene back at Ravenholdt Manor. May you be fleet of foot and quiet of blade.

Burn this.

Song of the Vale

By

Unknown

There is a valley where dreamers sleep,
Where flowers bloom and willows weep,
Where loamy earth springs life anew,
And waters sparkle, clear and blue,
Where every hearth brings peaceful ease,
And beauty sings on every breeze.
Here the Sacred Pools spring pure
Here, seek any who desire cure
Holy, nature, powers divine,
Turn death to life, death to life.

Sorrow of the Earthmother

By

Unknown

As the children of the earth roamed the fields of dawn, they harkened to dark whispers from deep beneath the world. The whispers told the children of the arts of war and deceit. Many of the Shu'halo fell under the shadow's sway and embraced the ways of malice and wickedness. They turned upon their pure brethren and left their innocence to drift upon the plains.

The Earthmother, her heart heavy with her children's' plight, could not bear to watch them fall from grace. In her grief, she tore out her eyes and set them spinning across the endless, starry skies. An'she and Mu'sha, seeking to ease the other's sorrow, could only chase each other's faint glow across the sky. The twins still chase one another with every turning of the world.

Though sightless, the Earthmother could not long stray from the world of her heart. She kept her ear to the winds and listened to all that transpired across the fields of the dawn. Her great heart was always with her children - and her loving wisdom never fled from them.

Sparkmancer Vu

By

Unknown

Sparkmancer Vu served as the Thunder King's most trusted advisor.

Born into the same tribe, the two mogu grew as close as brothers. As children, they played, quarreled, and challenged one another. It is said that this early rivalry was instrumental in developing Lei Shen's thirst for power. Vu, however, fought fiercely to help Lei Shen win the throne of Pandaria.

Not long after Lei Shen gained renown, the Sparkmancer was captured by enemy assassins and his tongue was cut. Popular opinion suspected the Thunder King himself was ultimately behind this plot, a political move to silence the one mogu who knew his deepest secrets. Their brotherhood was also the source of much conjecture and fiction. The peasant masses enjoyed writing stories, including a famous saga about their feud over a woman.

Despite these rumors, history shows that Sparkmancer Vu never wavered from his commitment to his Emperor; he served his friend and brother loyally to the end of his days.

Spires of Arak Mission Orders

By

Warchief Grommash Hellscream

The arakkoa are a powerful ally and a dangerous foe. Through persuasion or force - it matters not which - we must subdue and subvert their magic.

—Warlord Grommash Hellscream

Spirit Binders

By

Unknown

For many ages, the mogu used flesh as a weapon: warped, bent, and twisted to their malevolent will. But after their failures in creating the saurok race, the mogu sought to create another weapon... this time forged with total obedience.

Their ancient research delivered to them methods of turning flesh to stone, and back again. Lifeless rock could be animated, providing a willing (or unwilling) soul could be captured within.

These dark rituals created the Stoneborn, soldiers of jade and dark magic forged from the living essence of conquered victims. These creations were powerful, terrible to behold, and above all else, one hundred percent loyal to their mogu masters.

Splintertree Post Report

By

Kadrak

Grimfang,

I report to you from Splintertree, and the news is unpleasant.

The post was recently attacked by the kaldorei, which prevented any reports from being delivered.

The siege has been broken, but many were lost and another attack looks imminent.

We shall continue sending elves to their graves as long as fate permits.

- Kadrak

Spy's Logbook

By

Unknown

I have set up a small camp in a spot far enough from my target to avoid detection. The Laughing Skull we have “persuaded” to give us information call this one Drov the Ruiner.

These magnaron can be used for the Iron Horde, I know it!

The beast stands there most days tracing runes in the earth, almost if it is casting spells. Other magnaron wander about killing and destroying the earth but this one watches.

It may have some way to talk to the others I cannot understand.

A group of adventurers from the other world arrived and set upon Drov. It crushed them utterly. It is without emotion I think and its power is overwhelming.

I am not sure it can be conquered...

Another group arrived and were beaten back many times.

While the group did manage to do noticeable damage they eventually were forced to retreat after extremely heavy losses.

During the encounter I swear the monster looked straight at me as it crushed a human paladin to paste. I think it knows I am watching...

I was busy skinning some fresh meat when a large boulder hit the side of my “camp”. I almost fell off. When I spun around the magnaron was just

standing there as usual, watching the horizon and drawing in the earth.

I think it might have looked at me out of the corner of its eye though. I think my time here is nearly done...

Spy's Report

By

Unknown

—Day 13

Troop movement near Theramore has increased. Large numbers of humans left the city and move west, in haste.

—Day 14

More troops leaving the city. I followed a small group and watched them remove their uniforms after leaving bowshot of Theramore. Perhaps they are deserters?

—Day 15

I overheard some Theramore troops talk today of guards leaving their posts. My suspicions of the deserters must be true

—Day 16

Uleg and Thargil returned from their mission to the Theramore docks. They saw a new ship in port: the Bleeding Sparrow. The ship arrived from Menethil Harbor in Azeroth.

Tomorrow Uleg and Thargil will return to the docks and steal aboard the ship. They hope to find political documents, ones that reveal the relations between Theramore and the Alliance.

—Day 17

Uleg returned from his mission. He failed, and Thargil was captured. I sent Uleg to deliver this report to Nazeer.

I will remain here. I have witnessed increased shipping activity off the coast of Theramore. I will continue my watch and personally report any noteworthy events.

Stained Pamphlet

By

Unknown

THE END OF ALL THINGS

The crooked serpent with no eyes is watching from the endless sky.

Forked tongues flicker through the black pits in dead stars.

The veil between dream and dreamer slides away like skin from bone.

And even the darkness howls for the light it once despised.

<The rest of the note is illegible, covered in strange glyphs and scribbles.>

Statue of Liftbrul

By

Unknown

Liftbrul, greatest of weightlifters (“No, scratch that part out!”) among all drogbar, champion of the Stonedark.

Immortalized in stone by chief Rynox, second-strongest drogbar of his time (“What are you writing there, Stonecarver?”).

This is not a statue, it is Liftbrul. Rynox is a Stoneshaper (“Does it say something nice about me?”).

Stormpike's Request

By

Gringer Stormpike

Master Longbeard,

As you know, we Stormpikes have an eye for excellence, and so the quality of your shields is no mystery to us.

I, therefore, am keen to commission you for such a shield. I have included specifications on the following page:

- Perfectly round, spanning from fist to elbow.
- Studs along the edge. Silver.
- One large stud in the center, spanning three finger widths. Silver.
- Oaken, and reinforced with iron.
- My name, Gringer Stormpike, etched across the top rim.

Payment will be made through the usual channels. And do give the bearer of this request a standard, delivery stipend. You may add it to the cost of the shield.

Sincerely, and many thanks,

—Gringer Stormpike

Stormrage Missive

By

Lord Illidan Stormrage

Commander,

The Cipher is to be delivered to Zuluhed. It will remain in his custody until further notice.

-Lord Illidan Stormrage

Stormwind Armor Marker

By

Unknown

This Armor Marker is good for one piece of leather or cloth armor, redeemable at the Timberlain household within the Eastvale Logging Camp.

Stoutmantle's Response to Solomon

By

Gryan Stoutmantle

Your Honor—

All of Westfall mourns for your loss, but we are plagued with our own war in Westfall. The farmers have been run off by thieves and mechanical golems. Stormwind withdrew its troops, leaving the people defenseless. I mustered the People's Militia in the wake of Stormwind's abandonment to save what remains of this land. To take the Militia to Redridge would mean certain doom for Westfall.

My regrets,

Gryan Stoutmantle

Studies In Spirit Speaking

By

Unknown

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Sully Balloo's Letter

By

Sully Balloo

Dun Modr of the Wetlands

My Dear Sara,

The indications are very strong that we shall move to take watch over the Thandol Span in a few days. Lest I shall not be able to write to you again. I feel impelled to write a few lines that may fall under your eye when I shall be no more.

Our assignment may be one of a few days duration and full of pleasure, and it may be one of severe conflict and death to me. If it is necessary that I should fall on the battlefield for the Alliance, I am ready. I have no misgivings about or lack of confidence in the cause in which I am engaged and my courage does not halt or falter.

I know how strongly the Kingdom of Ironforge leans on the triumph of the Alliance, and how great a debt we owe to those who went before us through the blood and suffering of the Great Wars, and I am willing, perfectly willing to lay down all my joys in this life to help maintain this Alliance and to pay that debt.

Sara, my love for you is deathless, it seems to bind me in mighty cables that nothing but Omnipotence could break and my love of Kingdom comes over me like a strong wind and bears me irresistibly on with all these chains to the battlefield.

The memories of all the blissful moments I have spent with you come creeping over me and I feel most deeply grateful to the Light and you that I

have enjoyed them so long and how hard it is for me to give them up and burn to ashes the hopes of future years when we might still have lived and loved together and seen our sons grow up to honorable dwarfhood around us.

I know I have but few and small claims upon Divine Providence but something whispers to me - perhaps it is the wafted prayer of my little Edgar - that I shall return to my loved ones unharmed. If I do not my dear Sara never forget how much I love you and when my last breath escapes me on the battlefield I shall whisper your name. Forgive my many faults and the many pains I have caused you, how thoughtless, how foolish I have often times been.

How gladly would I wash out with my tears every little spot upon your happiness and struggle with all the misfortunes of this world to shield you and my dear children from harm.

But I cannot. I must watch you from the twisting nether and hover near you while you buffet the storms with your precious little freight and wait with sad patience till we meet to part no more.

But Oh Sara if the dead can come back to Azeroth and flit unseen around those they love, I shall always be near you in the gladdest day and in the darkest night amidst your happiest scenes and gloomiest hours always, always and if there be a soft breeze upon your cheeks it shall be my breath, as the cool air fans your throbbing temple, it shall be my spirit passing by.

Sara, do not mourn me dead, think I am gone and wait for thee, for we shall meet again.

—Sully

Sunreaver Orders

By

Unknown

You must meet with Magister Hathorel inside The Filthy Animal. He will entrust you with a book that is beyond value. Be discreet in your movements and guard this book with your life. Deliver it to Myralion Sunblaze at Quel'Delar's rest with all haste.

Sunwalker Scout's Report

By

Unknown

The land here is harsh. Past the Ruins of Dojan are the marshlands of the Krasari River. My fur feels as though it will never dry out.

What is worse, the landscape seems to have an almost overwhelming sadness to it. I'm no druid or shaman but I can feel when the light has left a place.

There appear to be patrols of raiding lizardfolk. The locals I have encountered refer to them as "soren" and they are an ill tempered lot.

To compound the issue, I have encountered a band of priests fleeing their Crane Temple as the physical embodiment of sadness appears to be welling up and attacking everything on sight.

These people must be protected. I will do what I can to assist them.

Sunwell - the Fall of Quel'thalas

By

Unknown

Though he had defeated all of the people he now saw as his enemies, Arthas was still haunted by the ghost of Kel'Thuzad. The ghost told Arthas that he needed to be revived for the next phase of the Lich King's plan. To revive him, Arthas needed to bring Kel'Thuzad's remains to the mystical Sunwell, hidden within the high elves' eternal kingdom of Quel'Thalas.

Arthas and his Scourge invaded Quel'Thalas and laid siege to the elves' crumbling defenses. Sylvanas Windrunner, the Ranger-General of Silvermoon, put up a valiant fight, but Arthas eventually eradicated the high elf army and battled through to the Sunwell. In a cruel gesture of his dominance, he even raised Sylvanas' defeated body as a banshee, cursed to endless undeath in the service of Quel'Thalas' conqueror.

Ultimately, Arthas submerged Kel'Thuzad's remains within the holy waters of the Sunwell. Although the potent waters of Eternity were fouled by this act, Kel'Thuzad was reborn as a sorcerous lich. Resurrected as a far more powerful being, Kel'Thuzad explained the next phase of the Lich King's plan.

By the time Arthas and his army of the dead turned southward, not one living elf remained in Quel'Thalas. The glorious homeland of the high elves, which had stood for more than nine thousand years, was no more.

Syndicate Missive

By

Unknown

Valik,

Guard the slave until our return. It's not safe to keep IT here any longer. We'll be moving it north, farther away from any possibility of being seen. They're animals, but brutal animals nonetheless—given enough of them, we'd have reason to be concerned. Better to hide any signs that would provoke them altogether. The last thing we want to give them is a reason to rally and attack us in force.

Tabetha's Instructions

By

Tabetha

Get a Jade. They hide in many different places. They are rare, but if you speak with a blacksmith or engineer they might have one or two to spare.

Get a Bolt Charged Bramble. To get one of those, gather 10 Witherbark Totem Sticks from the Witherbark Trolls of the Arathi Highlands. Bring the sticks to the Circle of Outer Binding, a circle of stones in those same highlands. Place the sticks on the center stone in the circle and wait for lightning to strike it. When it does, the Bolt Charged Bramble will be formed.

Tainted Letter

By

Drusilla La Salle

Too often people like the followers of the Holy Light scare those curious about true power into thinking they cannot investigate any form of the arcane—not all things from outside this world are evil. Not all entities seek to dominate or subjugate others. If you are powerful enough, those same entities can become the followers.

This is something I would like to discuss more with you. Seek me out in the graveyard on the right side of the abbey.

-Drusilla La Salle, Warlock Trainer

Tainted Parchment

By

Nartok

I write this message in the most powerful inks I can create, <name>. It would instantly curse anyone who would dare read it besides yourself. I am that powerful. I summon demons from the Twisting Nether at my leisure. I plague my enemies in their sleep and in the field of battle. And now you too have seen the power of my path. My brothers are pleased by that.

Seek me out near the entrance to the Den once you've found your way around. I would speak to you about important matters.

-Nartok, Warlock Trainer

Tainted Rune

By

Saripal Smolderbrew

ATTENTION:

Remain Silent! Don't look around at anyone! Someone could be watching you this very moment.

My name is Saripal Smolderbrew, <name>. I train those willing to seek knowledge and greater power from... worlds beyond. I've been asked to get in touch with you discretely and inform you that I can train you further in a real form of magic.

When you can, come find me in the back of Anvilmar.

-Saripal Smolderbrew, Warlock Trainer

Tainted Scroll

By

Unknown

An awful predicament to find ourselves in, isn't it, <name>? Plagued by the Foul Prince. Ostracized and spurned by our own loved ones. We finally have our own will thanks to the beautiful Sylvanas, but what does that afford us now? Slaves to a different master is still a slave, or so I say.

But what if we were the masters? Yes, you know what I mean, don't you? We are even more separated from the rest of the Forsaken, <name>. And that is why we must speak further. Find me in the church in Deathknell.

Tales of the Hunt

By

Holt Thunderhorn

Tales of the Hunt

As recorded by Holt Thunderhorn of the Unseen Path.

Titanstrike

The brilliant keeper Mimiron crafted many firearms, but Titanstrike was his crowning achievement. It was his first rifle, and he designed it to harness the raw fury of storms.

Mimiron gave the weapon to his good friend, Keeper Thorim, to use in battle. Thorim was a legendary fighter who relished the hunt, and he wielded Titanstrike with great care and skill. No beast, no matter how mighty, could withstand the rifle's explosive power.

With you, Titanstrike has found someone worthy of carrying on Thorim's legacy.

Hunt wisely. Aim true.

Titanstrike, Part One

Titanstrike was not conceived by a mortal mind, nor was it crafted by mortal hands. This rifle traces its origins to a mirthful being named Mimiron. He was one of the keepers, a race of noble creatures who warred with the Old Gods and imprisoned the wicked entities beneath the earth.

Some of Mimiron's fellow keepers could wield the fury of storms. Others

were mighty warriors. Mimiron's strength was not physical but mental. His intellect and creativity had no equal.

Day and night, Mimiron tinkered away at unique mechanisms. He was especially fond of experimenting with weapons that the keepers and their servants could use to protect Azeroth. When the earthen suggested that Mimiron make something that could strike at enemies from a distance, the keeper devoted himself to the challenge.

Before long, he developed the first firearm in history, a rifle known as Titanstrike.

Titanstrike, Part Two

Mimiron's inventions rarely worked as intended. At least, not at first. He embraced the process of trial and error, often to the detriment of his faithful servants, the clockwork mechnomes.

While testing one of the earliest versions of Titanstrike, Mimiron set part of his workshop on fire and damaged over a dozen mechnomes. The keeper learned a great deal from the disaster. After repairing his injured servants, Mimiron fine-tuned Titanstrike. He took the next prototype to a stormy mountain peak, a remote place where no one would be injured if the weapon went haywire.

Titanstrike, Part Three

Mimiron's decision to test Titanstrike atop a mountain peak proved disastrous, but it was also illuminating. He had forged the newest version of the rifle with a mix of rare metal alloys that unintentionally attracted electricity. When Mimiron fired the weapon, a bolt of lightning leapt from a storm cloud and blasted Titanstrike into two pieces.

Mimiron wasn't angry or disappointed. He was ecstatic. The accident gave him an idea. The keeper would reassemble Titanstrike, and he would embrace its connection to the elements.

He would infuse it with the power of storms.

Titanstrike, Part Four

From chapter four of *The Storm Thieves*, by the historian Evelynna:

“Mimiron needed help to make his idea of Titanstrike a reality. He needed Keeper Thorim.

“Thorim commanded the crackling powers locked within the skies. His lair, the Temple of Storms, acted as a conduit for thunder and lightning. It would serve as the perfect forge to remake Titanstrike.

“One day, as an angry tempest churned over the temple, the two keepers went to work. Thorim wrestled with the winds and the lightning until they bent to his will. He gathered the storm, and all its fury, into a concentrated orb of energy called the Thunderspark, and then he bound it to his temple.

“Mimiron was ready. He channeled the Thunderspark into Titanstrike. Lightning rocked the temple before the keeper finally sealed the wrathful storm inside the rifle.”

Titanstrike, Part Five

From chapter eleven of *The Storm Thieves*, by the historian Evelynna:

“The earthen have a legend of a time when ‘the sky went mad.’ It is said that thunder rolled through the heavens from distant corners of Azeroth for weeks on end. Most of the keepers thought something terrible had happened, that the sky itself had broken. But Mimiron ignored the sounds.

“Several keepers, led by Loken, followed the thunderous noise across the world. They finally tracked its source to an island far to the south, where monstrous devilsaurs and other scaled creatures roamed. There, the keepers discovered Thorim and his two worgs, Hati and Skoll, in the midst of a hunt.

“Loken hurried to the keeper’s side to warn him of the sky’s unrest. That was when he realized that Thorim himself was responsible for it.

“Thorim had received Titanstrike from Mimiron shortly after its creation, and he’d wasted no time using it in his favorite hunting grounds. His own

energies amplified the rifle's explosive power. Every time he fired it, a thunderclap would split the heavens and rumble over the world."

Titanstrike, Part Six

From chapter twenty of *The Storm Thieves*, by the historian Evelynna:

"The only beast to escape Thorim and his worgs on their great hunts was a monstrous jormungar worm. The creature, covered in thick plates of white stone, was the largest of its kind ever to exist.

"When Thorim discovered the worm, he took aim with Titanstrike. His first shot cracked the jormungar's stone hide. Before he could fire again, his prey leapt forward and knocked Titanstrike from his grasp. Thorim pummeled the worm with his bare fists and forced it to burrow into the earth.

"So began a hunt that would last decades. Thorim and his worgs tracked the jormungar across the north, battling the worm whenever it emerged from the ground. In his last encounter with the beast, the keeper landed a shot between its armor plates. The jormungar fled, and it was never seen again."

Titanstrike, Part Seven

Betrayal eventually shattered the unity of the keepers. Most were imprisoned within their fortress of Ulduar. Thorim sank into depression and secluded himself in the Temple of Storms. Even hunting no longer made him happy, and he stored Titanstrike in his lair.

Ages passed, and the keepers' servants spread across the icy north. The vrykul formed clans and sought to dominate the land.

A warrior named Volund yearned for more than that. He dreamed of lording over every vrykul. To do so, he searched for the powerful mechanisms and weapons crafted by the keepers. Volund's journeys would bring him to a lone mechagnome. The vrykul took the defenseless clockwork creature prisoner and forced him to reveal information about Mimiron's creations.

From the mechagnome, Volund learned of Titanstrike and its location.

Titanstrike, Part Eight

Following Loken's betrayal, Thorim secluded himself in the Temple of Storms. He often drifted off into bouts of fitful sleep for years on end, while Hati and Skoll roamed the wilds as they pleased.

Volund waited for one of these periods of slumber to steal Titanstrike. He ensnared a mighty proto-drake and used the beast to ascend to the Temple of Storms. Right under Thorim's nose, the bold vrykul pilfered Titanstrike and fled the keeper's lair.

After Thorim awoke and discovered that Titanstrike was missing, he called Hati and Skoll to his side. The worgs and their master picked up Volund's trail and stormed after him. The vrykul narrowly stayed one step ahead of his pursuers, but he knew he could not do so forever. Thorim and his worgs were legendary hunters. They would eventually track down Volund and punish him.

Along with his captured mechagnome and the relics he had uncovered, Volund escaped the north. He journeyed far to the south, to a land he'd only heard stories of—a land known as Stormheim.

Titanstrike, Part Nine

From chapter three of *The False Keeper*, by the historian Llore:

"Volund bragged of his might, and he demanded that Stormheim's vrykul follow his command. Of course, they did not obey him. Not yet. A few vrykul stepped forward to silence the arrogant newcomer. Volund felled them all with Titanstrike, each shot booming like a giant's footstep.

"When the vrykul witnessed Volund's power, they were in awe. He wielded the strength of the keepers, and therefore they believed he must have earned the mythical beings' favor.

"Volund declared himself warlord, and he rallied Stormheim's warriors under his banner. He and his army marched out from Stormheim to conquer the surrounding land for the glory of the vrykul."

Titanstrike, Part Ten

From chapter seven of The False Keeper, by the historian Llore:

“Warlord Volund had the strength of numbers and the weaponry needed to bring the lands around Stormheim to heel. What he lacked was unity.

“As the vrykul ranks made war against the mighty drogbar near Stormheim, Volund grew suspicious of his followers. He believed they were planning to murder him and take Titanstrike for themselves. After all, if he had stolen it from a keeper, surely someone could steal it from him.

“Volund’s paranoia drove him to torture and execute many of his allies. The bulk of the vrykul soldiers abandoned the crazed warlord, and his once-formidable army crumbled.”

Titanstrike, Part Eleven

Many years later, as Volund neared death, he ordered his enslaved mechagnome and his few remaining vrykul followers to bury him alongside Titanstrike. The warlord used the keeper-wrought mechanisms he had stolen as defensive wards to keep grave robbers out of his tomb. Even in death, Volund would let no one touch his cherished rifle.

Fortunately, Titanstrike did not remain buried beside the would-be conqueror forever. The rifle was not forged to spread terror or to dominate; it was forged to protect Azeroth.

Now reclaimed, Mimiron’s masterwork can fulfill its original purpose. It will strike wherever darkness stirs, and its thunderous report will herald the death of all who threaten the world or its people.

Thas’dorah, Legacy of the Windrunners

If only we could see the true glory of Quel’Thalas again. Thas’dorah was created to aid in the defense of the Highborne kingdom, but over the course of its storied history, the weapon became so much more. It has journeyed from Azeroth to the darkest corners of the Twisting Nether, and it has spilled

the Burning Legion's blood on the demons' home territory.

The rightful owner of this bow is still missing. But Alleria Windrunner was stalwart and practical; she would insist that a worthy champion use it to strike fear in the Legion's heart once again.

Thas'dorah, Legacy of the Windrunners, Part One

Nearly 7,000 years ago, the Highborne founded a new home in the Eastern Kingdoms. Their journey had been hard, and the land was hostile. But the end result was astonishing.

The elves built upon a confluence of magical ley lines and created a city, Silvermoon, near the Sunwell, a fount of pure arcane power. The kingdom of Quel'Thalas rose over the land as a shining monument to the glorious civilization that had once surrounded the shores of the Well of Eternity.

As the Sunwell's magic radiated outward through Eversong Woods, the forest's oldest tree began to absorb its energy. The massive tree was named Thas'alah, the "Light of the Forest." From its enchanted branches, the entire region seemed to be bathed in the glow of an eternal spring.

This bow would be made from Thas'alah's wood, and it would bear the legacy of a Highborne family whose members showed heroism for thousands of years.

Thas'dorah, Legacy of the Windrunners, Part Two

The Highborne elves of Quel'Thalas had fended off constant attacks from Amani trolls. To keep their enemies at bay, they constructed a series of monolithic Runestones that acted as wards against intruders-and also hid the elves' use of arcane magic from the Burning Legion.

The wards succeeded in keeping their enemies out of Silvermoon, in part due to their anchor: the elven arcanists had linked the Runestones to Thas'alah, tying the power of natural magic to their arcane spells.

However, the tree's power could not keep the Highborne safe when they left

their city. For that, they needed skilled fighters.

Thas'dorah, Legacy of the Windrunners, Part Three

The Amani trolls were wary of launching direct attacks on Silvermoon. The elves' magic kept them at bay for several millennia, but eventually the trolls lashed out again. The conflict would become known as the Troll Wars, and the death toll rose quickly. An order of fighters called rangers was founded to defend Quel'Thalas.

The greatest of these early rangers was Talanas Windrunner, a master of archery and ranged combat. He swiftly rose in the ranks and was named the first ranger-general of Silvermoon for his bravery and valor. The leaders of Silvermoon commemorated the occasion by declaring that their champion be given a weapon befitting his new status.

Highborne weaponsmiths set to work immediately.

Thas'dorah, Legacy of the Windrunners, Part Four

A trio of skilled artisans joined together to create a great bow for Talanas. They carved its body from a limb taken from Thas'alah and infused the wood with the waters of the Sunwell.

Immersed in arcane power, the bow began to change. It was hardened, becoming nearly indestructible, and yet it still maintained its connection to the natural magics of Thas'alah.

When it was retrieved from the Sunwell, the bow radiated power. Talanas was humbled by the gift. He named the weapon Thas'dorah, "Valor of the Forest."

He promised that, as long as this weapon protected Highborne lands, Silvermoon would never fall.

Thas'dorah, Legacy of the Windrunners, Part Five

Talanas made good on his promise. Thas'dorah's power was so skillfully wrought that even a novice would have been able to hit a target from a

hundred paces. In his hands, each arrow sang as it sailed to its mark.

The Amani trolls soon learned to fear the sight of his bow, for if they ever caught a glimpse of it, they were within its range. They were forced to retreat, allowing the Highborne elves to settle deeper into the forest.

Talanas Windrunner became a legend for his part in securing the land of Quel'Thalas for future generations.

Thas'dorah, Legacy of the Windrunners, Part Six

Thas'dorah remained with the Windrunner bloodline for thousands of years. The family dedicated their lives to the defense of Quel'Thalas, and in each generation, one would carry the bow into the forests to drive away any interlopers.

Because Thas'dorah never left the region, it continued to bask in the radiant magic of the Sunwell and the surrounding forests. Slowly but surely, the bow was seasoned in a way no one could have anticipated.

Its strength only increased. Its powers began to manifest in surprising ways. An arrow launched toward a target might be joined by other, magical arrows, also aimed at the enemy.

Even after the Troll Wars drew to a close, Thas'dorah helped repel countless enemy incursions.

Thas'dorah, Legacy of the Windrunners, Part Seven

A few years before the Horde invaded Azeroth, the ranger-general of Silvermoon was Lireesa Windrunner, who had three daughters: Alleria, Sylvanas, and Vereesa.

As the eldest, Alleria was to take on the mantle of ranger-general, but she had little use for tradition or expectations. She decided to apply her training to practical matters, so she became a Farstrider, a member of a group of rangers focused on fighting for the Highborne all across Azeroth. She made a name for herself after a number of quick, decisive victories. Her sister Sylvanas

would one day rise to leadership in her stead.

Thas'dorah remained in Lireesa's hands. It would not be passed on to Alleria until tragedy struck.

Thas'dorah, Legacy of the Windrunners, Part Eight

When the Horde invaded, most of the kingdoms of Azeroth did not believe it was a threat. After the orcs burned Stormwind to the ground, a few leaders took notice. The rulers of Silvermoon were reluctant to commit significant aid to the humans of Lordaeron, but Alleria thought that the demon-possessed orcs were a grave danger to the entire world. She led her group of rangers to Lordaeron-against orders-and fought at the Alliance's side with bravery.

It wasn't until the orcs allied with the Amani trolls and turned their attention to Quel'Thalas that the Highborne understood the true threat. Many elven rangers—including Lireesa Windrunner, the ranger-general—died in a bloody attack.

Sylvanas Windrunner would become the new ranger-general, but she passed Thas'dorah to her older sister Alleria. Sylvanas needed to help secure Quel'Thalas; she trusted that Alleria, a Farstrider, would have better opportunities to exact vengeance on the front lines.

Her instincts proved correct. Alleria struck fear into orcs and trolls alike, bringing down countless enemies with her arrows.

Thas'dorah, Legacy of the Windrunners, Part Nine

When the Second War ended, the orcs retreated to their homeworld of Draenor and rallied under a new warchief. Ner'zhul, the former chieftain of the Shadowmoon clan, promised that he would open portals to undiscovered worlds, ones ripe for plundering. The Alliance had no intention of letting him. Alleria volunteered to join the Alliance expedition as its lead scout. She carried Thas'dorah to Draenor with her.

The need for revenge still weighed heavy on her heart. It wasn't until she became close to a human, Turalyon, that she began to see a future beyond

this war.

The Alliance expedition fought the Horde all across Draenor, but Ner'zhul succeeded in opening countless portals. The magical stress on the orcs' homeworld was so great that it was torn apart.

Those among the Alliance who had not escaped through the Dark Portal, including Alleria and Turalyon, were presumed dead.

Thas'dorah, Legacy of the Windrunners, Part Ten

When Thas'dorah was recovered from the Legion world of Niskara, it renewed hope that Alleria had survived the destruction of Draenor. Vereesa believed that her eldest sister had continued her war against evil by hunting the Burning Legion itself, pursuing it into the deepest recesses of the Twisting Nether.

Just as Thas'dorah had absorbed power from its native realm, it had drunk deeply of the chaotic magics swirling through the Nether. Its arrows grew more potent, more accurate, and more lethal against the minions of the dark.

The bow became a symbol of the war against the Legion, a means to rally the greatest hunters of Azeroth against the demon horde.

Thas'dorah, Legacy of the Windrunners, Part Eleven

Quel'Thalas is not what it once was. Thas'alah, the tree from which this bow was crafted, was cut down by the forces of Arthas Menethil. The citadel of Deatholme now stands atop its withered roots. The Highborne suffered massive losses at the hands of the Scourge, so much so that the few remaining survivors call themselves blood elves in remembrance of that tragedy.

This bow was crafted to protect innocents from evil. It has done so admirably, on this world and on countless others.

Now it has been returned to Azeroth. Launched by one of the world's greatest champions, Thas'dorah's arrows will fly once more against evil.

Talonclaw, Spear of the Wild Gods

Crafted before the War of the Ancients, this spear has a unique tip, curved to resemble an eagle's beak, and it is infused with the energies of animal Ancients, or Wild Gods. Talonclaw has helped the tauren defend the world of Azeroth against all enemies, and it was passed to the greatest hunter of the Highmountain tribe until it was lost. Its wielder will be honored among the tauren, to whom it is legendary, but they will be hunted and reviled by the Legion.

Talonclaw, Spear of the Wild Gods,Part One

Long before the War of the Ancients, tauren tribes roamed the sprawling wilds of ancient Kalimdor. The Highmountain tribe was led by Chieftain Moren Highmountain, who saved Ohn'ahra, a Wild God in the form of a giant eagle spirit, from an attack by fire elementals. In thanks, the eagle infused a portion of her essence into Moren's spear, gifting it with powerful magical abilities. Moren carved Ohn'ahra's name onto the haft of his weapon, which his people took to calling the Eagle Spear in her honor.

To commemorate other heroes he encountered, enemies he bested, and events he witnessed, Moren carved their names onto the Eagle Spear. As the spear was passed down to his descendants, they, too, carried on this tradition. In this way, the spear became a living history of the Highmountain tribe.

Talonclaw, Spear of the Wild Gods,Part Two

Moren's granddaughter Eruna was expected to become her tribe's leader. But before she could believe herself worthy of this responsibility, she took the Eagle Spear with her on a pilgrimage, a rite of passage to prove herself. In the northern lands, she rushed to defend a family of night elves from a cabal of tentacled beings issuing forth from a vast cave, wielding sinister magic—servants of the Old Gods who slumbered in dark places but were now awakening. She was joined in the struggle by a mighty bear, who revealed himself as an Ancient named Ursoc. Together, Eruna and Ursoc drove the strange creatures away.

In the aftermath of Eruna Highmountain's battle alongside Ursoc, the

colossal bear took Eruna's measure and judged her worthy. Ursoc told her that a great darkness was coming and that the world would need strong warriors and leaders like her to face it. To aid her, he blessed her spear, adding his might to its enchanted power. In gratitude, Eruna carved Ursoc's name into the weapon, continuing the living story of the Eagle Spear, and returned to her people, ready to lead them.

Talonclaw, Spear of the Wild Gods,Part Three

Long after Eruna's passing, the spear was handed down to Huln Highmountain. Facing a devastating invasion from the Burning Legion, Huln unified other tauren tribes under his banner to join the night elves in fighting the demons.

During one heated battle, Huln tried to protect the two-headed wolf Ancient, Omen, from the forces of the Legion, but the great beast was gravely wounded and poisoned with fel energy. Before he succumbed to demonic corruption, Omen gave his last breath of purity to the spear, adding to the powers that other Wild Gods had left therein. Huln placed the Ancient's name on his spear so that his courage would always be remembered.

Talonclaw, Spear of the Wild Gods,Part Four

During the War of the Ancients, Huln fought alongside many warriors who would go on to become legends in their own right. Among them was the night elf Jarod Shadowsong, who saved Huln's life from a demon attack in one of the last battles of the war. Huln carved their names into the Eagle Spear as well. He even crossed paths with the greatest of all druids, Malfurion Stormrage.

From legends related by the elders of the Highmountain tribe:"Huln handed the spear to the druid, who examined the weapon closely, remarking on the sharp, curved end fashioned to resemble the eagle's beak, and on all the names carved into the shaft by the tauren and his ancestors. Malfurion communed with the spirits within, and approved."

Talonclaw, Spear of the Wild Gods,Part Five

Tauren elders still tell that the doomlord Xyburn made it his personal mission to eradicate their race, and that Huln swore to kill him. The two bitter foes finally clashed during the battle for the Well of Eternity, and their fight ended only when Huln, seemingly beaten, landed a near-killing strike to Xyburn's face with his spear. The demon narrowly deflected the weapon, which, imbued with spirit powers, nonetheless struck him in the left eye, blinding him on that side.

Huln won his battle, but before he could slay the doomlord, Xyburn—along with most of the demons in central Kalimdor—was expelled from Azeroth. Back in the Twisting Nether, he licked his wounds, awaiting the Legion's next campaign and vowing revenge on Huln, all tauren, and the weapon that had taken his sight. But there was no rest for Huln; shortly thereafter, the Well of Eternity imploded, creating massive earthquakes that tore through the world. As the land of Kalimdor shuddered and began to break apart, Huln and his people fled for their lives.

Talonclaw, Spear of the Wild Gods, Part Six

Following the War of the Ancients, the tauren tribes went their separate ways. With their ancestral land destroyed in the Great Sundering, Huln led his people on a quest to find a new home. They traveled far and saw many parts of the reshaped Azeroth before making their way to the Broken Isles, where they built the village of Thunder Totem in the shadow of the isles' tallest peak.

Having led his tribe to safety, Huln Highmountain bequeathed the Eagle Spear to his successor, and he went to join his ancestors. Legend has it that Ohn'ahra herself appeared to carry the spirit of the great chieftain into the sky.

Talonclaw, Spear of the Wild Gods, Part Seven

Years after the legendary Huln's passing, the Highmountain tribe found itself led by twin sisters, Arien and Gardrel. Although Arien was the greater warrior and had an affinity to the wilds, Gardrel was acknowledged to be wiser and a strong diplomat. Rather than divide the tribe or place its well-being in the wrong hands, the aging chieftain named Gardrel the new

chieftain, and Arien became Protector of the Mountain, possessor of the Eagle Spear.

The sisters were happy with their roles, and Arien kept the tribe safe for many years, tapping into the blessings that the Wild Gods had bestowed on the weapon. She gave it the name Talonclaw, honoring the Wild Gods her ancestors had befriended.

Talonclaw, Spear of the Wild Gods,Part Eight

From the journal of Arien Highmountain, describing her tribe's encounter with an order of night elves called the Unseen Path:

“Gardrel and I led the night elves up the slopes of a nearby mountain. As we approached the summit, Talonclaw began to glow, emanating power. Instinctively, I held it up to the sky, and all were amazed—none more so than I—to see a cascade of golden energy pour from the spearhead and take the shape of a great eagle! But Gardrel and I remembered the lore of our tribe and realized that Ohn'ahra herself had blessed this site. At that very moment, we knew this sacred place should be renamed Talon Peak.”

It was only with the help of the Highmountain tribe that the hunters of the Unseen Path—who had come to the Broken Isles specifically to guard against the Legion—were able to build their new home, Trueshot Lodge. From the trio of towers known as the Three Talons, they watched over the land and vowed to be ready should the Burning Legion return. The elves and the tauren learned much from each other, and Arien eventually joined the Unseen Path, becoming one of its greatest members.

Talonclaw, Spear of the Wild Gods,Part Nine

The tradition of passing Talonclaw to the greatest hunter of the Highmountain tribe was carried on for many generations. If there were threats to the tribe or challenges to be conquered, the spear would be brought into battle.

When word came that a mysterious beast was stalking the wilds of Stormheim, Nalmus Highmountain took up the spear and set out to tame the

creature—or destroy it. The hunter was sent off with a great feast, and the epic “Song of Talonclaw” was sung to bring Nalmus success in his quest. All felt sure he would restore peace and calm to the land.

Talonclaw, Spear of the Wild Gods,Part Ten

When weeks passed without any word from Nalmus, a search party was dispatched. Though they looked far and wide, no trace of the famed hunter or his spear could be found, and several party members were lost to the unknown beast that prowled the mists.

Over the years, many other brave hunters would set out to find the creature. Most were never heard from again, and the treasured spear had not been seen since Nalmus disappeared—until you, with the guidance and blessing of Ohn’ahra herself, recovered the legendary weapon. In so doing, you became a hunter whose name will long be remembered.

Talonclaw, Spear of the Wild Gods,Part Eleven

With the Spear of the Wild Gods in hand, you are a hunter with few equals in all of Azeroth. Your strength, agility, and fierceness are sure to give you the edge over nearly any prey—or any foe-you set your sights upon. And unlike other hunters with their rifles or bows, you—like Huhn Highmountain—prefer to stand toe-to-toe with your enemies. You have perfected your trapping, hunting, and killing abilities on the ground, but now you have a unique appreciation for how it feels to strike like the great eagle Ohn’ahra. The spear enhances your survival skills, allowing you to become a true master of the wilds-and like the eagle, you need no help, for you have no peer.

Talonclaw’s spiritual power is such that shrines or temples that resonate with the force of the Wild Gods may respond to it, and priests of the Wild Gods may sense its presence. Its owner would be an honored guest in any tauren settlement (provided that they have not shown themselves to be an enemy of the tauren). On the other hand, the spear is also likely to draw the attention of the servants of chaos, so do not wield it carelessly.

Note from the Author

Research efforts press on. There's more information to be uncovered in these texts. Time will reveal all there is to tell.

Come back after further research has been completed and I will continue to expand this tome.

- Holt Thunderhorn of the Unseen Path

Tally's Waiver (Signed)

By

Unknown

RELEASE DISCHARGE OF LIABILITY.

THE TEST PILOT IS FULLY AWARE AND ACKNOWLEDGES THERE IS A RISK OF INJURY, DISMEMBERMENT, OR DEATH IN THE FORM OF: PULVERIZATION, ELECTROCUTION, BLUNT FORCE TRAUMA TO VITAL ORGANS, CONSUMPTION BY INDIGENOUS FAUNA, OR TIME/SPACE PARADOXYSM DURING USE OF THE ZEPHYRIUM CAPACITORIUM (THE "DEVICE"). TEST PILOT HEREBY ELECTS TO VOLUNTARILY ENTER INTO THE DEVICE AND ASSUME ALL THE ABOVE RISKS.

TEST PILOT AGREES TO WAIVE, RELEASE AND DISCHARGE ANY AND ALL CLAIMS FOR INJURY OR DAMAGE AGAINST TALLY ZAPNABBER AND HIS FAMILY, AND IN THE EVENT OF <HIS/HER> DEATH, AGREES TO DONATE <HIS/HER> REMAINS TO THE ZAPNABBER ESTATE FOR STUDY.

signed,

X:____<name>

Tanaan's Fallen

By

Unknown

Dedicated to those that lost their lives securing the shores of Tanaan Jungle.

Tattered Pamphlet

By

Unknown

FOR SALE: EZ-123 BUNKER BUILDER

The end is approaching, but you and your loved ones can survive with your very own B.B.! The Bunker Builder is the latest in gnomish engineering. Simple to operate, small enough for a mountain ram to carry, the B.B. can deploy in almost any terrain (see disclaimers). With the press of a button, the device will tunnel deep underground and hollow out a cozy cavern where you can live in peace. Each purchase comes with two air fresheners, a rope ladder (see disclaimers), and an operator's manual.

Disclaimers: Not for use in sand, water, or Dalaran. Deploy rope ladder BEFORE entering the B.B. tunnel.

Tear-Stained Letter

By

Magister Astalor Bloodsworn

Kaelynara,

It is with some regret that I must inform you that I am relieving you of your duties as my apprentice. I blame myself for being mistaken of your potential; I hope you can understand that even the most talented of mages sometimes make mistakes. At least now you can put your ineptitude behind you and pursue a reasonable goal. Perhaps basket weaving may prove more suitable for your... talents. Unfortunately I do not associate myself with any basket weavers specifically and am too busy to write you a recommendation. Please return to Azeroth at your soonest convenience.

-Astalor

Teronis' Journal

By

Teronis

I started this journal so I could keep notes on my quest to help Ashenvale. There is a mystery to some of the events that occurred not too long ago, and hopefully I will be able to unravel some of it in order to help my people.

Let me start by putting down facts so they don't slip my mind at a later date.

I've recently found truth to the rumors of the wizard Dartol's efforts.

Where once I thought it preposterous that a human would come to our lands and learn our ways, this wizard, this evil man, came here and not only survived, but also gained some of our knowledge. I'm still uncertain how...

I never discovered his goals during my investigation, but his plan seemed simple: using druidic magic, he wanted to befriend and then control the furbolg. If it was in an attempt to harm my kin, or for some other malicious purpose, I hope to find out before my path ends.

Regardless, he was apparently more successful than naught in actualizing his plans. Did he want to attempt his machinations on the furbolg before trying on my people? Did the furbolg have something he coveted? Who knows?

Using an item he created (a rod or staff of some kind), he attempted to infiltrate the furbolg tribes of Ashenvale. At some point, and this is where many of the details are still unclear, he was discovered by the furbolg while trying to manipulate them into acting against one another. As I'm sure the elves would be, the furbolg were angered, but they reacted much more strongly and killed Dartol.

The furbolg, at least at this time, weren't the same corrupted creatures they've become. They were still rational and intelligent—their relationship with our people amicable.

I'm hoping that if I can recreate the rod with the help of a dryad named Shael'dryn, I can use its power to help our people... and the furbolg.

Not all the furbolg have been corrupted. Some still live and try to protect the forest. During their corruption, some of the furbolg fled, many were killed, and others were forced out of their tribes.

I found a venerable furbolg of the Foulweald tribe living above Lake Mystral—his name is Krolg.

I've watched him for days, and I think if I were to approach him in the guise of a furbolg, I could help him and discover a way to re-establish a bond between our people.

Along with killing Dartol, the furbolg split up the rod into three parts so it couldn't be used against them again. It has been difficult, but I've a good idea where all three parts were placed.

The Gem

The first part of the rod, a glowing gem, was hidden in a shrine in Northwestern Ashenvale. I believe now this shrine is the ruins at the center of Lake Falathim. The Sentinels told me that it was inhabited by murlocs, but my initial scouting has uncovered something far more strange and insidious.

If I can't find the gem hidden in the shrine, it might be in the possession of one of the strange tendrils or eyes emerging from below.

The shaft portion

This part of the rod was given to the treants near what is now called Felwood. Neither the furbolg nor my kind could have suspected that such magnificent creatures could ever fall to the corruption that's overtaken the land.

My research tells me that the guardians kept the piece in a small glade locked

within a chest. To find out any more, I'll have to speak to Shael'dryn.

Shael'dryn is a dryad who protects the moonwell northeast of Lake Iris. She refuses to leave the forest or forsake it to the corruption. I know she has the power and knowledge to repair the rod, or to at least tell me how I can do it on my own.

The pommel

The pommel of the rod was given to the druids of Dor'danil. There is one major problem with this though: the druids are dead.

Their spirits now inhabit the area and are no longer hospitable.

This may require more investigation. I'm not sure I'm powerful enough to fight the spirits of my dead kin... let alone delve into the depths of Dor'danil and find the pommel.

(Note: During my preparations in Astranaar, I've recently met a dwarf hunter who has spent a good portion of his time in Ashenvale trying to help my people. He came from a place called Stormwind.

We spoke over a few ales one night, and his tales have given me new hope of finding the pommel...

He tells me he's been throughout all of Dor'danil, and he's never seen a chest or any container that may hold the pommel. He also tells me that rotting slimes have inhabited the area, and they devour almost anything smaller than them. He's seen them "eat" tables, sculptures, bears, and even gnomes!

The slimes seem to gain a great deal of sustenance from things magical. If the chest holding the pommel was enchanted at all, the slimes might have eaten it.

It's a gamble, but I have no other clues at this time... As I find out more I'll put the details here; but until then, I shall work on finding the parts of the rod and helping Ashenvale.

The Alliance of Lordaeron

By

Unknown

Lord Lothar rallied the remnants of Azeroth's armies after their defeat at Stormwind Keep, and then launched a massive exodus across the sea to the northern kingdom of Lordaeron. Convinced that the Horde would overcome all of humanity if left unchecked, the leaders of the seven human nations met and agreed to unite in what would become known as the Alliance of Lordaeron.

For the first time in nearly three thousand years, the disparate nations of Arathor were once again united under a common banner. Appointed as Supreme Commander of the Alliance forces, Lord Lothar prepared his armies for the coming of the Horde.

Aided by his lieutenants, Uther the Lightbringer, Admiral Daelin Proudmoore, and Turalyon, Lothar was able to convince Lordaeron's demi-human races of the impending threat as well. The Alliance succeeded in gaining the support of the stoic dwarves of Ironforge and a small number of high elves of Quel'Thalas.

The elves, led at that time by Anasterian Sunstrider, were largely uninterested in the coming conflict. However, they were duty-bound to aid Lothar because he was the last descendent of the Arathi bloodline, which had aided the elves in ages past.

The Horde, now led by Warchief Doomhammer, brought in ogres from its homeworld of Draenor and conscripted the disenfranchised Amani forest trolls into its fold. Setting out on a massive campaign to overrun the dwarf kingdom of Khaz Modan and the southern reaches of Lordaeron, the Horde effortlessly decimated all opposition.

The epic battles of the Second War ranged from large-scale naval skirmishes to massive aerial dogfights. Somehow the Horde had unearthed a powerful artifact known as the Demon Soul and used it to enslave the ancient Dragonqueen, Alexstrasza. Threatening to destroy her precious eggs, the Horde forced Alexstrasza to send her grown children to war. The noble red dragons were forced to fight for the Horde, and fight they did.

The war raged across the continents of Khaz Modan, Lordaeron, and Azeroth itself. As part of its northern campaign, the Horde succeeded in burning down the borderlands of Quel'Thalas, thereby ensuring the elves' final commitment to the Alliance's cause. The greater cities and townships of Lordaeron were razed and devastated by the conflict. Despite the absence of reinforcements and overwhelming odds, Lothar and his allies succeeded in holding their enemies at bay.

However, during the final days of the Second War, as the Horde's victory over the Alliance seemed almost assured, a terrible feud erupted between the two most powerful orcs on Azeroth. As Doomhammer prepared his final assault against the Capital City of Lordaeron - an assault that would have crushed the last remnants of the Alliance - Gul'dan and his followers abandoned their posts and set out to sea.

The bewildered Doomhammer, having lost nearly half of his standing forces to Gul'dan's treachery, was forced to pull back and forsake his greatest chance at victory over the Alliance.

The power-hungry Gul'dan, obsessed with obtaining godhood itself, set out on a desperate search for the undersea Tomb of Sargeras that he believed held the secrets of ultimate power. Having already doomed his fellow orcs to become the slaves of the Burning Legion, Gul'dan thought nothing of his supposed duty to Doomhammer.

Backed by the Stormreaver and Twilight's Hammer clans, Gul'dan succeeded in raising the Tomb of Sargeras from the sea floor. However, when he opened the ancient, flooded vault, he found only crazed demons awaiting him.

Seeking to punish the wayward orcs for their costly betrayal, Doomhammer sent his forces to kill Gul'dan and bring the renegades back into the fold. For

his recklessness, Gul'dan was torn apart by the maddened demons he had set loose. With their leader dead, the renegade clans quickly fell before Doomhammer's enraged legions.

Though the rebellion had been quelled, the Horde was unable to recoup the terrible losses it had suffered. Gul'dan's betrayal had afforded the Alliance not only hope, but also time to regroup and retaliate.

Lord Lothar, seeing that the Horde was fracturing from within, gathered the last of his forces and pushed Doomhammer south, back into the shattered heartland of Stormwind. There, the Alliance forces trapped the retreating Horde within the volcanic fortress of Blackrock Spire. Though Lord Lothar fell in battle at the Spire's base, his lieutenant, Turalyon, rallied the Alliance forces at the eleventh hour and drove the Horde back into the abysmal Swamp of Sorrows.

Turalyon's forces succeeded in destroying the Dark Portal, the mystical gateway that connected the orcs to their homeworld of Draenor. Cut off from its reinforcements and fractured by infighting, the Horde finally buckled in upon itself and fell before the might of the Alliance.

The scattered orc clans were quickly rounded up and placed within guarded internment camps. Though it seemed that the Horde had been defeated for good, some remained highly skeptical that peace would last. Khadgar, now an Archmage of some renown, convinced the Alliance high command to build the fortress of Nethergarde that would watch over the ruins of the Dark Portal and ensure that there would be no further invasions from Draenor.

The Angler and the Monks

By

Unknown

Two wise monks gathered beneath the Temple of the Jade Serpent to discuss the nature of truth. Because the seas were glassy and calm, they decided to hire an Angler to row them out beyond the spires so that they may admire the view as they talked. “Glassy waters mean storms ahead,” the Angler cautioned, but the wise monks trusted their eyes and insisted on the voyage.

“Truth is absolute,” said the first monk, as the little boat emerged into open water. “The universe has but one truth, and we must work tirelessly to reveal it.”

“Truth is relative!” countered the second monk, as clouds gathered overhead. “The universe has many truths, and only the fool insists that his truth is true for all.”

The Angler said nothing as the monks debated, until at last one turned to him and asked for his opinion on the nature of truth. “I never thought much about it,” he admitted.

The two monks shook their heads and clicked their tongues. They were alarmed to discover that the Angler did not even know how to read or write. “It would seem to us that you have wasted your life,” they said to him.

At that moment, thunder and lightning tore open the sky as if it were a sheet, and a great rain poured down. The little boat soon became swamped and flipped over. Casting off his overcoat, the Angler began swimming for the shore.

“Help us!” the monks called out, as the swells began to crash around them.

“We cannot swim!” The Angler answered: “It would seem to me that you have wasted your lives!”

The Baroness' Missive

By

Baroness Anastari

Karthis, Omasum,

The time has come for the ritual of which we spoke. I will be leaving Stratholme to deal with the prisoner in Plaguewood's central slaughterhouse. Make certain that security is tight. Fail, and my lord will have both of your heads. Succeed, and you will have a new dwarven brother to join your ranks.

- Anastari

The Battle for Broken Shore

By

Unknown

Dedicated to the brave warriors of the Alliance that fell during the Battle for Broken Shore.

In the dawn, the heroes stood,
against the tide of Stormwind's foes.

Now in dusk, their time to rest,
released at last from worldly woes.

Bravest ally, daughter and son,
in the Light, we all are one.

The Battle for Hillsbrad

By

Clerk Horrace Whitesteed

Journal of Clerk Horrace Whitesteed

The Battle for Hillsbrad

Day 12

We just received word that Southshore has been lost. The Forsaken war machine is too powerful. We are no match for their chemical weapons.

I will attempt, however futilely, to keep this journal updated. I must record these atrocities for posterity.

Day 16

Many of the farmers and residents of Hillsbrad fled. Some attempted to venture east to Arathi Highlands. They never made it. Slaughtered before they reached Thoradin's Wall.

Many went north to seek refuge in Silverpine Forest. They walked right into the heart of enemy territory! Insane, I know, but they claim that the worgen are now on our side. Last I heard they made it to Fenris Isle. We lost contact with them after that. Worgen? Could it be true...

Day 19

We knew our time was limited. We evacuated everyone that we could, but Burnside stated that he would go down with Hillsbrad. We all agreed to stand by his side.

Magistrate Burnside, Citizen Wilkes, Blacksmith Verrington and the farmers, Getz, Kalaba and Ray remain here as well as a few dozen farmhands.

Day 20

The Hillsbrad Fields are no more. Those that did not flee were captured. The Forsaken have declared us as prisoners of war. We are to be laborers at their new plantation.

Day 25

They incinerated our farms and made us watch. Construction begins tomorrow.

Day 40

Construction of their plantation is nearly complete. This place resembles no farm or plantation that I've ever seen.

Day 41

The warden of the plantation, Stillwater, arrived today. He lined all of us up and gave us medical examinations. Nobody knows what's going on.

Day 45

We've started laboring in the sludge fields. They grow poisonous mushrooms in fetid water and muck.

Day 50

I hear screams coming from the Warden's manor. People are starting to disappear.

Day 52

I overheard some guards talking about the farmers, Ray, Getz and Kalaba. Something terrible has happened to them - of this I am certain.

Day 60

Those of us that remain are scared for our lives. Some of the farmers claim to have seen ghouls running amok at night.

Day 61

A strange turn of events today: a master apothecary from Tarren Mill arrived. From what little information I am able to gather he is here to supervise the operations. Lydon is his name.

Day 62

Master Apothecary Lydon was dragged away by Stillwater's guards. He was yelling and screaming that the Dark Lady would have Stillwater's head for this. What is he talking about, I wonder?

Day 63

I saw them take away Burnside and Verrington last night. I can only assume that I'm next.

<The rest of the journal is full of incoherent scribbles.>

The Battle of Grim Batol

By

Unknown

Meanwhile, in the war-torn lands of the south, the scattered remnants of the Horde fought for their very survival. Though Grom Hellscream and his Warsong clan managed to evade capture, Deadeye and his Bleeding Hollow clan were rounded up and placed in the internment camps in Lordaeron. Notwithstanding these costly uprisings, the camps' wardens soon re-established control over their brutish charges.

However, unknown to the Alliance, a large force of orcs still roamed free in the northern wastes of Khaz Modan. The Dragonmaw clan, led by the infamous warlock Nekros, was using an ancient artifact known as the Demon Soul to control the Dragonqueen, Alexstrasza, and her dragonflight. With the Dragonqueen as his hostage, Nekros built up a secret army within the abandoned - some say cursed - Wildhammer stronghold of Grim Batol.

Planning to unleash his forces and the mighty red dragons on the Alliance, Nekros hoped to reunite the Horde and continue its conquest of Azeroth. His vision did not come to pass: a small group of resistance fighters, led by the human mage Rhonin managed to destroy the Demon Soul and free the Dragonqueen from Nekros' command.

In their fury, Alexstrasza's dragons tore Grim Batol apart and incinerated the greater bulk of the Dragonmaw clan. Nekros' grand schemes of reunification came crashing down as the Alliance troops rounded up the remaining orc survivors and threw them into the waiting internment camps. The Dragonmaw clan's defeat signaled the end of the Horde, and the end of the orcs' furious bloodlust.

The Betrayer Ascendant

By

Unknown

During the Legion's invasion of Ashenvale, Illidan was released from his barrow prison after ten thousand years of captivity. Though he sought to appease his comrades, he soon reverted to true form and consumed the energies of a powerful warlock artifact known as the Skull of Gul'dan.

By doing so, Illidan developed demonic features and vastly magnified power. He also gained some of Gul'dan's old memories - especially those of the Tomb of Sargeras, the island dungeon rumored to hold the remains of the Dark Titan, Sargeras.

Bristling with power and free to roam the world once more, Illidan set out to find his own place in the great scheme of things. However, Kil'jaeden confronted Illidan and made him an offer he could not refuse. Kil'jaeden was angered by Archimonde's defeat at Mount Hyjal, but he had greater concerns than vengeance.

Sensing that his creation, the Lich King, was growing too powerful to control, Kil'jaeden ordered Illidan to destroy Ner'zhul and put an end to the undead Scourge once and for all. In exchange, Illidan would receive untold power and a true place amongst the remaining lords of the Burning Legion.

Illidan agreed and immediately set out to destroy the Frozen Throne, the icy crystal cask in which the Lich King's spirit resided. Illidan knew that he would need a mighty artifact to destroy the Frozen Throne. Using the knowledge he had gained from Gul'dan's memories, Illidan decided to seek out the Tomb of Sargeras and claim the Dark Titan's remains.

He called in some old Highborne debts and lured the serpentine naga from

their dark undersea lairs. Led by the cunning witch Lady Vashj the naga helped Illidan reach the Broken Isles, where Sargeras' Tomb was rumored to be located.

As Illidan set out with the naga, Warden Maiev Shadowsong began to hunt him. Maiev had been Illidan's jailor for ten thousand years and relished the prospect of recapturing him. However, Illidan outsmarted Maiev and her Watchers and succeeded in claiming the Eye of Sargeras despite their efforts. With the powerful Eye in his possession, Illidan traveled to the former wizard-city of Dalaran.

Strengthened by the city's ley power lines, Illidan used the Eye to cast a destructive spell against the Lich King's citadel of Icecrown in distant Northrend. Illidan's attack shattered the Lich King's defenses and ruptured the very roof of the world. At the final moment, Illidan's destructive spell was stopped when his brother Malfurion and the Priestess Tyrande arrived to aid Maiev.

Knowing that Kil'jaeden would not be pleased with his failure to destroy the Frozen Throne, Illidan fled to the barren dimension known as Outland: the last remnants of Draenor, the orcs' former homeworld. There he planned to evade Kil'jaeden's wrath and plan his next moves.

After they succeeded in stopping Illidan, Malfurion and Tyrande returned home to Ashenvale Forest to watch over their people. Maiev, however, would not quit so easily, and followed Illidan to Outland, determined to bring him to justice.

The Birth of the Lich King

By

Unknown

Ner'zhul and his followers entered the Twisting Nether, the ethereal plane that connects all of the worlds scattered throughout the Great Dark Beyond. Unfortunately Kil'jaeden and his demonic minions were waiting for them. Kil'jaeden, who had sworn to take vengeance on Ner'zhul for his prideful defiance, slowly tore the old shaman's body apart, piece by piece.

Kil'jaeden kept the shaman's spirit alive and intact, thus leaving Ner'zhul painfully aware of his body's gross dismemberment. Though Ner'zhul pleaded with the demon to release his spirit and grant him death, the demon grimly replied that the Blood Pact they had made long ago was still binding, and that Ner'zhul still had a purpose to serve.

The orcs' failure to conquer the world for the Burning Legion forced Kil'jaeden to create a new army to sow chaos throughout the kingdoms of Azeroth. This new army could not be allowed to fall prey to the same petty rivalries and infighting that had plagued the Horde. It would have to be merciless and single-minded in its mission. This time, Kil'jaeden could not afford to fail.

Holding Ner'zhul's spirit helpless in stasis, Kil'jaeden gave him one last chance to serve the Legion or suffer eternal torment. Once again, Ner'zhul recklessly agreed to the demon's pact. Ner'zhul's spirit was placed within a specially crafted block of diamond-hard ice gathered from the far reaches of the Twisting Nether.

Encased within the frozen cask, Ner'zhul felt his consciousness expand ten thousand-fold. Warped by the demon's chaotic powers, Ner'zhul became a spectral being of unfathomable power. At that moment, the orc known as

Ner'zhul was shattered forever, and the Lich King was born.

Ner'zhul's loyal death knights and Shadowmoon followers were also transformed by the demon's chaotic energies. The wicked spellcasters were ripped apart and remade as skeletal liches. The demons had ensured that even in death, Ner'zhul's followers would serve him unquestioningly.

When the time was right, Kil'jaeden explained the mission for which he had created the Lich King. Ner'zhul was to spread a plague of death and terror across Azeroth that would snuff out human civilization forever. All those who died from the dreaded plague would arise as the undead, and their spirits would be bound to Ner'zhul's iron will forever.

Kil'jaeden promised that if Ner'zhul accomplished his dark mission of scouring humanity from the world, he would be freed from his curse and granted a new, healthy body to inhabit.

Though Ner'zhul was agreeable and seemingly anxious to play his part, Kil'jaeden remained skeptical of his pawn's loyalties. Keeping the Lich King bodiless and trapped within the crystal cask assured his good conduct for the short term, but the demon knew that he would need to keep a watchful eye on him. To this end, Kil'jaeden called upon his elite demon guard, the vampiric dreadlords, to police Ner'zhul and ensure that he accomplished his dread task.

Tichondrius, the most powerful and cunning of the dreadlords, warmed to the challenge; he was fascinated by the plague's severity and the Lich King's unbridled potential for genocide.

The Birthplace of Liu Lang

By

Unknown

The famed pandaren explorer Liu Lang was born and raised here, in Stoneplow, on a small ranch near this very spot.

While he should have been helping to manage the family farm, Liu Lang often wandered to the cliffs south of here and stared out across the ocean. “I want to see what’s out there,” he famously declared to the derision of his peers (it was widely assumed the world had been destroyed in the Sundering.)

Liu Lang made inquiries about purchasing a boat, but local Anglers pointed out no boat could find its way home through the mists.

He later proclaimed he would explore the world on the back of a sea turtle, because sea turtles always return to the beach where they were born.

Afterwards, locals began to suspect that Liu Lang had eaten one too many bad turnips, and was no longer right in the head.

The Book of Ur

By

Unknown

The land of Azeroth is host to no end of wonders. Flora, fauna, cultures and magic all teem across its surface. Indeed, the curious will find limitless variety on this world. One merely has to look.

But if one looks deeply enough then windows to entire new worlds are found, and each world is home to its own wonders.

Just as each is home to its own horrors.

This is the purpose of my book: to catalogue those beings, those otherworldly fiends who would destroy our lands, so that explorers who happen upon them will know what they face.

So if you consider yourself a guardian of Azeroth, then read on. And know your enemy.

-Ur

Mage of Dalaran

The fiend of which I write is the worgen.

Old, rural folklore may hearken to these creatures, for what farmer's child has not heard tales of beastly wolf-men stalking the woods and marshes outside his village? And truth may hide in such tales—perhaps they are warnings against the worgen, veiled as myths to frighten us.

But before such tales are dismissed, let me now assure the reader: worgen are

real. They may not be from our world, but avenues exist between their home and ours and powerful magics can pull them here.

Such chants are best left unuttered, for wherever Worgen tread, they bring terror and bloodshed with them.

You will know a worgen by its resemblance to the wolves of our world. When viewing a worgen one can easily see how its coarse hair, pointed ears and long snout are akin to the wolves we know.

But you will just as quickly see its differences: that coarse hair surrounds a powerful, two-legged body sporting long fangs and dagger-like claws. And behind its howl lurks a malevolence possessed by no natural beast.

The worgens' home is a dark place, a place of nightmare. If that world fosters locales safe from the cursed worgen, then my research has revealed no such bastions.

And if one considers the ferocity and wickedness of the worgen, then it is likely no such bastions exist.

It is surmised that the worgen are content to remain on their world, for although some worgen possess powerful magic, they have made no attempts to reach Azeroth on their own accord.

And for this, we are fortunate.

As mentioned above, some worgen are skilled in mystic arts, and their magic is of darkness and corruption.

Curses and supernatural poisons are common, so be forewarned—those who face worgen magicians should arm themselves with wards against shadow.

It is my hope that no Dalaran wizard seeks out the Worgen, even if done in light conscience. For no pact may be struck, no secrets may be learned, no good can come from these beasts.

They are best left to their world. For if found in ours and not destroyed, then our peril will be dire...

The Chronicle of Ages

By

Lorewalker Cho

The Chronicle of Ages

As recorded by the chroniclers of the Broken Temple.

Fu Zan, the Wanderer's Companion

You may have heard that this legendary staff was once carried by a hozen. That concerned us. A lot. We examined it thoroughly, and you will be pleased to hear that there was no damage done to this artifact (that we cannot fix).

And as it turns out, we weren't giving the Monkey King enough credit. He is not the most reverent creature on Azeroth, but he has a healthy respect for this weapon. He even helped us understand its true power. Fu Zan has certainly been through a strange journey.

Fu Zan, the Wanderer's Companion, Part One

Long ago, Keeper Freya sculpted an ethereal plane of existence, the Emerald Dream, to act as a guide for Azeroth's natural life. She crafted and planted one tree near the powerful energy of the Vale of Eternal Blossoms.

It grew strong and tall, drinking deeply from the vale's resonant power. More trees arose around it. Lush forests, both in the Dream and in the waking world, sprang to life across the region. Keeper Freya named the tree Fu Zan and shaped one of its branches into a walking stick for her long journeys.

From the beginning, this staff has accompanied legendary creatures and

immortal spirits as they carried out important, lasting work all across Azeroth.

It also fell into the possession of the Monkey King. That came later.

Fu Zan, the Wanderer's Companion, Part Two

In the early days of Azeroth's revival, natural life flourished strongly in the enclaves where the keeper Freya did her most intensive work. A small number of exceptional wild animals grew far beyond expectations, showing such remarkable power that they would soon be known as the Wild Gods.

Each of these beings had a different personality, but Freya noticed that four in particular shared a deep commitment to peace and wisdom. These four—a serpent, an ox, a crane, and a tiger—had gathered near the Vale of Eternal Blossoms. Freya knew their compassion would aid the region well. Indeed, they would be called the August Celestials by the inhabitants of Pandaria.

One day, Freya came to the celestials with concern in her heart. There was a great darkness in the north, she told them, and she believed a confrontation was near. She gave them her staff for safekeeping. "If I do not see you again, return this staff to Azeroth, to one of its children," she said. "Give it to someone who loathes battle and loves peace."

Freya never returned. Yu'lon, the Jade Serpent, vowed to keep the staff safe. For thousands of years, even during the dark reign of the mogu empire, she did just that.

Fu Zan, the Wanderer's Companion, Part Three

In the south, near the Vale of Eternal Blossoms, many new creatures arose, forming tribes, villages, and even empires. There were the jinyu, the pandaren, the hozen, and others.

Yu'lon suspected that, if Fu Zan would pass to one of these beings, it would go to a jinyu or a pandaren. Surely the hozen were too innately violent to be trusted with such a gift. They were often selfish and shortsighted, unable to work together long enough to build a proper civilization of their own.

But as time passed, Yu'lon questioned her assumptions. There were different forms of wisdom and courage, were there not? It was easy to see the short-lived, short-tempered hozen as troublemakers, but they lived full lives-wild lives-in the years they had.

Yu'lon felt Fu Zan begin to awaken. It needed a new companion. The Jade Serpent knew that soon she would honor Freya's wishes and allow a worthy mortal to carry Fu Zan. And she was becoming certain that it needed to be given to a hozen.

Fu Zan, the Wanderer's Companion, Part Four

"Give it to someone who loathes battle and loves peace."

Freya's words became clear the moment Yu'lon laid eyes upon one exceptional hozen. He called himself the Monkey King.

Long ago, only a few years before the War of the Ancients, he had become the leader of an ungovernable people. He had risen to power without spilling a single drop of blood. He was beloved by every hozen tribe.

How had he done this? After all, hozen fought endlessly. Constantly. For the simplest reasons. Any disagreement meant physical violence.

The Monkey King knew this. So he told the hozen tribes, "I am the Monkey King. Your tribe supports me with all its heart." That was all. When a single hozen would question him, he would tell them that their tribe's leader had already agreed to it. No hozen wanted to challenge their leader on a whim-and be in a fight-so they declared, "You are the Monkey King."

When the tribe leaders learned his name, all of their subjects were already calling him the Monkey King. They were confused, but they did not want to fight their people, so they did not challenge him either. The Monkey King's wild claim, his lie, eventually became true because nobody dared to disagree with it.

Soon tribal fighting had ceased. The Monkey King passed judgment on all disputes. The hozen obeyed.

The Jade Serpent could see the Monkey King's motivation. It was simple: he disliked the sight of blood. At the most fundamental level, this was a creature who loathed battle and loved peace. And from that, he had achieved what no other hozen ever had.

Fu Zan, the Wanderer's Companion, Part Five

Yu'lon needed to know how deep the Monkey King's cleverness ran. She visited him in disguise. All the Monkey King saw was another hozen... but this one did not call him king or bow before him. He demanded that she show respect.

Instead, the newcomer asked him a riddle, telling him that a true king would have no trouble answering it. He snapped out the correct answer in seconds. She gave him another. He answered again. On and on they went, for three days and three nights. The Monkey King grew enraged, but even in his anger, he continued to answer her questions.

Yu'lon was convinced. Violence and tyranny were not in the Monkey King's nature, or he would have tried to shut her up with force long ago. She revealed her true form-which caused considerable chaos in that hozen village-and presented him with Fu Zan.

The Jade Serpent told him the story of Freya and how the staff had come to be. Then she warned him: she sensed that, one day, his cleverness would not be enough to stop evil. When that day came, he would need to act decisively.

The Monkey King did not believe her. But he did think the staff was very, very pretty.

Fu Zan, the Wanderer's Companion, Part Six

With Fu Zan in his grasp, the Monkey King's authority over the hozen became absolute. He could bend like a willow in the wind, avoiding any blow from a challenger to the throne. The staff was as light as a feather, and yet anyone who tried to steal it found they could not lift it an inch. It was his; no one else was allowed to wield it.

But there was a serious problem with Fu Zan. To look regal while carrying it, the Monkey King needed to use two hands. That meant he had no free hand for his most prized possession, a small keg that he always kept filled with brew.

But that was easy to solve. The Monkey King had two metal bands added to the end of Fu Zan and hung his keg from them. Luckily, the staff was not permanently damaged.

Fu Zan, the Wanderer's Companion, Part Seven

The Monkey King became fast friends with a young pandaren prince, Shaohao. The day of Shaohao's coronation, the new emperor learned that all of the land was at risk of being destroyed by the Burning Legion's first invasion of Azeroth.

The Monkey King believed that Yu'lon's prophecy had come to pass: this was the day he needed to face evil directly. He declared that he would stay by Shaohao's side until the end.

But fate had other plans. A great, ill wind roared from the east and carried the Monkey King far away.

The Monkey King was blown into the lands of the mantid. All of his cleverness counted for nothing there. He was helpless, about to die at their hands, when Shaohao rescued him. The Monkey King was enraged, but the mantid were not his enemy. Shaohao reminded him that the Burning Legion was the true threat.

And in the end, it was not violence that saved the peoples of Pandaria. Shaohao released his spirit to the land, shrouding it in mist and protecting it from the destruction of the Sundering.

Fu Zan, the Wanderer's Companion, Part Eight

The Monkey King went home and hurled Fu Zan into a river in a fit of rage. His friend had vanished, and the Monkey King had seemingly failed Yu'lon's prophecy.

Eventually he went to the river to retrieve the staff, but only because those waters were sacred for a jinyu tribe, and they could not remove it themselves- it was too heavy. It still belonged to the Monkey King.

After the Sundering, Pandaria was isolated from the rest of the world. The emperor was gone. There would never be another.

Some believed that all the other lands had been destroyed. Others wanted to explore the world beyond the mists. And a few wanted to claim Pandaria for themselves. With force.

Not much has been written of this brief surge of would-be tyrants. Very few of Pandaria's denizens were harmed by any of them. Whether they were mogu warlords, fringe hozen tribes, or even brutal yaungol raiders, none of them ever launched a true campaign of conquest. Before they could, they were always approached by a mysterious hozen who would chatter endlessly about a hidden cache of artifacts that had granted him untold power. He could demonstrate miracles- no weapon could touch him, no matter how many combatants tried to attack him.

It was very convincing. These ambitious, greedy beings would eagerly follow the Monkey King's directions. Sometimes they would walk off a cliff. Sometimes they would find themselves ambushed by Shado-Pan. In any case, their story always came to a quick end, and the Monkey King would stride away, Fu Zan resting easily across his shoulders.

Fu Zan, the Wanderer's Companion, Part Nine

The Monkey King had never had such fun. Turning evil beings into stumbling fools became his most cherished pastime for years. He saw it as his way of honoring his old friend Shaohao, who now watched over the land but could no longer protect Pandaria's peoples directly.

But just as Yu'lon had told him, his cleverness would one day not be enough to defeat evil.

A mogu despot called the Jade Warlord had followed the Monkey King's directions, traveling deep into a tomb beneath Kun-Lai. But rather than

finding nothing—as the hozen had expected—the Jade Warlord found an ancient cache of knowledge written by the Thunder King, Lei Shen. In the warlord’s hands, it would grant him terrible, awful power.

The Monkey King knew he had made a mistake... and as the ground began to shake, he knew there was no time for anyone else to stop the mogu. He took Fu Zan and went into the tomb to deal with the problem directly.

Fu Zan, the Wanderer’s Companion,Part Ten

The Monkey King loathed violence. He detested it. But he also knew he was the only one who could oppose the Jade Warlord before it was too late.

The two of them dueled beneath Kun-Lai for hours. For years, Fu Zan had been an aid to the Monkey King’s mischief—that proved to be excellent practice for avoiding the powerful, lethal magic the mogu soon unleashed.

The Monkey King believed he would not leave the tomb alive that day. Indeed, he did not. But he was not killed. The Jade Warlord had no command of his new power, and an errant spell did what neither of them expected: it froze them both in jade. They remained there, locked in battle, for almost ten thousand years, able to communicate all the while.

That must have been a fate worse than death for the mogu.

Fu Zan, the Wanderer’s Companion,Part Eleven

Once the Monkey King was freed, he traveled to the Timeless Isle and watched as the August Celestials taught the champions of Azeroth lessons in strength, endurance, courage, and wisdom. After some time had passed, the Monkey King sensed that his travels with Fu Zan were nearing their end. So, he traveled to the temple of Yu’lon and passed the staff back into her care so that one day it can again be given up to another who is worthy to wield it.

He was even happy to hear that it would soon be carried into battle again.

Sheilun, Staff of the Mists

Do you know of Shaohao? Of Kang, the Fist of First Dawn? Of Xuen, the

White Tiger? Do you know of the terrible trials the pandaren people overcame thousands of years ago?

Sheilun is living proof that conflict can be endured, that tyranny can be overcome, that disaster can be averted... and that a caring heart can make it all possible. Sheilun will aid you greatly in the tribulations to come. Carry it with pride, and use it to bring your comrades home alive.

Sheilun, Staff of the Mists, Part One

“It feels strange to call Sheilun powerful, does it not? You could not use it to flatten a mountain with a single blow, nor could you use it to burn a thousand enemies alive with a single thought. Others might find that disappointing. But you are a monk. You know power takes many forms. Others desire the might of a waterfall crashing down on the rocks. You seek the calm, inevitable force of a deep river, the kind that carves canyons into the toughest stone and carries away warriors on its currents without so much as a ripple. Sheilun is the embodiment of that idea.”

-Master Xunsu, Mistweaver of the Terrace of Endless Spring

This staff has seen many battles in Pandaria. It was there when a slave toppled an empire of slavemasters. It was there when an emperor saved an entire continent from death.

Sheilun contains the legacy of ancient days and ancient spirits. In the hands of those who help others, this staff is very powerful indeed.

Sheilun, Staff of the Mists, Part Two

Long before the Sundering, long before the southern end of Azeroth was known as Pandaria, there was an explosion of life in a particular valley. Four animal spirits were drawn to that place, the Vale of Eternal Blossoms, and they were in awe at its potential... and its power. At that time, dark forces had eyes on the vale's secrets. A titan keeper and his armies of mogu protected the land from the mantid and other outside threats, but there was no guidance for what was growing within.

These four spirits chose to make this place their home. They were Xuen, the White Tiger; Yu'lon, the Jade Serpent; Chi-Ji, the Red Crane; and Niuzao, the Black Ox. They would become known as the August Celestials.

Under their care, many different life forms emerged near the Vale of Eternal Blossoms. Among them were the wise jinyu, the mischievous hozen, and the peaceful pandaren. They worshipped the August Celestials, and in return, the spirits offered them knowledge and guidance. For a time, there was peace.

Sheilun, Staff of the Mists, Part Three

The peace of the vale did not last. The terror of the Thunder King shattered everything.

A mogu warlord named Lei Shen revolted against his master, the keeper Raden, seizing his power and crowning himself the emperor of all mogu... and of all who lived within his domain. He enslaved those who surrendered and killed those who did not. First he conquered the small, fledgling jinyu empire and their hozen rivals. The pandaren fled to the harsh climate of Kun-Lai Summit, seeking the protection of Xuen, the White Tiger.

Xuen offered them sanctuary for a time. But soon, Lei Shen brought an army to the Kun-Lai foothills. Rather than launching an attack, he issued a challenge: Xuen would come forth and duel with the Thunder King. Victory meant the pandaren would live free. Defeat meant the enslavement of them all. Refusal meant summary execution.

Xuen accepted the challenge. The duel between the celestial of strength and the Thunder King shook the skies for days. In the end, Xuen fell. Lei Shen did not have him killed; instead he took him to the highest peak, Mount Neverest, and had him bound there, forced to watch the pandaren being led into an era of slavery that would last for thousands of years.

But although Xuen was imprisoned, he was not idle. It is here that the story of this staff truly begins.

Sheilun, Staff of the Mists, Part Four

For millennia, Xuen was alone, able to do nothing but watch the mogu empire inflict unforgivable cruelty on its slaves. Then he saw the seeds of revolution take hold.

It began with a single pandaren, Kang, who believed the mogu empire's reliance on slave labor made it weak. He learned how to fight without weapons, using the strength of his opponents against them, and taught it to many others. Soon he and his followers escaped to Kun-Lai, where they honed their abilities and philosophies in secret. One day Kang climbed to the top of Mount Neverest to meditate, and instead found Xuen.

The White Tiger's isolation had not made him angry or bitter. It had simply made him eager to help. He guided Kang and the other novice monks in the ways of strength-not simply the strength of raw power, but the strength of endurance. "Look to the little life you can find in these heights," Xuen told him, "and you will know strength."

Kang looked, and saw scattered, isolated trees growing along the Kun-Lai ridgelines. They were twisted and gnarled, but he soon understood they needed to be. They had to endure biting winds and harsh sleet. Their trunks needed to be sturdy and strong, their roots deep.

It was those trees that formed the walls of the monks' monastery and supplied the wood from which they crafted their first weapons-not blades, as their enemies had, but staves. Kang brought his to Xuen, who blessed it. Kang named it "Sheilun," after his son, who had died to the mogu's cruelty years before.

Kang carried Sheilun for years, all throughout the Pandaren Revolution. The staff did not win the war. It was Kang's words that galvanized the mogu's slaves, and it was Kang's will that drove him onward when all seemed lost. On some days, Sheilun was a mere walking stick. But some days it was all that kept the mogu's swords and axes from carving his heart from his chest.

Sheilun was there the day Kang died, as he gave his life to topple the last mogu emperor. With that sacrifice, the former slave freed all of Pandaria.

Sheilun, Staff of the Mists, Part Five

Sheilun was brought back to the monastery in the mountains, serving as a quiet symbol of what could be accomplished through the strength of inner harmony. The monastery itself, however, was not quiet at all. It had never been busier.

Xuen warned the monks that, although they were free, they had inherited the responsibility to protect Pandaria from the evil minds that wished to claim it. Every one hundred years, the mantid—dangerous insectoid creatures—would swarm the land. All that stood in their way were the brave souls who would fight atop the Serpent's Spine, a great wall protecting Pandaria from the mantid's ravaging mayhem.

The monks who remained in Kun-Lai dedicated themselves to preparing for this threat. And every one hundred years, pandaren monks lined the top of the Serpent's Spine to face the overwhelming waves of mantid and risk their lives to protect their land. Xuen would always allow one mistweaver to carry Sheilun into this centennial battle.

It is impossible to say how many lives were saved by those who carried this staff. It is impossible to say how many of its bearers died in service to Pandaria. But their sacrifices were not in vain. The wall still stands, even today.

Sheilun, Staff of the Mists, Part Six

Almost ten thousand years ago, this staff passed into the possession of the last emperor of Pandaria. Perhaps you've heard his story. But please understand: before Emperor Shaohao became a legend, he was an untested, uncertain young pandaren, completely unaware of the burdens he would bear.

On the day of Shaohao's coronation, a monk from Kun-Lai presented him with the gift of Sheilun. The new emperor did not know its importance. He did not even recognize the monk as being sent by Xuen, the White Tiger; he merely thought it was a pretty ornament. Shaohao believed he was destined for a life of comfort and ease. Pandaria had been a peaceful land for generations. Why would he believe that would change?

A jinyu waterspeaker received a vision of the future that shook Shaohao's

confidence: soon, very soon, an army of demons would invade Azeroth, and the damage would be catastrophic. Pandaria would not survive the devastation that would follow.

Shaohao was greatly distressed. He sought out the advice of Yu'lon, the Jade Serpent, who told him he would save no one if he did not rein in his emotions, which were out of control and dangerous.

Shaohao would travel Pandaria in search of the wisdom that would save his land. This staff, Xuen's gift, it accompanied him. This journey would change Pandaria forever.

Sheilun, Staff of the Mists, Part Seven

Shaohao set out on his travels with his friend, the mischievous and playful Monkey King. Before they got far, a great wind surrounded them. The Monkey King was carried away, disappearing into the distance. It was an event unlike any Shaohao had ever seen, and he soon found himself struggling to keep up.

Doubt and despair rose up in the emperor's mind... and then they rose up outside of his mind, taking form as monstrous creatures. When the Jade Serpent told him his emotions were dangerous, she had been speaking of the sha, ancient shadows of a fallen Old God. The terrifying Sha of Doubt and the Sha of Despair confronted Shaohao. To dispel them, Shaohao had to listen to Chi-Ji, the Red Crane, and let go of those emotions, ridding himself of their burdens.

He continued his pursuit of his friend, following him all the way across the Serpent's Spine and into the land of the mantid.

Sheilun, Staff of the Mists, Part Eight

When Shaohao looked upon the mantid lands from the Serpent's Spine, he was frozen with fear. To cross into their territory was to risk almost certain death. The Sha of Fear held him immobile, paralyzing his thoughts. Niuzao, the Black Ox, was there to remind him that fear only controlled his mind, not his feet. Shaohao understood, wrested himself free of fear, and walked on.

Shaohao saved the Monkey King from the mantid's clutches and brought them both back to safety. Now, without fear or despair or doubt, Shaohao believed himself ready to face the Burning Legion's might.

But he saw no need to face it alone. He wanted an army to command, so he climbed Kun-Lai... and finally came face to face with Xuen.

Sheilun, Staff of the Mists, Part Nine

The monastery atop Kun-Lai had changed over the years. What had once been the only refuge for free minds was now the training grounds for the most dedicated fighters in the land. These were the souls who trained to fight the mantid and all of Pandaria's other enemies.

Shaohao came to them confidently, demanding that they submit to his authority. Xuen saw that he was carrying his coronation gift-this staff, Sheilun-but that it had been nothing more to him than a walking stick. The White Tiger also saw that the emperor had rid himself of a great many dangerous emotions... but not anger. No, Shaohao's anger toward the Legion made him brash and reckless.

"Why do you fight?" Xuen asked.

"To destroy demon hordes! To crush those that oppose me!" Shaohao declared.

Xuen offered a simple challenge: "Strike a single one of these monks, and you will have command of them all." Shaohao accepted. He swung Sheilun over and over again, but he struck nothing at all. The monks were too skilled. They easily evaded him.

Shaohao's humiliation and anger built up, and then they exploded. A great darkness burst forth from him, and in his rage, Shaohao broke Sheilun over his knee and lashed out with the power of the Sha of Anger. When he regained his senses, a monk lay dead, the victim of Shaohao's unchecked aggression.

Xuen watched the emperor's heart break for the life he had taken. And then

Shaohao knelt humbly, accepting his failure, ridding himself of anger forever.

“Again I ask, why do you fight?” Xuen said.

“For the people I protect,” Shaohao replied. “For them, I would give my final breath.”

Shaohao was now ready to fulfill his destiny. He took one half of the broken staff and returned to the Vale of Eternal Blossoms, prepared to save Pandaria.

Sheilun, Staff of the Mists, Part Ten

The Legion had invaded to the north. A great battle was taking place at the Well of Eternity. And soon, very soon, it would end.

Shaohao returned to his people and tried to give them confidence, but there was none to be given. The Sundering was at hand, and its fury would change the face of Azeroth forever. There was nothing that could be done to stop it.

All Shaohao could do was shield them from annihilation. With Sheilun in his grasp, Shaohao committed his final breath to protecting his land and all who lived within it. This staff had saved countless lives before-and in one moment, it saved countless more.

Free of all his burdens and negative emotions, Shaohao became one with the land. Through Sheilun, his spirit was transformed, surrounding Pandaria as a great mist.

Pandaria drifted away, immune to the chaos that gripped the rest of the world. The Sundering passed the land by, and for thousands of years, the mists would continue to protect Pandaria.

But although Shaohao disappeared that day, Sheilun remained.

Sheilun, Staff of the Mists, Part Eleven

Sheilun was found shortly after Shaohao’s ascension. Monks brought it to the Terrace of Endless Spring for safekeeping, where it stayed for millennia.

Several generations ago, a mistweaver master wrote at length about its history and meaning.

“It was not Sheilun that prompted Shaohao to make his sacrifice. It was not Sheilun that inspired Kang’s revolution that freed his people. It was not Sheilun that kept the Serpent’s Spine standing against countless mantid cycles. But it was there for all of those events, in the possession of people who could act. It is the perfect companion to those willing to sacrifice everything in order to save others. And I believe it has not yet found its final bearer.”

-Master Xunsu, Mistweaver of the Terrace of Endless Spring

Fists of the Heavens

The last thing Azeroth needed, on top of all its other problems, was to suffer another elemental invasion. It was good that you cut down Typhinius so quickly. Had he gone unopposed, he might have become truly unstoppable once he mastered these weapons.

But now the Fists of the Heavens are in your hands. You have a balanced heart; you seek harmony in all things. There is perhaps no other creature on Azeroth more capable of wielding this hurricane of power than you.

Fists of the Heavens, Part One

It has not been long since Uldum was revealed to the world, and thus, many fragments of the tol’vir’s history are still hidden from us. Still, it is becoming clear: the Fists of the Heavens are some of the finest weapons their society ever crafted. And they are also some of the most dangerous artifacts the world has ever seen.

There are tales of an ancient weaponsmith, a master without peer among the tol’vir. His name was Irmaat. His name is known to all surviving tol’vir as one of the most exceptional minds to have lived in Uldum... and also as a cautionary lesson. Irmaat was driven to create incredible works, but his pride turned out to be his undoing.

Fists of the Heavens, Part Two

The titans created the tol'vir to protect key locations across Azeroth. Over the millennia, some fell to the forces of darkness. For a very, very long time, Uldum did not. Irmaat, its weaponsmith, worked tirelessly to arm his brethren with the finest instruments possible.

For Irmaat, his work was not simply a duty. It was his calling. He saw his hands as extensions of the titans' will, and he wanted nothing less than to give his creations the ability to restore order to all chaos. He began to imbue his weapons with magic, using different sources of power to inspire him.

The power of air in particular held a special interest to him. He secretly observed the Skywall, the realm of air in the Elemental Plane, and studied the way its creatures lived and fought. Irmaat forged four scimitars, representing four extraordinary djinn lords. And then, in a ritual that stunned the tol'vir with its audacity, Irmaat summoned and bound those very four lords within the weapons themselves. Their power now belonged to the tol'vir.

Fists of the Heavens, Part Three

Irmaat's four scimitars became highly coveted among tol'vir warriors. Stories of their power rapidly spread, and messengers came from other tol'vir outposts, begging Irmaat for more of those wonders.

But the weaponsmith's satisfaction was short-lived. He had accomplished something great, but it was not perfect. Irmaat had seen for himself the true elemental power of the Skywall. Even the captured might of four djinns was but a light breeze compared to the ultimate power of that realm.

Irmaat carefully began crafting two new weapons. Not scimitars this time. Two smaller weapons, one to be held in each hand. He named them Al'burq and Alra'ed, and he intended for them to control a power that, by its nature, could never be tamed.

Fists of the Heavens, Part Four

After Irmaat forged his new weapons, he declared them to be his finest work.

These “fists of the heavens” would be capable of commanding the wind itself. All that was left was to capture the ultimate power within the Skywall: the elemental lord Al’Akir.

Irmaat began the ritual slowly, not wanting to warn the Windlord of his plan. It took weeks of preparation, but once he was ready, it was over in an instant. The weaponsmith cast his spell, intending to open a portal to the Skywall and bind Al’Akir’s essence. There was a great flash of light and a great rush of air, and when it was done, Irmaat could feel his weapons, Al’burq and Alra’ed, trembling with elemental power.

He believed he had succeeded. He believed he had accomplished the impossible. His surety was what led to his death.

Fists of the Heavens, Part Five

Of all the elemental lords, Al’Akir was known to be the cleverest. When Irmaat captured four of his most prized lieutenants, the Windlord was filled with wrath, but he recognized an opportunity to exact vengeance. He suspected that Irmaat’s pride would drive him onward.

When Irmaat’s spell concluded, he felt Al’Akir’s power quivering. But it was not the elemental lord’s spirit; it was Al’Akir’s trap. When Irmaat hefted his two weapons and tested the power within them, uncontrollable fury spilled forth.

The weaponsmith, his forge, and a number of buildings within Uldum were destroyed by the hurricane of might that had been unleashed. The weapons themselves were hurled miles away. The unfortunate tol’vir who first tried to recover them were similarly destroyed. Al’Akir had made Irmaat’s greatest creations unusable, filled with so much power that nobody could ever hope to control them.

The tol’vir carefully locked the weapons away, burying them deep. For millennia, nobody dared to touch them or repeat Irmaat’s folly. Al’Akir’s lesson had been learned very well.

Fists of the Heavens, Part Six

The events of the Cataclysm changed Azeroth forever.

Uldum was revealed to the world. The remnants of the tol'vir came under assault. Al'Akir and another elemental lord were slain by Azeroth's champions.

We have only begun to feel the ripple effects of those events. We do know that the death of Al'Akir left a power vacuum among the air elementals. His surviving subordinates went to war with one another, scrambling to secure leadership of the Skywall. None found any immediate advantage, for none were as powerful or as clever as their master had been.

But one djinn, Typhinius, sensed that there were still scraps of Al'Akir's power out there. The Fists of the Heavens would not stay buried for much longer.

Fists of the Heavens, Part Seven

Lingering rifts in the Skywall allowed Typhinius to leave quietly and hunt for something that would elevate him above his kin. He let his senses guide him and was led to an empty, nondescript part of the desert outside Uldum. When he dug into the sand, he found what the tol'vir had buried: the Fists of the Heavens, Irmaat's last creation.

Typhinius realized that, though Al'Akir was dead, the weapons' elemental chaos remained—but it seemed to be slightly, just slightly, more stable than when the Windlord lived. Still, when the djinn first wielded the weapons, the resulting burst of power nearly destroyed him.

But slowly and secretly, Typhinius learned how to keep his old master's power under control.

Fists of the Heavens, Part Eight

When Typhinius returned to the Skywall with the Fists of the Heavens in his grasp, he immediately set out to end the air elementals' civil war. It was not simply his raw power that quelled them. They sensed the essence of their old master, and it compelled them to obey.

There were those who refused, of course. Other djinns believed that they could band together and overcome Typhinius's borrowed strength. A huge battle nearly ripped apart the Vortex Pinnacle, and a brutal clash in the Temple of Asaad saw tremendous losses on all sides.

In the end, Typhinius was not the cleverest. He was simply the strongest, and he overpowered his enemies. He flung the spirits of those who had opposed him into the other elemental realms. Alone, they could not stop their natural enemies from finishing them off in a slow and agonizing fashion.

Typhinius declared that he was the rightful heir to Al'Akir, and that he would finish what the Windlord had started.

Fists of the Heavens, Part Nine

The war in the Skywall had caused more damage than Typhinius realized. It would take time for the air elementals to regain their strength and prepare for a full offensive.

Typhinius had no interest in waiting. The moment he felt the Burning Legion invade Azeroth, he knew that the mortal champions of the world would be preoccupied. He told his minions that there would be no better time.

The raids on Uldum began almost immediately. The Fists of the Heavens swept away all early resistance.

Fists of the Heavens, Part Ten

Typhinius's assault on Uldum was a serious strategic error. The civil war had not long passed, and the fighting power of the air elementals was still weaker than it might have been only a few months later.

The only advantage they had were the weapons Al'burq and Alra'ed, but even Typhinius had not mastered their true potential yet. He could unleash carnage, yes, but most of his efforts had to be spent keeping Al'Akir's fury from ripping him apart.

Typhinius's pride was fortunate for Azeroth. His ambition drew attention,

and it was that attention that led to the discovery of his plans. He launched his war too soon, and even these weapons could not save him.

Fists of the Heavens, Part Eleven

The history of these weapons is marked with pride. The power that they contain can only be harnessed by a balanced mind and a harmonious spirit. Any arrogance, any cockiness, will inevitably lead to ruin for their wielders.

But if you are already practiced in walking with the wind... the Fists of the Heavens will finally have a master who can make them truly legendary.

Note from the Author

Research efforts press on! There's more information to be uncovered in these texts, and time will bring it to the surface.

Come back after further research has been completed and I will continue to record what I've discovered on this scroll.

- Lorewalker Cho

The Codex of Blood

By

Unknown

Long ago, in a dimension of the cosmos unfathomable to mortal minds, there was born - if such a term can be used for it - a being of such unbelievable power that its very entrance into existence shattered all reality around it.

Known only as Murmur, it was the essence of sound. And to hear it speak was to know death eternal!

Existing only for chaos, its slightest whisper meant the destruction of whole worlds!

Yet still, there were those that would try to worship this mindless being. There were even those more insane who dared to think to control it!

And lo, how the mighty fell trembling at its feet, fearful that it might direct its words upon them.

But still did these charlatans, these worshipping pretenders to a non-existent religion, rail against the inevitable in a vain attempt to control their 'god'. Uncaring, and likely not even noticing them, Murmur yawned and they knew oblivion.

Yet one somehow managed to survive, and in his insanity found a way to bring Murmur into the world.

A mortal possessed of arcane and dark knowledge that none could surpass, he devised a method to enhance his summoning through the capture and use of souls untold.

Whole civilizations were brought to extinction through his soul devices to fuel the ritual through which he and his conspirators would bring Murmur into their world.

And summon forth Murmur they did.

Powerful magics of containment and silencing were employed, held together by the constant supply of souls being fed into them. Yet still they could not control the beast, could not bend it to their will.

These mortals began to devise different strategies, and one after the other they all failed. And in so doing, they weakened the rituals, accidentally giving Murmur the slightest modicum of freedom.

It was all that was needed.

Only this book survived the cataclysm that destroyed their world. Those proud and foolish men who thought to control a cosmic being of untold power.

Would you, the possessor of the codex, do the same?

Have you devised a foolproof method to summon forth Murmur, or any of the other entities cautiously whispered of in these unhallowed pages?

We shall see.

The Collector's Schedule

By

Unknown

Below is the process and schedule of gold collection from the mines of Elwynn. Collection Schedule:

Sunday: 12:30pm

Wednesday: 12:30pm

By each specified day, gold gained from the Elwynn mines will be gathered at the Brackwell pumpkin patch. The agent in charge of these gatherings, "The Collector," will be known by the engraved ring he possesses.

The Condensation of Electra-Atrocity

By

Unknown

For those accustomed to the arcane arts or the channeling of fel energies, mastery of the elements presents unique complexities that often prove daunting or even fatal to inexperienced practitioners.

Those who wish to dabble in the rewarding science of elemental channeling would do well to remember that, even divorced from the arcane energies responsible for the summoning and animation of their form, the elements present a formidable danger in and of themselves.

I reiterate this caution as we turn our attention to the subject of this tome, the channeling of the mysterious and ephemeral substance I have dubbed “Electra-atrocity.” This curious, odorless material is generated within the swirling currents of air elementals, presumably to perform the function that blood or mucous serves among more flesh-bound analogues. Lightning clouds are known to discharge this substance, in much the same way you or I may discharge excess fluids.

You may think that Electra-atrocity, presumably a waste product, is of no use to us. My experiments would prove otherwise! The very first time I touched my tongue to the terminal of a loaded condenser jar I was knocked to the ground by what I can only describe as a kiss from the Gods.

Once preserved in a suitable container, Electra-atrocity seethes with enormous constructive potential. My experiments have shown it can be devastating to small kittens or baby bunnies.

An array of condenser jars can also be used to maintain a portal to the elemental plane, freeing summoners to go about their business elsewhere. I have recently installed such a device atop Mount Hyjal to facilitate the movement of large quantities of men and materiel through the Firelands.

Electra-atrocity behaves like an angry juice, always attempting to return to the ground via the shortest, wettest, most metal route.

DO NOT ATTEMPT TO DRINK THE JUICE.

It tastes like burnt flesh and facilitates the dispersal of your bowels. Always protect yourself by wearing thick layers of soft leather and by handling Electra-atrocitical equipment via gullible initiates, taller and stupider than yourself.

Mastery of Electra-atrocity will bring us one step closer to a total grasp of the elements and the summoning of our Lords and Masters to the mortal plane, where they can pelt our beaming faces with the knowledge of the infinite.

Let there be light! And with it, pain, searing, and eventual numbness - reminding us of the glories to come when the world is remade and the believers become one with the crackling blue juices of domination!

The Curse and the Silence

By

Unknown

For many ages the mogu guarded the great works of the titans. Always they listened to their master. Always they were obedient. With stony determination, they stood in ageless vigil.

Even as their master fell silent.

No mogu writings survive from the era when their stone turned to flesh. How terrifying it must have been for the mogu to breathe, to bleed, to die.

They turned to their master for guidance, but still, he was silent.

With flesh came the other curses of mortality: pride and greed, fear and anger. No longer united in purpose, the mogu fought amongst themselves.

Powerful mogu warlords gathered up followers and made war on one another. Their battles scorched the land, terrifying the other mortal races. And still, their master said nothing.

The Dark Portal and the Fall of Stormwind

By

Unknown

As Kil'jaeden prepared the Horde for its invasion of Azeroth, Medivh continued to fight for his soul against Sargeras. King Llane, the noble monarch of Stormwind, grew wary of the darkness which seemed to taint the spirit of his former friend.

King Llane shared his concerns with Anduin Lothar, the last descendent of the Arathi bloodline, whom he named his lieutenant-at-arms. Even so, neither man could have imagined that Medivh's slow descent into madness would bring about the horrors that were to come.

As a final incentive, Sargeras promised to bestow great power upon Gul'dan if he agreed to lead the Horde to Azeroth. Through Medivh, Sargeras told the warlock that he could become a living god if he found the undersea tomb where the Guardian Aegwynn had placed Sargeras' crippled body nearly a thousand years before.

Gul'dan agreed and decided that once the denizens of Azeroth were beaten, he would find the legendary tomb and claim his reward. Assured that the Horde would serve his purposes, Sargeras ordered the invasion to begin.

Through a joint effort, Medivh and the warlocks of the Shadow Council opened the dimensional gateway known as the Dark Portal. This portal bridged the distance between Azeroth and Draenor, and it was large enough that armies might pass through it. Gul'dan dispatched orc scouts through the portal to survey the lands which they would conquer. The returning scouts

assured the Shadow Council that the world of Azeroth was ripe for the taking.

Still convinced that Gul'dan's corruption would destroy his people, Durotan spoke out against the warlocks once more. The brave warrior claimed that warlocks were destroying the purity of the orcish spirit and that this reckless invasion would be their doom. Gul'dan, unable to risk killing such a popular hero, was forced to exile Durotan and his Frostwolf Clan into the far reaches of this new world.

After the exiled Frostwolves charged through the portal, only a few orc clans followed. These orcs quickly set up a base of operations within the Black Morass, a dark and swampy area far to the east of the kingdom of Stormwind. As the orcs began to branch out and explore the new lands, they came into immediate conflict with the human defenders of Stormwind.

Though these skirmishes usually ended quickly, they did much to illustrate the weaknesses and strengths of both rival species. Llane and Lothar were never able to gather accurate data of the orcs' numbers and could only guess at how great a force they would have to contend with.

After a few years the majority of the orcish Horde had crossed into Azeroth, and Gul'dan deemed that the time for the primary strike against humanity had come. The Horde launched its full might against the unsuspecting kingdom of Stormwind.

As the forces of Azeroth and the Horde clashed across the kingdom, internal conflicts began to take their toll on both armies. King Llane, who believed the bestial orcs to be incapable of conquering Azeroth, contemptuously held his position at his capital of Stormwind. However, Sir Lothar became convinced that the battle should be taken directly to the enemy, and he was forced to choose between his convictions and his loyalty to the king.

Choosing to follow his instincts, Lothar stormed Medivh's tower-fortress of Karazhan with the help of the wizard's young apprentice, Khadgar. Khadgar and Lothar succeeded in vanquishing the possessed Guardian, whom they confirmed to be the source of the conflict.

By killing Medivh's body, Lothar and the young apprentice inadvertently banished the spirit of Sargeras to the abyss. As a consequence, the pure, virtuous spirit of Medivh was also allowed to live on... and wander the astral plane for many years to come.

Although Medivh had been defeated, the Horde continued to dominate the defenders of Stormwind. As the Horde's victory drew nearer, Orgrim Doomhammer, one of the greatest orc chieftains, began to see the depraved corruption that had spread throughout the clans since their time in Draenor.

His old comrade, Durotan, returned from exile and warned him yet again of Gul'dan's treachery. In speedy retribution, Gul'dan's assassins murdered Durotan and his family, leaving only his infant son alive. Unknown to Doomhammer was the fact that Durotan's infant son was found by the human officer, Aedelas Blackmoore, and taken as a slave. That infant orc would one day rise to become the greatest leader his people would ever know.

Incensed by Durotan's death, Orgrim set out to free the Horde from demonic corruption and ultimately assumed the role of warchief of the Horde by killing Gul'dan's corrupt puppet, Blackhand. Under his decisive leadership the relentless Horde finally laid siege to Stormwind Keep.

King Llane had severely underestimated the might of the Horde, and he watched helplessly as his kingdom fell to the green-skinned invaders. Ultimately King Llane was assassinated by one of the Shadow Council's finest killers: the half-orc, Garona.

Lothar and his warriors, returning home from Karazhan, hoped to stem the loss of life and save their once-glorious homeland. Instead, they returned too late and found their beloved kingdom in smoking ruins. The orcish Horde continued to ravage the countryside and claimed the surrounding lands for its own. Forced into hiding, Lothar and his companions swore a grim oath to reclaim their homeland at any cost.

The Dark Prophet Zul

By

Unknown

Among the Zanchuli Council are many priests and mages of incredible power and forbidden knowledge. One of the most respected of these is Zul. Even as a child his dark and terrible visions had come true down to the last horrifying detail. He commanded fear and respect as one of the dark prophets: seers capable of witnessing great tragedies before they came to pass.

In the months before the Cataclysm, Zul's nightmares were haunted by terrible visions of a world torn asunder. He consulted all the signs and was convinced that the Zandalari homeland would be destroyed in the coming apocalypse. He advised the council and the king to unite with the other troll tribes and to abandon their doomed homeland.

Despite Zul's infamy, the council refused to believe in the scope of the disaster to come. Many felt that Zul was grandstanding to increase his own status and power. They scoffed as he and his followers began assembling a war fleet and reaching out to the lesser troll races. But Zul's visions were visions of the truth. Deathwing's Cataclysm rocked Zandalar to its foundations. Even now the mighty and enigmatic troll empire slides inexorably into the sea, and Zandalari peasants and warriors alike flock to Zul for guidance on what to do next.

The Death Knights of Acherus

By

Unknown

The Death Knights of Acherus

Name: Jayde

Status: Alive

Comment: Bloodthirsty

Name: Sixen

Status: Alive

Comment: Chatty

Name: Munch

Status: Alive

Comment: Destructive

Name: Cobalt

Status: Deceased

Comment: Fell to his death. Not much upstairs. Probably saved him a lifetime of suffering.

Name: Harmony

Status: Deceased

Comment: The name of this death knight was found in violation of common Scourge decency. Struck down by the Lich King.

Name: Melt

Status: Alive*

Comment: Turned into a ghoul.

Name: Milton

Status: Alive

Comment: Rambles

Name: Minitalis

Status: Alive

Comment: Sees things that do not exist.

Name: <name>

Status: Alive

Comment: Needs more cowbell.

<The book goes on for hundreds of pages.>

Name: Jayde

Status: Alive

Comment: Unstoppable.

Name: Sixen

Status: Deceased

Comment: Died with his mouth open.

Name: Munch

Status: Alive

Comment: Angry. Hateful. Will do well.

Name: Cobalt

Status: Deceased

Comment: Fell to his death. Not much upstairs. Probably saved him a lifetime of suffering.

Name: Harmony

Status: Deceased

Comment: The name of this death knight was found in violation of common Scourge decency. Struck down by the Lich King.

Name: Melt

Status: Deceased

Comment: Turned into a ghoul. Killed by a Scarlet peasant.

Name: Milton

Status: MIA

Comment: Cowardly gnome.

Name: Minitalis

Status: Alive

Comment: Chasing butterflies.

Name: <name>

Status: Alive

Comment: Personally responsible for the massacre of hundreds of Scarlet Crusaders. Hungers for more.

<The book goes on for hundreds of pages.>

Name: Jayde

Status: Alive

Comment: Power growing. Superior tactician. Only ranks behind <name> in sheer brutality.

Name: Sixen

Status: Deceased

Comment: Died with his mouth open.

Name: Munch

Status: Alive

Comment: Shows no hesitation. Harbinger of doom.

Name: Cobalt

Status: Alive*

Comment: Pieces of this death knight were finally found. Used most to stitch

together a rampaging abomination. Incinerated head and brain.

Name: Harmony

Status: Deceased

Comment: The name of this death knight was found in violation of common Scourge decency. Struck down by the Lich King.

Name: Melt

Status: Alive*

Comment: Turned into a ghoul. Killed by a Scarlet peasant. Reanimated by Munch as a ghoul servant.

Name: Milton

Status: Executed

Comment: Caught. Was found without armor or runeblade asleep next to his deathcharger. The deathcharger was returned to Salanar without any serious injury. Death knights are not permitted to sleep.

Name: Minitalis

Status: MIA

Comment: Whereabouts unknown. The hunt is on.

Name: <name>

Status: Alive

Comment: Soulless killing machine. No remorse. No regrets. Has killed more Scarlet Crusaders, destroyed more lives, and caused more chaos than any death knight before <him/her>. Promoted to Scourge Commander.

<The book goes on for hundreds of pages.>

Name: Jayde

Status: Alive

Comment: Champion of Mograine. En route to Light's Hope Chapel.
Destruction will undoubtedly follow.

Name: Sixen

Status: Deceased

Comment: Died with his mouth open.

Name: Munch

Status: Alive

Comment: Promoted to Scourge Commander. Will accompany me to Northrend.

Name: Cobalt

Status: Deceased

Comment: The rampaging abomination that was stitched together with pieces of this death knight was slain by the armies of Tirisfal. Was the most action he had seen since rebirth.

Name: Harmony

Status: Deceased*

Comment: The name of this death knight was found in violation of common Scourge decency. Struck down by the Lich King.

*The Lich King demanded this death knight's remains be turned to ashes and left in a human outhouse. The Lich King takes his names very seriously.

Name: Melt

Status: Alive*

Comment: Turned into a ghoul. Killed by a Scarlet peasant. Reanimated by Munch as a ghoul servant. Incredibly, Melt is faring well as a ghoul servant of Munch. He is also an excellent cook.

Name: Milton

Status: Executed*

Comment: Caught. Was found without armor or runeblade asleep next to his deathcharger. The deathcharger was returned to Salanar without any serious injury.

*The deathcharger didn't make it.

Name: Minitalis

Status: Traitor

Comment: We will find her and end her miserable existence.

Name: <name>

Status: Alive

Comment: Scourge Commander <name> was granted the Greathelm of the Scourge by the Lich King for <his/her> complete and utter domination of the armies of Tirisfal and Hearthglen. There were no survivors left from <name>'s brutal attacks. Currently en route to end the Argent Dawn.

<The book goes on for hundreds of pages.>

The Decree of the Scourge

By

Kel'Thuzad

The Decree of the Scourge

Chapter 1

By Kel'Thuzad

The roots of the Scourge are sewn in the folly of all races. Our rise to power is the product of the sins of those who mean our end. The so called 'heroes' of the land fall before us by resorting to a measure of our ideals to bring forth their envisioned victory. Their victory is a vehicle to the realization that without resorting to what they define as deplorability to achieve it, we would have overcome them instead. In both outcomes, win or lose, the Scourge invariably wins. When this is recognized, submission to our will is inevitable.

The Master, our Lich King, was born under this very same doctrine.

To conquer is to corrupt. To corrupt is to take what it is to be righteous and hopeful, to be living, and invert it through any means in your arsenal. The attributes of the living all have synonyms with fatal flaws that are their undoing: hope is dogma, righteousness is zealotry, living is empathy. Recognize what makes that which lives desire to live, and turn it upon itself.

Knowing the most direct path of corruption is the pinnacle of wisdom. A simple weakening of the heart, dismemberment of vital organs, or direct disease will work for most. However the conquer of most is not the decree of the Master, but the conquer of all. It is foolish to spend excessive resources in warping the mind of a simple peasant where common plague will suffice, but it is equally unwise to try the same common plague against the seasoned and

hearty. Regimented study of any formidability will reveal useable weaknesses.

The Decree of the Scourge

Chapter 2

The largest misconception the living have of the Scourge is our penchant for what is considered 'evil.' For the sake of demoralization we allow this error to perpetuate, and indeed spread it on our own. The true nature of The Scourge is our transcendence of the shackles that keep any of the living races from becoming as prosperous as we.

For example: What benefits do emotion and honor really hold? They serve to validate the living, to make them feel 'good.' Now, what flaws do they hold? Emotion is directly correlated to the ignorance of logic and reason. Honor is, at most times, the sole perpetuator of able resources fighting a losing battle. It is baffling even to me that the living can be so unaware of how eager we are to play the part of their villain, to nurture their greatest flaws by becoming the embodiment of all that incites irrational behavior.

Moral ambiguity cannot be 'cleansed.' Antipathy cannot be 'healed' or 'assuaged.' Greed cannot be 'dispelled' and wrath cannot be 'cured.' We choose to be the embodiment of all these things, and yet there are some still foolish enough to believe that the Scourge can be defeated and removed completely. So long as the most attractive sins of the living remain our banner flag, there will always be those eager to flock to our will.

I myself was born under this doctrine.

The Decree of the Scourge

Chapter 3

The Scourge is infinite in potential. We are not, however, infallible by any means. Always be well aware of your limits, and the resources at your disposal. Always have an exit strategy. Sacrifice of eager minions to your ends is a cornerstone of Scourge philosophy. All manner of bravery,

martyrdom, or compatriotism for anyone but the Master is imprudent and severely punishable.

Another fallacy outsiders hold of the Scourge is that our power resides in the residual will of the living, that we are an advanced form of parasite, and without a host of regenerating life would simply wither away. Again we do not deny such ignorant thought for our benefit, but this could not be further from the truth. We are nothing but an ever-improving form of adaptation to a land once riddled with endless struggle. We are immune to the tribulations of dissention, over-population, individuality, selfish opinion, short-sightedness, and even mortality. We hear the will of the Master, and the Master brings us all that we will ever desire.

It is true that we take architecture, technology, and physical prowess from assimilated cultures. This, like the so many 'evil' acts of the Scourge, is done entirely out of pragmatism. The Scourge has neither the time nor the desire to generate a culture of its own. A member of the Scourge that creates without influence will hold an inherent attachment to it, a right to see it viewed and used. This leads to individuality, which leads to dissention. Creativity is a flaw of culture, but a minor obligation when dealing with simple needs like buildings and equipment. It is not your duty to question or care of the origins of your resources, only in how usable they are.

The Scourge is the will of the land. All manner of life kneel to our will with an ease that yields a single conclusion: That they need us, they yearn for our salvation. There is no resilience to our practices, no immunity to our commandments. We are every bit the inevitability that a natural life holds: Death. Death comes with every life, and undeath comes with every death. The sooner the living recognizes this immutable fact, the easier their transition will be.

The Defiant

By

Unknown

The saurok were originally dispatched to maintain order in the far edges of the mogu empire. A sauroken culture of superiority and hatred for weakness developed, fueled by the ego of their mogu masters.

Soon, saurok guards began to plunder the very people they were supposed to police. They grew disobedient, turning on their own mogu commanders whenever they were displeased with the spoils of war.

Emperor Dojan responded in the traditional mogu way: the souls were ripped from every living saurok in the Vale of Eternal Blossoms, and he demanded the same fate for the legions still in the field. So began the great Purge.

The Deserters

By

Unknown

When the mogu declared the purging of the saurok, a number of legions were still deployed in the field. Word reached the saurok of their masters' treachery, and so they turned on their officers, and vanished behind enemy lines in the mantid lands. Many legions of mogu and their slaves were dispatched to hunt down and destroy these deserters. None ever returned.

The Diary of High General Abbendis

By

High General Abbendis

The Diary of High General Abbendis

The voice whispered, “Come to me.” From the very beginning I knew that it was the Holy Light speaking to me in dreams. At last! After all of my years of prayers and good deeds, the cleansing of the blight of the unliving from the face of Azeroth. After all of the failures and resurrections.

Finally!

It happened again. “Come to me...”, the Light commanded.

I woke up freezing, but it wasn’t cold in my chambers. I’m going to redouble my efforts! I’ll tell the high abbot tomorrow that I want prayers increased. No more half-measures!

The Holy Light has taken notice of our good work. I can feel it!

This time I was awake! It was very vivid, and yet for over a minute, in the middle of the warm, sunny day, my breath came out misted and chill. One of the priests noticed and dropped to his knees in prayer.

No one else heard the voice, though. At least the witness proves that I’m not going insane. Maybe I should ask Landgren to pray on the matter? I’ll get Jordan and Street to scrutinize their recruiting efforts tomorrow. We’ve grown bloated with ranks of unbelievers who yearn only to destroy the undead. That’s not enough!

The commander and the bishop were both receptive. Not that they had any choice. Bishop Street in particular seemed very enthusiastic. He spoke of a revival for the crusade and swore to ferret out the weak of faith within our ranks.

I told him to go easy. I've no intention of destroying the Crusade. However, I do like the sound of forming an elite cadre of the most faithful to do the Light's bidding in Northrend. I fear the man's friendship with Le

Craft is slowly twisting him. They both have their uses, though.

I will leave most of the Crusade here to continue mopping-up operations on the undead in our backyard. I imagine that once they have finished what we began, most will disband and go back to their homes to live in peace.

That somehow seems right. At our finest, we have always been the salt of the earth, rising up to take back our homes from the filth of the Scourge corruption, to return our Lordaeron to its former glory. To a time before the Scourge, before Arthas and regicide... before the Lich King.

There have been whispers amongst the men about a day soon to come that will change everything for the Scarlet Crusade. Bishop Street has put a name to it, calling it the Crimson Dawn.

I will put some thought to this, though I can feel the truth of it in my bones. I pray that it will bring weal for us rather than woe.

The Light has spoken again with a great deal of urgency. I came away from the dream with a sense of impatience. I will not disappoint. There must be no more delays. We must soon be underway!

What a great coincidence then - and I had to control myself from showing my relief - this afternoon Captain Shely procured for us a number of new ships for the voyage. Perhaps it was no coincidence at all? The Holy Light expresses its will in ways that we are not meant to understand.

I will take the Sinner's Folly as my flag. I think the name is most fitting.

Now I know why the Light has been pushing me to be underway. In the dead of night a Scourge necropolis appeared in the sky over us and out poured the minions of hell!

A new breed of death knight leads the assault. Already the casualties we've suffered have been catastrophic. With the Scourge able to strike at us anywhere and at will from above, there seems no way to mount a proper defense.

I fear that our intended expedition to Northrend is over before it has begun.

I've been informed that Hearthglen and the surrounding area have already begun to assemble a host. High Commander Galvar Pureblood himself intends to lead them to save us. His efforts will be for naught.

I must see to it that my best couriers get through the enemy lines and warn him off. Hearthglen must prepare to dig in and rally the rest of the Crusade.

With any luck they'll get through before nightfall.

There's been no word from any of my couriers this morning. It's clear that none of them made it through to Hearthglen. The Plaguelands are lost. Pureblood will come with his forces and they'll be annihilated out in the open.

This afternoon I received a vision from the Light. In it, I saw the utter destruction of everything that we've built here. The message was clear - I was being told to take the remainder of the most faithful and abandon the Crusade to their doom.

Landgren later told me that he'd received the same vision. I cannot comprehend how the Light would tell us to take such a dishonorable action, but it is not my place to question - I am to obey, and obey I shall.

It was with trepidation that I gazed upon New Avalon, I suspect for the last time. Our fate lies in Northrend. I am filled with a sense of ominous foreboding for some reason. The mission ahead should shake away these concerns. I will put them out of my mind.

Perhaps with luck, High Commander Pureblood will somehow endure and marshal the survivors. I'm a coward - a dog running away with my tail tucked between my legs!

Two months they tell me that this journey is going to take. The other ships aren't built for speed like the Folly. They're carrying most of our forces and equipment, and they're not much more than single sail freighters, but they'll get there safely.

I'm not looking forward to this, but for the Light I will endure the sea sickness. I simply mustn't let the others see.

I've not written in a while. It's as much as I can do to stand upright and not get sick. The men are beginning to wonder why I keep myself holed up in my cabin most of the time. It wouldn't be good for morale for them to see me this way.

It shouldn't be long now. I pray that it won't be. Six weeks already and every day it seems that the weather gets worse. I can only hope that Northrend itself does not have such horrible weather. I wasn't built for the cold.

The Holy Light has been silent for a very long time.

We were attacked with no warning whatsoever! Giants in massive oared longships came out of the mist like ghosts! They were silent as the dead.

I lost a ship and all of the men on it. We fought with great courage and skill considering that we have only the most rudimentary naval combat training.

Afterward, the screams of our men who'd been taken captive by the giants echoed across the water. After a while it grew silent again. Bishop Street led the men in prayers.

I awoke this morning in the middle of making adjustments to my maps. The Light was guiding my hand, showing me exactly where we must go.

We are close!

Landfall!

Exiting the rowboat upon the beach, I planted our banner and was overcome by the Holy Light, which spoke through me. Today is the Crimson Dawn - the great day that we've waited for. This is to be the site of New Hearthglen. We are no longer the Scarlet Crusade. We are now the Scarlet Onslaught!

And an onslaught upon Northrend we shall be! The cancer of the Scourge threatens to overflow in the crown of the world and drown the rest of us. The time has come to take the fight directly to the Lich King's doorstep!

It's been almost a month now and construction has proceeded apace. I've been too busy to write. My scouts tell me that this land is full of dragons and other strange beasts. We'll keep to ourselves until we're ready.

In the middle of services today, the high abbot proclaimed that a visitor would arrive soon - one that the Light was sending to lead us to victory.

I don't know how I feel about that. Why didn't the Light tell me? Have I not served faithfully? Now I'm to be replaced by some outsider?

Admiral Borean Westwind showed up on my doorstep tonight! By all accounts he'd died upon these shores an age ago.

He didn't look old enough and yet I knew that it was him. He claimed that he was the only survivor of his doomed fleet and that he'd survived only through the good graces of the Light.

We stayed up speaking through the night and into the morning. He assured me that he had no intention of taking my place, but that the Light had instructed him to travel across the Great Dragonblight to serve as my advisor and commander in title only. He claimed that great change was coming to Northrend. The Alliance and the Horde were going to come en masse in response to a great plague that the Lich King was about to unleash upon them.

The men have taken to the grand admiral with great zeal, especially High Abbot Landgren and Bishop Street. Apparently the Holy Light whispered a new blessing to the admiral in his sleep, which he passed on to Landgren.

Some of the men have converted to the priesthood and are now being called “raven priests”. Only Jordan seems unimpressed. I suppose that’s understandable. He probably feels his position is threatened if mine is.

Something doesn’t seem right. I can’t put my finger on it, but I cannot make myself fully trust the admiral. He’s done nothing wrong. Quite the contrary! And yet, I have to trust my gut.

I will pray for understanding. The Light delivered the admiral to lead us to victory and it is not my place to question its decisions. I will continue to obey. I am faithful.

Another couple of months have passed. We’ve made great strides in the construction of New Hearthglen. The wall is almost complete as is the barracks. Kaleiki’s men are miracle workers.

My heart hasn’t been into writing. I’ve been avoiding putting my thoughts here for some reason. The Light hasn’t visited me of late, though the admiral assures me that this is nothing to worry about.

My men report that a small group of Forsaken have broken ground on a camp along the hillside to the north. On the other side of the hill, the Alliance have apparently begun the construction of a much larger base.

The admiral says that we should leave them be. There are other Horde forces gathered to the west that would surely come to their aid if we were to attack. I don’t feel good about it, but I see the logic in his reasoning.

The first phase of construction is done. Admiral Westwind has ordered a group of my men to establish a toehold further to the north. He wouldn’t go into detail, claiming that he was being “guided” to do so.

We caught four spies from the Forsaken town, Venomspite, this afternoon. I’m going to have Le

Craft torture them for information. If we only caught four, how many more have slipped in amongst us?

Why do I feel as if things are beginning to unravel?

The Duel of Thunder and Strength

By

Unknown

Long ago the armies of Lei Shen marched on Kun-Lai Summit. What free folk lived there rallied as best they could, strong and defiant to the end. They would not give up their land for this Thunder King.

But Lei Shen was not there for the land, he had come for its people. His empire was growing, and slaves were required for the building of its cities and fortresses.

So rather than attack the summit, Lei Shen boomed with his mighty voice: “Choose the greatest warrior among you and have him face me in one on one combat. Should I win, your people will submit to my rule. Should he win, I shall leave these lands in peace.”

“Challenge accepted!” came a voice that boomed across the mountains almost as strong as the thunderous presence of Lei Shen.

From the mountains descended Xuen, the White Tiger. The August Celestial had seen the plight of the free peoples and could bear it no more.

And so began the duel of legends. Lightning fell from the skies and the ground rumbled with the fury of these two fighters. Sorcery was matched with speed, hate was matched with strength.

It is said this duel lasted for thirty days and thirty nights, and the emotions of this duel awoke the sha in great force.

But in the end, Xuen fell, crushed by the sheer might of Lei Shen’s unearthly power.

“Your peasant magic is no match for my sorcery, fool of a tiger,” Lei Shen bellowed. “I commend your tenacity, but your defiance must be punished.”

And to the people of Kun-Lai, the Thunder King proclaimed: “Know this, those who would defy me shall witness the full power of my wrath! This creature shall not know the mercy of death. In these mountains we shall build a prison for him to stand upon for all of time. From this pinnacle, he shall watch and bask in his failure, as you and your children shall serve my empire as slaves.”

And so Xuen was placed at the pinnacle of Kun-Lai Summit and made to watch as the pandaren and hozen were made slaves. But the tiger never submitted to Lei Shen’s torture. In captivity, he grew stronger. His failure was a lesson, his pride now in check, and he waited for the day when a young pandaren slave would dare to challenge the might of the mogu emperors.

The Dungeons of Dojan

By

Unknown

—Translationed by Lorekeeper Vaeldrin—

It was the Sovereign Emperor, Dojan Firecrown, who brought the legions down upon the Krasarang Jungle, crushing its defenses and adding it to the empire.

Krasarang was the last of the freeholds, a festering jungle of brigands and rebels, seeking to hide from his grace's wrath.

The true prize though was the legendary Pools of Youth. The Firecrown was late in his years and dreamed of the power such pools could provide if under his sway.

With this conquest, the Firecrown used his new thralls to construct the Dungeons of Dojan. It quickly became one of the most feared and renowned dungeons in the known world. Fortified with countless traps and weaponry, it showed the empire that the Firecrown would not endure the insult of rebellion.

To ensure their reputation, the Imperial Magisters crafted wards and arcanic oubliettes in great number. Those foolish enough to try and use a magic portal to assault the seat of the empire would quickly find themselves redirected to an arcanic oubliette or worse.

In time, the only successful teleportation magics of the region were limited to the nearby port of Korja.

The Durnholde Challenge

By

Unknown

Zephyrus, minion of Al'Akir

Resides in the ruins of the barracks.

Teracula, minion of Therazane

Walks the path outside of the old barracks.

Bloodvenom, minion of Neptulon

Imprisoned in the west wing of the prison.

Infernus, minion of Ragnaros

Imprisoned in the east wing of the prison.

The D-1000 Awaits you at the old arena.

The Emperor's Burden - Part 1

By

Unknown

Ten thousand years ago, the day Shaohao was crowned Emperor of Pandaria, he followed the tradition of all the emperors before him and sought the counsel of the great Waterspeaker of the jinyu. With a light heart the young emperor stood before the prophet and awaited to hear what he presumed would be good news.

The Waterspeaker listened to the song of the great river, but his eyes widened with terror.

From the Book of Burdens, Chapter 1:

“And the Waterspeaker saw before him a kingdom of sorcerers surrounding a great well, and from this well they called forth a host of demons. Green fire rained from the skies, and all the world's continents shattered.

“Terrified by the vision presented before him, Emperor Shaohao realized that he was not to live a life of luxury. From the humble town of Dawn's Blossom, his journey to save Pandaria began.

The Emperor's Burden - Part 2

By

Unknown

It was at this location ten thousand years ago that Shaohao, the last emperor of Pandaria, sought out the counsel of the Jade Serpent.

From the Book of Burdens, Chapter 3:

“Forlorn and without hope, the Last Emperor ascended the sheer slope of Mount Neverest. Daggers of cold sliced through his silken robes, and the biting wind heaped scorn on his journey.”

“Only at the very peak of the mountain did the Emperor find quiet and solace, and here he spoke with the Jade Serpent, the spirit of wisdom.

“The Jade Serpent urged Shaohao to divest himself of his burdens, to purify his spirit, and to become one with the land.

The Emperor was perplexed by the Jade Serpent's counsel, but no further answers were to be found atop the frigid peak. Dejected, Emperor Shaohao trudged back down the mountain to consult his companion, the Monkey King, and determine his next move.

The Emperor's Burden - Part 3

By

Unknown

It was at this very location ten thousand years ago that Shaohao, the last emperor of Pandaria, defeated the Sha of Doubt and imprisoned it within the land.

From the Book of Burdens, Chapter 5:

“Shaohao meditated for three days and three nights, for the counsel of the Jade Serpent was unclear. How could one purge oneself of all doubt?”

“Weary of waiting, Shaohao’s travelling companion the Monkey King whittled a strange grimacing visage out of bamboo. He urged the Emperor to place the mask of doubt on his face...”

While mischief was the Monkey King’s motivation, the mask worked - As Shaohao pulled the mask away, his doubts took on a physical form. For seven hours they fought, until the Sha of Doubt was buried.

From that day onward, the last emperor had no doubt that he would save Pandaria from the Sundering. He became a creature of faith.

The Emperor's Burden - Part 4

By

Unknown

It was at this very location ten thousand years ago that Shaohao, the Last Emperor of Pandaria, defeated the Sha of Despair and imprisoned it within the land.

From the Book of Burdens, Chapter 9:

“After his success in the Jade Forest, Emperor Shaohao was filled with courage but fretted over an uncertain future. He sought the counsel of the Red Crane, the spirit of hope, deep within the Krasarang Wilds.”

“The Red Crane told the Emperor that hope was within all of us, if we looked deep enough. With that, the Monkey King presented Emperor Shaohao with a mask of Despair, a forlorn visage of terrible sadness. The Emperor donned the mask and drew out his own hopelessness...”

The battle against the Sha of Despair lasted four days and five nights in a pouring rain, but with the help of the Red Crane and the Monkey King, all of Shaohao's despair was extinguished.

From that day forth the Emperor knew the future was bright. He became a creature of hope.

The Emperor's Burden - Part 5

By

Unknown

It was at this very location ten thousand years ago that Shaohao, the Last Emperor of Pandaria, defeated the Sha of Fear and imprisoned it within the land.

From the Book of Burdens, Chapter 14:

“Although purged of doubt and despair, Emperor Shaohao was still overcome by fear. He sought the counsel of the Black Ox, spirit of bravery and fortitude, who lived in the steppes beyond the wall.”

“The Black Ox, Red Crane, Emperor, and Monkey King discussed the nature of fear at great length, until at last the Monkey King was inspired to act. A mask of fear was created, terrifying to behold. With trembling hands, the Emperor donned the horrific mask, so as to draw forth his own fears...”

The battle against the Sha of Fear lasted a week and a day, during which time legend has it that the sun never rose. When the Sha was at last defeated and imprisoned in the earth, Emperor Shaohao was forever changed, for he no longer felt his own fears. He became a creature of courage.

The Emperor's Burden - Part 6

By

Unknown

It was at this very location ten thousand years ago that Shaohao, the Last Emperor of Pandaria, defeated the Sha of Anger, the Sha of Hatred, and the Sha of Violence.

From the Book of Burdens, Chapter 19:

“Confident and fearless, Emperor Shaohao thought nothing could stop him. But at the urging of the Red Crane, he sought out the counsel of the White Tiger, the spirit of strength.”

“The White Tiger saw in Shaohao a dangerous recklessness that often accompanies those with no fear. He gathered together the greatest warriors of Pandaria to test the Emperor.”

“Emperor Shaohao was given a ten-foot pole, and was challenged to strike one of the warriors. For hours they fought, but the warriors were too quick and too nimble for the untrained Emperor. He grew angry, he cursed, and finally, broke the staff over his knee.”

Humbled, the Emperor asked the White Tiger what was wrong, and learned that his own passions made him weak. To save Pandaria, Shaohao would have to combat his own anger, hatred, and violence.

The Monkey King sprang into action, and carved three masks. The Emperor wore each mask in turn, and with the help of his friends, as well as all the greatest warriors of Pandaria, the Sha of Anger, the Sha of Hatred, and the Sha of Violence were defeated and imprisoned beneath the ground.

The Emperor was forever changed, and as he set forth on the final leg of his adventure, he was a creature of patience, love, and peace.

The Emperor's Burden - Part 7

By

Unknown

The Shado-Pan order was founded ten thousand years ago under a charter from Shaohao, the Last Emperor of Pandaria.

Emperor Shaohao knew that the dark energy of the Sha - the physical embodiment of negative emotions like anger, fear, hatred or doubt - represented a great threat to the pandaren if allowed to fester beneath the land. He tasked the greatest warriors of Pandaria with the duty to restrain and control the Sha.

On this very location, mere hours after Emperor Shaohao bested his own anger, hatred, and violence, the first of the Shado-Pan took their knee and spoke an oath to the Last Emperor. The same words have been spoken by every Shado-Pan initiate ever since, for the last ten thousand years.

The Emperor's Burden - Part 8

By

Unknown

Ten thousand years ago, Emperor Shaohao, the Last Emperor of Pandaria, used the power of these sacred waters to spare Pandaria from the devastation of the Sundering that destroyed the rest of the world.

From the Book of Burdens, Epilogue:

“At the dusk of the final day, the sky was bathed in green fire, and the very ground trembled in terror. But the Emperor was not afraid. His mind was clear of any doubt or despair. He feasted and he sang as the sky tore open.”

“Seeing fear and doubt in his subject’s eyes, Emperor Shaohao delivered a proclamation: That one should live each day to its fullest, and sleep each night with the peace of a mind unburdened.”

Legend tells that he ascended to the Terrace of Endless Spring, there to separate Pandaria from the rest of the world. But try as he might, he was unable; the ground trembled, but did not move. Soon, he began to doubt, and the Sha of Doubt began to emerge from the east. He began to fear, and the Sha of Fear began ripping out of its shackles to the west. Desperately, he called out to the Jade Serpent for help.

The Jade Serpent circled the Vale, and spoke to the beleaguered Emperor. “Pandaria is more than just the Pandaren Empire,” she told Shaohao. “Your enemies to the west are as much a part of this land as your empire behind the wall.”

Seeing that all things were connected in an eternal whole, and that his beloved land was more than just the Pandaren Empire, Shaohao at last

understood. His staff clattered to the floor as his spirit became one with the land. When the world tore itself apart, Pandaria drifted quietly into the ocean. And as the Emperor's robes fluttered empty to the ground, the land became enveloped in impenetrable mists, hidden away from the rest of the world.

The Empress

By

Unknown

The Empress of the mantid is a force to be feared throughout Pandaria. From her, the nearly endless hosts of the mantid are spawned. Though mantid empresses are long-lived, they are not immortal. A council of mantid elders, known as the Klaxxi, see to the organized transfer of power from one empress to the next. The exact nature of the exchange is extremely secretive, but it appears to involve a trial by combat. Remains of the previous empress are fed to her successor. For this reason, an unbroken line of power has extended throughout the entire history of the mantid civilization. Though few in number, the Klaxxi evidently play a pivotal role in shaping and protecting mantid culture. It is unclear if they can directly countermand the will of the Empress, however.

The Eye of Divinity

By

Unknown

When you peer into the Eye, images of a great battle fill your mind.

This terrifying conflict appears to be taking place somewhere in Lordaeron.

You can barely make out a lone female figure, standing amidst a thousand corpses, fending off a sea of Scourge. She is hopelessly outnumbered.

Tendrils of light escape her hands, cutting through undead by the hundreds.

All for naught, it would seem. Moments later the priestess is swarmed by the corpses of the peasants that were surrounding her... The fallen have risen.

The Favored of Odyn

By

Unknown

The Favored of Odyn

Tales of the greatest vrykul that ever lived

Honor in Remembrance

I dreamt of heroism. I wanted to stride into battle as a warrior, blade in hand, and remove the enemies of Odyn from this world.

But that was not to be. I was not born the strongest or the fastest. I was not attuned to mystical power. I could never rise to glory in war. So instead I resolved to chronicle the actions of those who could. I began with Odyn himself, telling the stories of his greatest battles and achievements as he cleansed the Black Empire from Azeroth.

Now I will record the actions of his followers. Countless vrykul have sought Odyn's favor through acts of heroism. They deserve to be remembered in this life and the next?. and if I can help them achieve immortality among the living, perhaps they will invite me to join their number in the Halls of Valor and tell their tales for all eternity.

-Anonymous

His Name is Dragonblood

After the dark masters of the Black Empire fell before the might of the titan-forged, the aqir were silent for centuries. But they were not idle. They rested in their underground burrows, plotting, scheming, building their numbers,

believing that the Old Gods would rise again one day.

They hid themselves well. They made their warrens deep below the ground. Few vrykul could track them beneath the deserts of the southwest.

A vrykul warrior named Oktel resolved to learn their secrets. He spent years wandering the barren sands alone, studying the ways of the aqir. Slowly, carefully, he identified their habits, their territory, and their weaknesses. His observations were recorded and distributed among other vrykul, greatly aiding them in their raids. If given enough time, he was certain he could uncover the aqir's hidden labyrinths of burrows.

The aqir refused to let that happen. They laid a false trail, waited for him to follow it alone, and then struck. They rose up as a swarm, filling the sky, attacking him from all directions. They tore Oktel near to pieces and left him to die slowly in the blistering heat, meaning his fate to be a warning to the rest of his kind.

For three days and nights he suffered, lacking the strength to move. Yet he lived.

On the fourth day he was found by a red dragon. Wondrous, massive, and powerful, she circled above and called out to Oktel. "I cannot imagine your agony," she said. "Why have you clung to life for so long?"

"I have too much left to do," Oktel replied.

"I can return you to the care of your people," the dragon said.

"My work is not done. Lend me a morsel of your strength, and I will return to my people on my own, with a collection of aqiri heads in my grasp," Oktel said.

The red dragon stood beside him and opened one of her veins. Her blood mingled with his, and Oktel felt his might returning. "I am the Life-Binder. I lend you this power not to take life, but to protect it," she said. "The aqir will kill many creatures if left unchallenged. Go on, warrior, and finish your quest."

Oktel stood and walked deep into the deserts, finding the aqir's biggest warren. He kept his word, destroying the aqir that had attacked him and crushing their countless clutches of eggs. He returned to his people with the skulls of insect lords strung together around his neck. The vrykul called him a new name: Oktel Dragonblood.

In time he would be the thane of his people, a fierce warrior in battle but a compassionate cultivator of life in peace. After his death, he was honored by vrykul and dragons alike.

May he now have the relief he so richly earned.

The Last Words of Asgrim the Dreadkiller

"You see it, yes? We must have driven Helya to true fury. That is her prize on the horizon, sailing for us now.

"Let there be no doubt: we will die this day. That is the dread ship Naglfar, and it will blast our vessel into splinters. And then what will happen? Its crew will pluck us from the waters and slit our throats, and the Naglfar will ferry our souls to Helheim, where Helya will strip us clean of all that makes us mighty and great and free. She wants nothing less than to force our servitude and obedience for eternity.

"Let her try! Let her Kvaldir puppets rush to oblivion! Together we have sent thousands of those cursed, befouled creatures back to their hell. We have saved countless vrykul souls from her clutches.

"We will die, but we will bring their crew down to the depths with us! Keep death's song in your heart and a blade between your teeth, even as your blood rushes free. If a single one of their crew is left alive, all of our souls are forfeit. But if they die with us, the Naglfar will sail on and return to Helya... empty of our souls and theirs. Let our dying breaths rob Helheim of its faithful.

"Here it comes. I expect to see each and every one of you in the Halls shortly.

"Open fire."

A Shieldmaiden's Creed

Shieldmaiden Iounn was her name. Her raids took her to the north, to the east, and to the west. Never did she flinch from battle. Countless enemies fell before her. But while her comrades celebrated each victory, she did not.

“That is in the past,” she would say. “Let us look forward.”

Years passed. Her travels took her across Azeroth. Her battles begat great tales of bravery and power. Yet she still did not celebrate. Looking forward, not back, was her eternal creed.

When Ashildir began her quest to form the Valkyra, she called upon the mightiest women among all the vrykul to join her. Dark forces were working against Odyn and the Halls of Valor. The future of their people was at stake.

Shieldmaiden Iounn answered. “Ashildir has set her sights past this life and onto the next. I will help.”

Iounn became a stalwart defender of the Valkyra, a thorn in Helya's side. Time and time again, she thwarted Helya's plans to destroy the Halls of Valor. But all of it was nearly for naught. Ashildir herself died in battle. Helya's minions sought her remains, hoping to snatch her soul for Helheim. None but Iounn stood against them. Bravely she fought, ignoring wounds and fatigue. She carried Ashildir home to Stormheim, where she was laid to rest. Her spirit ascended, and she would forever serve as the queen of the Valkyra.

Iounn had been badly injured. She lay next to Ashildir's grave and waited for her life's end. She raised her shield one last time in salute, and passed away with a smile on her face.

And when her spirit was raised, she joined Ashildir's side once more to continue her work as a defender of the Valarjar Valkyra. Iounn had rested enough. She was looking forward yet again.

The Prophecy of Rythas the Oracle

Our world is young. It sleeps, troubled with dreams.

I have known its slumber. I have felt its heart beat.

Darkness seeks to claim it.

Beneath the land, chaos. Beneath the sea, patient menace.

Our hope lies in the sky. Odyn's refuge must stand.

The world's soul is weak. It will one day be strong.

Only the worthy can protect it.

Do not fear death. To live as a vrykul is to know danger.

A glorious death will not be the end.

The second life begins in the sky. Odyn's refuge must stand.

The Halls of Valor will one day close. Its gates barred, its heroes spurned.

A champion will rise and break them free.

The champion's face is hidden; their name is cloaked. What power will this creature hold?

It will arise in time. It will save us all.

It will ensure that Odyn's refuge will stand.

The Lessons of the Blackfist

Vrykul defend this world. It is our duty, our task, our solemn vow. Yet we share this world with many other creatures, lesser mortals of diminished power and strength. Most are selfish, insignificant beings. Some have a sense of order and honor. A rare few have the fortitude to achieve true might, wielding the powers that drift in and out of our realm with skill and cunning.

A vrykul warrior, Heimir of the Black Fist, took it upon himself to seek out native creatures as he traveled. He was driven by curiosity. Most vrykul

dismissed these outsiders as worthless. Could any of them rise to something more?

Most creatures fled the moment they saw him, and for good reason. Even among vrykul, Heimir's size and stature were formidable. But sometimes, they would come back, observing him from a distance. Heimir did not mind. With every sunrise, he would rise from sleep and practice with his sword and shield. The visitors watched him carefully.

Heimir showed them the rudiments of battle. He demonstrated the forms and techniques that would lay the foundation for honorable warfare. And then, weeks later, he would stop. He would sit in a clearing, his sword on his lap, waiting alone. For days he would wait. Weeks. Months, at times.

Eventually, one of the curious mortals would approach. Sometimes they had made primitive blades-or if they lacked metalworking knowledge, they had chopped trees into heavy wooden practice swords. That was always a good sign. Those who made the effort were rewarded.

Heimir never knew their language, and they knew not his. So they communicated the only way they could: Heimir would raise his blade, wait for them to raise theirs, and then begin sparring. Did any of them rise to the skill of even a novice vrykul? No. But that was no surprise. They were primitive mortals, not titan-forged warriors.

Heimir would remain there, training, until they showed that they had truly developed a warrior's spirit. Then he would leave. He would not return until generations had passed.

And in that time, the warrior tradition grew. The students would continue their training. They would become masters and instruct new acolytes in their ways. Heimir no longer needed to teach them the basics. He would train them in new, advanced techniques. Then he would leave. Generations later, he would build their knowledge yet again.

Heimir's dream was simple. Perhaps these outsiders would become mighty warriors in their own right, equal to any vrykul. But for as long as he lived, none ever defeated him in sparring.

And yet he never despaired. It is the duty of the vrykul to defend this world. How better to spend his time than to teach its weakest the ways of strength?

Volund's Folly

Power can be earned. It can be created. It can be lent. But when it is stolen, there will always be a price to pay.

Heed the tale of Volund the Hoarder.

Brave and clever, studious and wise, he was an astonishing force on the battlefield. The enemies of Odyn quailed before Volund. His blade, his bow, and his spear secured many victories and earned him much honor. His attentions were drawn to the ancient and mysterious leavings of the Black Empire. The war between the titans and the Old Gods had left countless fragments of power scattered across Azeroth. The instruments of the Old Gods were too dangerous to touch, so Volund destroyed them wherever he found them.

But the artifacts of the titans were valuable treasures. They often imparted incredible power to Volund on the battlefield. He had been skilled before; he was unstoppable now. He moved faster, struck harder, and carried vastly outnumbered warbands to victory. Any artifacts he couldn't use himself, he would lend to other warriors, granting them marvelous abilities.

Yet he was not satisfied. Once he had collected enough of the titans' power for himself, he could single-handedly destroy every enemy on Azeroth and ensure eternal peace. So he believed.

Volund eventually located something that might have made his dreams come true. An ancient titan construct, built for war against the Old Gods' most powerful abominations, was resting beneath a mountain range near Stormheim. If it were awoken, Volund believed it would roam Azeroth on its own, eradicating all traces of evil and chaos. Volund studied it for years before attempting to raise it back to life.

He succeeded. The construct awoke, and lashed out at all living creatures. This was why it had been destroyed and buried in the first place: the Old

Gods' minions had corrupted it, turning its purpose against the allies of the titans.

Though Volund survived his first contact with it, the construct seemed to be unstoppable. It turned toward the nearest bastion of the titan-forged, Stormheim itself, and marched to destroy it. It might have succeeded. Volund collected all of his treasures, all of his artifacts, all of his hoarded instruments, and brought them to bear against the construct.

There was a great flash of light, and then a great silence. The construct, along with Volund, was no more.

Volund had saved Stormheim from his folly. And may we all learn from his errors. Power must be respected, guarded, and carefully curated.

The Feast of Winter Veil

By

Unknown

The Feast of Winter Veil

The later seasons of Azeroth are marked as a time of change in many cultures. The dwarves and the tauren especially look to a legend of the coming Winter Veil - the blanketing of the land in snow, thus heralding a time of renewal - as a time for celebration. Though the understanding of the legends that the races of Azeroth share are not dissimilar, the ways they choose to acknowledge them are as diverse as the races themselves.

The Legend of Greatfather Winter

The term “Winter Veil” is said to stem from a supernatural being referred in many cultures to as Greatfather Winter. As he would walk the land late in the seasons, winter itself would be his billowing cloak. In his wake was the blanketing of the land in snow, and thus it is said that Greatfather Winter would cast his wintry veil over the land. Though parts of Azeroth may lie in snow, it gives the land time for rebirth and renewal.

The Dwarves

Ever consumed with the research of their origins, the dwarves choose to celebrate the season as a recognition of Greatfather Winter himself. They consider him to be the personification of one of the ancients of Azeroth - the titans. Much as they claim lineage in one degree or another to these mystical beings, they consider their snowy home of Dun Morogh as the prime example of Greatfather Winter’s blessings.

The Tauren

The tauren and their shamanistic understanding of winter, along with their recent emergence into druidic endeavors, fit in well with the legend of Winter Veil. They focus almost entirely on the renewing aspects of the lore however, leaving legend worship to those races (as they view it) less in tune with the nature of things. Many tauren choose this time as the right time to give thanks for the blessings of their new home in Mulgore.

Feasting

The idea of feasting during this time of year is one that traces its origins to the legend itself. As Greatfather Winter walked Azeroth, bringing winter in his wake, it is said he would provide a bounty for those who welcomed his presence. As such, the idea of feasting during the Winter Veil would bring together communities as they shared whatever they had. Typically, a single day of merriment and feasting welcomed the change, all in anticipation of the land's renewal.

Modern Day Observation

Other cultures have begun to recognize the Feast of Winter Veil as a time of great celebration, though not in the same traditions as the legend bases it in. Customs, often unrelated to anything other than a chance for celebration and gift exchange, have made their way into modern day observation of the season. Even the image of Greatfather Winter is sometimes used, but more as a harbinger of commercial exploit rather than as a supernatural titan.

The First Monks

By

Unknown

In the days of the mogu dynasties, slaves were the lifeblood of the empire. Pandaren, hozen, and jinyu worked fields, dug mines, and built the mighty fortresses of their masters.

To help combat fatigue, maintain morale, and return the wounded to work, the mogu permitted a pandaren caste of slaves that specialized in the brewing of remedies. Simple teas and poultices were their specialty at first. Over the years these specialists became healers, community leaders, and brewmasters.

A noble tradition was born, and these early “monks” became symbols of hope and pride amongst the pandaren.

It was these heroes who first learned how to fight without weapons. In secret, monks taught the other slaves the secrets of martial arts. When the revolution came, the monks were the first into battle, inspiring the humble farmers, smiths, and masons to follow...

The First Troll Legend

By

Unknown

A Moon over the Vale shines
Casting its glow upon the jungle
Where proud Warriors heed the call
To defend our Nation and sacred grounds.

A Moon over the Vale shines
Far above the cries of battle
Where blood is spilled
Of foe and comrade alike.

And when our brethren pass
Into realms beyond the known
The soul-spirit hardens
Deep beneath the Vale.

And when our brethren pass
Into the Mountain's Temple
We shall protect their eternal spirit

Encased within the holy blue crystal.

And when our brethren pass

A Moon over the Vale shines.

The Fjarnskaggl Fjormula

By

Unknown

- Do not touch the tips. Touching tips ruins the fjarnskaggl.
- Dig out the whole plant. Breaking the plant ruins the fjarnskaggl.
- Pull from the base, nearly the root. Stretching the fjarnskaggl ruins the fjarnskaggl.
- Do not plant seeds. Fjarnskaggl is not planted. Fjarnskaggl grows where fjarnskaggl grows.
- Keep in leather bag. Cloth bag ruins the fjarnskaggl.
- Singing to the fjarnskaggl is OK.
- Do not let fjarnskaggl get wet. Water ruins the fjarnskaggl.
- Ruined fjarnskaggl looks just like regular fjarnskaggl, but is actually ruined.

The Founding of Quel'thalas

By

Unknown

The high elves, led by Dath'Remar, left Kalimdor behind them and challenged the storms of the Maelstrom. Their fleets wandered the wreckage of the world for many long years, and they discovered mysteries and lost kingdoms along their sojourn. Dath'Remar, who had taken the name Sunstrider (or "he who walks the day"), sought out places of considerable ley power upon which to build a new homeland for his people.

His fleet finally landed on the beaches of the kingdom men would later call Lordaeron. Forging inland, the high elves founded a settlement within the tranquil Tirisfal Glades. After a few years, many of them began to go mad. It was theorized that something evil slept beneath that particular part of the world, but the rumors were never proven to be true. The high elves packed up their encampment and moved northward towards another land rich with ley energies.

As the high elves crossed the rugged, mountainous lands of Lordaeron, their journey became more perilous. Since they were effectively cut off from the life-giving energies of the Well of Eternity, many of them fell ill from the frigid climate or died from starvation. The most disconcerting change, however, was the fact that they were no longer immortal or immune to the elements.

They also shrank somewhat in height, and their skin lost its characteristic violet hue. Despite their hardships, they encountered many wondrous creatures that had never been seen in Kalimdor. They also found tribes of primitive humans who hunted throughout the ancient forestlands. However, the direst threat they encountered were the voracious and cunning forest trolls

of Zul'Aman.

These moss-skinned trolls could regenerate lost limbs and heal grievous physical injuries, but they proved to be a barbaric, evil race. The Amani empire stretched across most of northern Lordaeron, and the trolls fought hard to keep unwanted strangers from their borders. The elves developed a deep loathing for the vicious trolls and killed them on sight whenever they were encountered.

After many long years, the high elves finally found a land which was reminiscent of Kalimdor. Deep within the northern forests of the continent, they founded the kingdom of Quel'Thalas and vowed to create a mighty empire which would dwarf that of their Kaldorei cousins. Unfortunately they soon learned that Quel'Thalas was founded upon an ancient troll city that the trolls still held to be sacred. Almost immediately, the trolls began to attack the elven settlements en masse.

The stubborn elves, unwilling to give up their new land, utilized the magics which they had gleaned from the Well of Eternity and kept the savage trolls at bay. Under Dath'Remar's leadership, they were able to defeat the Amani warbands that outnumbered them ten to one. Some elves, wary of the Kaldorei's ancient warnings, felt that their use of magic might possibly draw the attention of the banished Burning Legion.

Therefore, they decided to mask their lands within a protective barrier which would still allow them to work their enchantments. They constructed a series of monolithic Runestones at various points around Quel'Thalas which marked the boundaries of the magic barrier. The Runestones not only masked the elves' magic from extra-dimensional threats, but helped to frighten away the superstitious troll warbands as well.

As time wore on, Quel'Thalas became a shining monument to the high elves' efforts and magical prowess. Its beauteous palaces were crafted in the same architectural style as the ancient halls of Kalimdor, yet they were interwoven with the natural topography of the land. Quel'Thalas had become the shining jewel that the elves had longed to create.

The Convocation of Silvermoon was founded as the ruling power over

Quel'Thalas, though the Sunstrider Dynasty maintained a modicum of political power. Comprised of seven of the greatest high elf lords, the Convocation worked to secure the safety of the elven lands and people. Surrounded by their protective barrier, the high elves remained unmoved by the old warnings of the Kaldorei and continued to use magic flagrantly in almost all aspects of their lives.

For nearly four thousand years the high elves lived peacefully within the secluded safety of their kingdom. Nevertheless, the vindictive trolls were not so easily defeated. They plotted and schemed in the depths of the forests and waited for the numbers of their warbands to grow. Finally, a mighty troll army charged out from the shadowy forests and once again laid siege to the shining spires of Quel'Thalas.

The Founding of the Order of the Cloud Serpent

By

Unknown

During the Zandalari Wars just after the founding of the Pandaren Empire, a young girl named Jiang was walking through the Arboretum when she heard a noise. A small cloud serpent lay there on the ground, injured and near death. With a mother's gentleness, Jiang took this small creature in to her arms and in to her care. She named him Lo, and they became fast friends.

This was much to the lament of the common people. Serpents, you see, were feared as monsters and wild animals, both cunning and dangerous. The townsfolk shunned Jiang, and begged for her to get rid of Lo before he became old enough to hurt her.

One day, the Zandalari army had pushed as far south as the Jade Forest. Monsters from the sea, these trolls launched an attack against Pandaria. Jiang answered the call to arms, and defended her people on the beaches.

It was in one of these battles that Jiang nearly perished at the hands of a troll spear. Just as the weapon was inches from her heart, Lo came to the rescue.

The serpent, only half grown, swooped in and ripped the troll limb from limb. He then gathered up the wounded Jiang and flew her far from the battle to safety.

When she was well enough, Jiang approached the leaders of Pandaria's defenses. These were the great warrior monks who defended the land from the trolls and other dangers.

She tried to explain to them how serpents could help, how Lo had saved her, how she knew how to turn the tide of battle.

But her words fell on deaf ears. The monks were mired in their own wisdom, and chose to continue their defense in the way they sought fit. Jiang did not give up though. This rejection only fueled her resolve.

Several days later, the Zandalari had pushed in from the coast. It was on the great bridge near Dawn's Blossom that the pandaren champions stood their ground. With an effort they tried to hold back the trolls, and were losing. The Zandalari numbers were vast, and their bat riders fought in such a way the pandaren had no counter to. All hope of victory began to fade.

And then what should appear to the eyes of an onlooker? Ji riding atop her friend Lo!

The two friends swooped in, plucking the Zandalari from the bridge and striking down their bat riders. None could stand before the fury of these two friends.

The war would still take many months to win, but this was the turning point. Soon Ji was training other pandaren how to ride as she did, upon the backs of other serpents.

Jiang and Lo were heroes! From that day forward, the serpent became a symbol of hope to the pandaren people, and the Order of the Cloud Serpent was founded. To this day they protect and serve all of the Jade Forest.

The Frostwolf Artichoke

By

Vanndar Stormpike

The Frostwolf Artichoke: Tales of Stormpike Glory

-By Vanndar Stormpike

What is Frostwolf? The answer is simple: The Frostwolf are savages trying to halt our sovereign imperialistic imperative.

Much like an artichoke, the Frostwolf have a prickly, shielded set of defenses and much like an artichoke, once the outer layer is peeled away, the heart is exposed, ready to be eaten with a fine garlic dip.

Delicious!

Chapter 1 - The Front Line

The front lines of the Frostwolf defenses are comprised of Frostwolf Warriors. The warriors are deployed to the front lines from Captain Galvangar's fortress: Iceblood Garrison. The most efficient manner in which to take out this layer of the defenses is to destroy Iceblood Garrison.

Lay siege to the fortress and destroy Captain Galvangar. Once this is done, the front lines will crumble.

Chapter 2 - Iceblood and Tower Point

Once the first layer is down, the second layer of the 'artichoke' will be exposed. Destroying the Frostwolf towers that sit near the front lines will cripple the Legionnaire and patrols that swarm the rear flank.

The towers are heavily fortified, each housing one of Drek'Thar's elite Commanders. They must be killed. This will expedite the dismantling of the Frostwolf defenses.

Chapter 3 - The Four Commanders If you have been following the wisdom of this guide, then by now, two of Drek'Thar's Commanders are dead. Good work, soldier! Their resolve is already weakening. You must now complete the dissemination of the chain of command by slaying the remaining two commanders.

With all four of the Commanders slain, the Frostwolf Legionnaires that guard Frostwolf Keep will be scattered - left without command. Ripe for the picking!

Chapter 4 - The East and West Frostwolf Towers

There is now only one layer standing between you and victory; Drek'Thar's most trusted and powerful guard units: The Frostwolf Guardians.

The Frostwolf Guardians are sent out from the platoons held in reserve at the east and west Frostwolf towers. Destroy those towers and watch the remaining Frostwolf Guardians flee in shame.

Epilogue

"Smother the heart of the artichoke with garlic butter and mayonnaise. Compliment the meal with an aged, heady ale."

Drek'Thar now stands alone, his two mutts at his side. Capture the Frostwolf Relief Hut to aid in your battle and destroy Drek'Thar. When the General falls, this land will finally turn over to its rightful owner: The Stormpike.

The General and the Grummle

By

Unknown

Many generations ago, a Shado-Pan General stood on the Serpent's Spine wall, awaiting the mantid swarm. A young grummle approached him to drop off the last of his supplies, and asked if the General thought the battle would go well.

"If fortune favors us, we will win the day," the General answered, scanning the horizon.

Here, he spoke of matters the grummle knew intimately well. "Fortune is so fickle! How do you know it will favor you?" he asked.

Nodding, the General withdrew a coin from his pocket. "Let us see how the winds blow!" he said, tossing the coin into the air. "If it is heads, our defense will hold. If it is tails, the wall will be overrun."

By now, many of his men had gathered to see the outcome, and a crowd of soldiers eagerly pressed forward to watch the coin land. It bounced, spun, and came to rest. Heads! Cheers erupted.

The next day battle was fought. The mantid swarmed and the defenders prevailed. Outnumbered thirty to one, the defenders were victorious.

The grummle was impressed by the General's confidence and good fortune. "You put the morale of your men on the line!" he said. "How could you be so sure?"

"Smiling, the General withdrew the coin from his pocket and held for the grummle to inspect. Both sides were heads. "It has been my experience that

we all make our own luck,” he answered.

The General's Response

By

General Marcus Jonathan

Honorable Magistrate Solomon:

I mourn alongside with you for the dead. I shall see to it personally that the King is made aware of the situation and it is my fondest hope that I can bring reinforcements to Lakeshire. His Majesty has been scarce of late and acts rather oddly. I share this with you in confidence.

Until then,

General Marcus Jonathan

Kingdom of Stormwind

The Gods of Arak

By

Unknown

The ancient skies of Arak were once shared by three gods...

Rukhmar was strong, youthful and ambitious. She flew higher, ever higher, for she loved to feel the sun's warmth upon her feathers. She would climb until she caught fire, but she did not burn. The flames cascaded off of her in long stokes of brilliant red and gold.

The sky was her canvas, and her children were the kaliri.

Anzu was physically meager, but possessed a great intellect. He preferred the cool of the shade and the peace of the twilight hours where he could be alone in quiet contemplation. He would converse with the gods of the abyss, and he would find them dull, witless creatures.

His down was an inky midnight, and his children were the dread ravens.

Sethe was cold-blooded and scornful. When he flew, the wind bit his flesh. He would sun himself on the mountainsides, but he could never taste warmth.

His scales were frosted glass, and his children were the wind serpents.

Sethe coveted the favor of the wind and the warmth of the sun. He persuaded Anzu to help him slay Rukhmar and take the sky for themselves.

But Anzu was cunning, and cared little for the wind serpents. In the dark of night, he sent a raven to warn Rukhmar of Sethe's intentions.

Anzu watched from the top of a mountain spire as Rukhmar and Sethe

clashed.

Sethe struck exactly as Anzu had warned, and Rukhmar avoided him with ease. She flew high, put the sun at her back, and dove at Sethe.

Rukhmar's talons found Sethe's head with ease. With a great flap of her wings, she split the very sky upon him like the crack of a whip.

Sethe crashed into a spire with such force that it crumbled and fell around him.

In a flash, Anzu fell upon Sethe, pinning him underfoot.

Looking up at the raven god, Sethe uttered a dying curse:

"My blood shall blacken the sea until it runs thick as tar! My flesh shall fester and spoil until the very sky rots with it!"

Anzu replied, "Then we shall leave no blood nor flesh."

He feasted on the writhing wind serpent and picked the bones clean.

Only a small trickle of blood managed to escape the broken spire and blight the valley below.

Soon Anzu felt Sethe's hatred coursing through him. His back twisted. His wings became weak. His mind was wracked with painful visions.

The raven god had contained Sethe's curse by taking it upon himself.

Anzu would grapple with the curse for some time before retreating to the shadows.

Rukhmar, terrified of the curse, would never land in Arak again. She would fly far away to new lands, and create a new race of people to command the skies - a people who would combine her power and grace with the guile and thirst for knowledge of Anzu.

She called them Arakkoa, in hopes that one day they would return to Arak to

bask in the wind and sun as she once had.

The Grey One

By

Unknown

Slaves,

No matter your power,

No matter your cleverness,

No matter your ruthlessness,

You are still Children of the Earth.

And I, Neltharion, am your Warder.

Let your champion's undying corpse serve as a reminder,

Until the End of Days.

The Guardians of Tirisfal

By

Unknown

With the absence of trolls in the northlands, the elves of Quel'Thalas bent their efforts towards rebuilding their glorious homeland. The victorious armies of Arathor returned home to southlands of Strom.

The human society of Arathor grew and prospered, yet Thoradin, fearful that his kingdom would splinter apart if it overextended itself, maintained that Strom was the center of the Arathorian empire. After many peaceful years of growth and commerce, mighty Thoradin departed on one final quest, never to return, leaving Arathor's younger generation free to expand the empire beyond the lands of Strom.

The original hundred magi, who were tutored in the ways of magic by the elves, expanded their powers and studied the mystic disciplines of spell-weaving in much greater detail. These magi, initially chosen for their strong wills and noble spirits, had always practiced their magic with care and responsibility; however, they passed their secrets and powers onto a newer generation that had no concept of the rigors of war or the necessity for self-restraint.

These younger magicians began to practice magic for personal gain rather than out of any responsibility towards their fellows.

As the empire grew and expanded into new lands, the young magicians also spread out into the southlands. Wielding their mystical powers, the magicians protected their brethren from the wild creatures of the land and made it possible for new city-states to be constructed in the wilderness. Yet, as their powers grew, the magicians became ever more conceited and isolated from the rest of society.

The second Arathorian city-state of Dalaran was founded in the lands north of Strom. Many fledgling wizards left the restraining confines of Strom behind and traveled to Dalaran, where they hoped to use their new powers with greater freedom. These magicians used their skills to build up the enchanted spires of Dalaran and reveled in the pursuit of their studies.

The citizens of Dalaran tolerated the magicians' endeavors and built up a bustling economy under the protection of their magic-using defenders. Yet, as more and more magicians practiced their arts, the fabric of reality around Dalaran began to weaken and tear.

The sinister agents of the Burning Legion, who had been banished when the Well of Eternity collapsed, were lured back into the world by the heedless spellcasting of the magicians of Dalaran. Though these relatively weak demons did not appear in force, they did sow considerable confusion and chaos within the streets of Dalaran.

Most of these demonic encounters were isolated events, and the ruling Magocrats did what they could to keep such events hidden from the public. The most powerful magicians were sent to capture the elusive demons, but they often found themselves hopelessly outmatched by the lone agents of the mighty Legion.

After a few months the superstitious peasantry began to suspect that their sorcerous rulers were hiding something terrible from them. Rumors of revolution began to sweep through the streets of Dalaran as the paranoid citizenry questioned the motives and practices of the magicians they had once admired. The Magocrats, fearing that the peasants would revolt and that Strom would take action against them, turned to the only group they felt would understand their particular problem: the elves.

Upon hearing the Magocrats' news of demonic activity in Dalaran, the elves quickly dispatched their mightiest wizards to the human lands. The elven wizards studied the energy currents in Dalaran and made detailed reports of all demonic activity that they beheld. They concluded that although there were only a few demons loose in the world, the Legion itself would remain a dire threat so long as humans continued to wield the forces of magic.

The Council of Silvermoon, which ruled over the elves of Quel'Thalas, entered into a secret pact with the Magocrat lords of Dalaran. The elves told the Magocrats about the history of ancient Kalimdor and of the Burning Legion, a history which still threatened the world. They informed the humans that so long as they used magic, they would need to protect their citizenry from the malicious agents of the Legion.

The Magocrats proposed the notion of empowering a single mortal champion who would utilize their powers in order to fight a never-ending secret war against the Legion. It was stressed that the majority of mankind could never know about the Guardians or the threat of the Legion for fear that they would riot in fear and paranoia. The elves agreed to the proposal and founded a secret society that would watch over the selection of the Guardian and help to stem the rise of chaos in the world.

The society held its secret meetings in the shadowed Tirisfal Glades, where the high elves had first settled in Lordaeron. Thus, they named the secret sect the Guardians of Tirisfal. The mortal champions who were chosen to be Guardians were imbued with incredible powers of both elven and human magic. Though there would only ever be one Guardian at a time, they held such vast power that they could single-handedly fight back the Legion's agents wherever they were found in the world.

The Guardian power was so great that only the Council of Tirisfal was allowed to choose potential successors to the mantle of Guardianship. Whenever a Guardian grew too old, or wearied of the secret war against chaos, the Council chose a new champion, and under controlled conditions, formally channeled the Guardian power into its new agent.

As the generations passed, Guardians defended the masses of humanity from the invisible threat of the Burning Legion throughout the lands of Arathor and Quel'Thalas. Arathor grew and prospered while the use of magic spread throughout the empire. Meanwhile, the Guardians kept careful watch for signs of demonic activity.

The Horde's Hellscream

By

Unknown

His name will not die.

His sacrifice will always

serve to show the way.

Shackles once that choked

the inhale of honor's breath

no longer bind us.

Can you hear his scream?

A battle wail for the Horde:

Victory or death!

We must remember

his strength in the face of death.

His dream, now made real.

Dangers everywhere!

Enemies seek to bring us

back to the shackles.

When we fight, think of

he who did what must be done.

Hellscream, forever!

The Hozen Ravage

By

Unknown

The hozen of the Kun-Lai mountains are unusually aggressive, even by hozen standards. Food and supplies are often scarce in this hostile terrain. When times are hard, the hozen leadership may declare a “ravage” on nearby settlements.

During a ravage, every hozen strong enough to walk joins in on a massive swarm attack on nearby villages. In this way, they either acquire enough food to last the winter, or they lose enough of their weakest to ensure their current supplies are enough.

For years, the Shado-Pan and grummles have maintained an uneasy peace with the hozen in exchange for food tributes. Fear of the Shado-Pan keeps the local tribes in check... Usually.

The Invasion of Draenor

By

Unknown

As the fires of the Second War died down, the Alliance took aggressive steps to contain the orcish threat. A number of large internment camps, meant to house the captive orcs, were constructed in southern Lordaeron. Guarded by both the paladins and the veteran soldiers of the Alliance, the camps proved to be a great success.

Though the captive orcs were tense and anxious to do battle once more, the various camp wardens, based at the old prison-fortress of Durnholde, kept the peace and maintained a strong semblance of order.

However, on the hellish world of Draenor, a new orcish army prepared to strike at the unsuspecting Alliance. Ner'zhul, the former mentor of Gul'dan, rallied the remaining orc clans under his dark banner. Aided by the Shadowmoon clan, the old shaman planned to open a number of portals on Draenor that would lead the Horde to new, unspoiled worlds.

To power his new portals, he needed a number of enchanted artifacts from Azeroth. To procure them, Ner'zhul reopened the Dark Portal and sent his ravenous servants charging through it.

The new Horde, led by veteran chieftains such as Grom Hellscream and Kilrogg Deadeye (of the Bleeding Hollow clan), surprised the Alliance defense forces and rampaged through the countryside. Under Ner'zhul's surgical command, the orcs quickly rounded up the artifacts that they needed and fled back to the safety of Draenor.

King Terenas of Lordaeron, convinced that the orcs were preparing a new invasion of Azeroth, assembled his most trusted lieutenants. He ordered

General Turalyon and the archmage, Khadgar, to lead an expedition through the Dark Portal to put an end to the orcish threat once and for all. Turalyon and Khadgar's forces marched into Draenor and repeatedly clashed with Ner'zhul's clans upon the ravaged Hellfire Peninsula.

Even with the aid of the high elf Alleria Windrunner, the dwarf Kurdran Wildhammer, and the veteran soldier Danath Trollbane, Khadgar was unable to prevent Ner'zhul from opening his portals to other worlds.

Ner'zhul finally opened his portals to other worlds, but he did not foresee the terrible price he would pay. The portals' tremendous energies began to tear the very fabric of Draenor apart. As Turalyon's forces fought desperately to return home to Azeroth, the world of Draenor began to buckle in upon itself. Grom Hellscream and Kilrogg Deadeye, realizing that Ner'zhul's mad plans would doom their entire race, rallied the remaining orcs and escaped back to the relative safety of Azeroth.

On Draenor, Turalyon and Khadgar agreed to make the ultimate sacrifice by destroying the Dark Portal from their side. Though it would cost their lives, and the lives of their companions, they knew that it was the only way to ensure Azeroth's survival. Even as Hellscream and Deadeye hacked their way through the human ranks in a desperate bid for freedom, the Dark Portal exploded behind them. For them, and the remaining orcs on Azeroth, there would be no going back.

Ner'zhul and his loyal Shadowmoon clan passed through the largest of the newly created portals, as massive volcanic eruptions began to break Draenor's continents apart. The burning seas rose up and roiled the shattered landscape as the tortured world was finally consumed in a massive, apocalyptic explosion.

The Journal of Lin (I)

By

Lin

To whom it may concern:

The sticky quality of this note is a very special type of toxin I have developed over the last year. If you are mantid, and physically touching this, you now have two minutes left to live. Goodbye.

For anyone else, my name is Lin, and I am dying. Please, get this information to the Shado-Pan. I have gathered intelligence on the mantid and their culture that will prove vitally important to renewing our understanding of this enemy.

Even now I see my journal pages drifting on the wind across the Dread Wastes. I would chase after them but I have lost too much blood.

The mantid are ancient. Much more so than we ever believed. And organized.

My squad was dispatched to learn what we could of their queen and, if possible, kill her. But... she isn't a queen. She is an Empress in every sense of the word. Legions of mantid from each of the trees march under her banner. Entire kingdoms worth of skittering shadows answer her call. And she is more than a mindless egg laying beast.

She is a ruler. And one who keeps councilors.

The Journal of Lin (II)

By

Lin

We always knew there was a connection between the mantid and their trees. We assumed this connection was purely instinctual, like a bee's bond with a flower.

They mean much more though. To the mantid, their trees are sacred. Living shrines steeped in mantid culture. They are the foundation of mantid society.

Each tree carries with it a name bestowed upon it by the mantid. The mantid who live at that tree, be it in the roots, in the branches, in the nooks and crannies, share a name with that tree.

These are less "tribal" by traditional sense and more of a localized kingdom. Each has its own hierarchy of rule and day to day life.

I say day to day life. The mantid are a genuine people, as much as any pandaren or jinyu or hozen. Their culture is violently different than our own but the mantid within the trees do have a culture. Not saying I understand it, but I do acknowledge it's there.

The Kaldorei and the Well of Eternity

By

Unknown

Ten thousand years before the orcs and humans clashed in their First War, the world of Azeroth cradled only one massive continent surrounded by the infinite, raging seas. That land mass, known as Kalimdor, was home to a number of disparate races and creatures, all vying for survival amongst the savage elements of the waking world. At the dark continent's center was a mysterious lake of incandescent energies.

The lake, which would later be called the Well of Eternity, was the true heart of the world's magic and natural power. Drawing its energies from the infinite Great Dark beyond the world, the Well acted as a mystical fount, sending its potent energies out across the world to nourish life in all its wondrous forms.

In time, a primitive tribe of nocturnal humanoids cautiously made their way to the edges of the mesmerizing, enchanted lake.

The feral, nomadic humanoids, drawn by the Well's strange energies, built crude homes upon its tranquil shores. Over time, the Well's cosmic power affected the strange tribe, making them strong, wise and virtually immortal. The tribe adopted the name Kaldorei, which meant -children of the stars- in their native tongue. To celebrate their budding society, they constructed great structures and temples around the lake's periphery.

The Kaldorei, or night elves as they would later be known, worshipped the moon goddess, Elune, and believed that she slept within the Well's

shimmering depths during the daylight hours. The early night elf priests and seers studied the Well with an insatiable curiosity, driven to plumb its untold secrets and power. As their society grew, the night elves explored the breadth of Kalimdor and encountered its myriad denizens.

The only creatures that gave them pause were the ancient and powerful dragons. Though the great serpentine beasts were often reclusive, they did much to safeguard the known lands from potential threats. The night elves believed that the dragons held themselves to be the protectors of the world, and that they and their secrets were best left alone.

In time, the night elves' curiosity led them to meet and befriend a number of powerful entities, not the least of which was Cenarius, a mighty demi-god of the primordial forestlands. The great-hearted Cenarius grew fond of the inquisitive night elves and spent a great deal of time teaching them about the natural world. The tranquil Kaldorei developed a strong empathy for the living forests of Kalimdor and reveled in the harmonious balance of nature.

Yet, as the seemingly endless ages passed, the night elves' civilization expanded both territorially and culturally. Their temples, roads, and dwelling places stretched across the breadth of the dark continent. Azshara, the night elves' beautiful and gifted Queen, built an immense, wondrous palace on the Well's shore that housed her favored servitors within its bejeweled halls.

Her servitors, whom she called the Quel'dorei or -high-borne,- doted on her every command and believed themselves to be greater than the rest of their lower-caste brethren. Though Queen Azshara was loved equally by all of her people, the high-borne were secretly hated by the jealous masses.

Sharing the priests' curiosity towards the Well of Eternity, Azshara ordered the educated high-borne to plumb its secrets and reveal its true purpose in the world.

The high-borne buried themselves in their work and studied the Well ceaselessly. In time they developed the ability to manipulate and control the Well's cosmic energies. As their reckless experiments progressed, the high-borne found that they could use their newfound powers to either create or destroy at their leisure. The hapless high-borne had stumbled upon primitive

magic and were now resolved to devote themselves to its mastery.

Although they agreed that magic was inherently dangerous if handled irresponsibly, Azshara and her highborne began to practice their spellcraft with reckless abandon. Cenarius and many of the wizened night elf scholars warned that only calamity would result from toying with the clearly volatile arts of magic. But, Azshara and her followers stubbornly continued to expand their burgeoning powers.

As their powers grew, a distinct change came over Azshara and the highborne. The haughty, aloof upper class became increasingly callous and cruel towards their fellow night elves. A dark, brooding pall veiled Azshara's once entrancing beauty. She began to withdraw from her loving subjects and refused to interact with any but her trusted high-borne priests.

A young, brazen scholar named Furion Stormrage, who had spent much of his time studying the Well's effects, began to suspect that a terrible power was corrupting the high-borne and his beloved Queen. Though he could not conceive the evil that was to come, he knew that the night elves' lives would soon be changed forever....

The Last Guardian

By

Unknown

The Guardian Aegwynn grew powerful over the years and used the Tirisfal energies to greatly extend her life. Foolishly believing that she had defeated Sargeras for good, she continued to safeguard the world from the demon king's minions for nearly nine hundred years. However, the Council of Tirisfal finally decreed that her stewardship had come to an end.

The Council ordered Aegwynn to return to Dalaran so that they could choose a new successor for the Guardian power. Yet Aegwynn, ever distrustful of the Council, decided to choose a successor on her own.

The proud Aegwynn planned to give birth to a son whom she would divest her power to. She had no intention of allowing the Order of Tirisfal to manipulate her successor as they had tried to manipulate her. Traveling to the southern nation of Azeroth, Aegwynn found the perfect man to father her son: a skilled human magician known as Nielas Aran.

Aran was the court conjuror and advisor for Azeroth's king. Aegwynn seduced the magician and conceived a son by him. Nielas' natural affinity for magic would run deep within the unborn child and define the tragic steps the child would later take. The power of Tirisfal was also implanted in the child, yet it wasn't to awaken until he reached physical maturity.

Time passed, and Aegwynn gave birth to her son in a secluded grove. Naming the boy Medivh, which means "keeper of secrets" in the high elven tongue, Aegwynn believed that the boy would mature to become the next Guardian. Unfortunately the malignant spirit of Sargeras, which had been hiding inside her, had possessed the defenseless child while it was still in her womb. Aegwynn had no idea that the world's newest Guardian was already

possessed by its greatest nemesis.

Certain that her baby was healthy and sound, Aegwynn delivered young Medivh to the court of Azeroth and left him there to be raised by his mortal father and his people. She then wandered into the wilderness and prepared to pass into whatever afterlife awaited her. Medivh grew to become a strong boy and had no idea of the potential power of his Tirisfalin birthright.

Sargeras bided his time until the youth's power manifested itself. By the time Medivh had reached his teenage years, he had become very popular in Azeroth for his magical prowess and often went off on adventures with his two friends: Llane, the prince of Azeroth, and Anduin Lothar, one of the last descendents of the Arathi bloodline. The three boys constantly caused mischief around the kingdom, but they were well liked by the general citizenry.

When Medivh reached the age of fourteen, the cosmic power inside him awakened and clashed with the pervasive spirit of Sargeras that lurked within his soul. Medivh fell into a catatonic state which lasted for many years.

When he awakened from his coma, he found that he had grown to adulthood, and his friends Llane and Anduin had become the regents of Azeroth. Though he wished to use his incredible newfound powers to protect the land he called home, the dark spirit of Sargeras twisted his thoughts and emotions towards an insidious end.

Sargeras reveled within the darkening heart of Medivh, for he knew that his plans for the second invasion of the world were nearing completion, and that the world's last Guardian would bring them all to fruition.

The Last Stand

By

Unknown

Defiant to the last, the saurok stood their ground against the mogu in the swamps of Krasarang. It was here they had a fighting chance, drawing the imperial forces deeper in to unfamiliar territory.

The mogu death toll began to climb as the rebels poisoned water supplies and sabotaged structures.

In his fury, the Emperor Dojan continued to send troops, slaves, and weapons to Krasarang in an effort to eradicate what remained of the saurok.

They were never successful.

The Legacy of Emperor Tsao

By

Unknown

Emperor Tsao's short reign was unremarkable by the standards of the ordinarily bloodthirsty mogu dynasties, notable mostly for administrative reorganization.

He did, however, leave a lasting legacy to the pandaren people. By imperial edict, pandaren slaves were permitted to read, write and establish their own schools.

While many mogu monuments were removed after the revolution, Emperor Tsao's likeness remains here on the coast, greeting the sun every morning and looking over the people he helped to save.

The Legend of Odyn

By

Unknown

The Valor of Odyn

The Deeds of Odyn Throughout the Ages

Odyn once said that every vrykul warrior has a story to tell. Some are acts of valor and self-sacrifice. Others are tales of strength and conquest.

I have made it my quest to seek out these stories and collect them, for I am not a warrior. But when I asked myself where to begin, I knew it had to be with Odyn. Even the greatest tale of vrykul excellence is eclipsed by his deeds. Walk the land and you will hear brave warriors recount his legends with awe. If we vrykul are to reach our true potential, it is surely by following in Odyn's path.

Take heed, then, of what follows. Many of these tales are from Odyn's own tongue, faithfully transcribed by the vrykul story-weavers who have come before me.

Great Odyn and the Firelord

Why does Odyn, warrior of iron and bronze, bear the brand of the Firelord on his chin? Old Brynjar will tell you! Every vrykul with a head still on their shoulders knows the story of mighty Odyn and the Firelord. But there is no tale that greater shows the keeper's unflinching strength, his undying courage, and his incredible honor than that of mighty Odyn's beard.

In an age before Odyn raised the vrykul to eternal glory, he and his fellow keeper, the valiant Tyr, waged war on the elemental lord Ragnaros. Together

they ventured to the behemoth's charred domain to destroy him, cutting down his molten army like wheat before the scythe, and the Firelord ran in fear from the formidable champions. He thought to hide from the keepers in his lair, but wherever he fled, Odyn and Tyr followed, laying waste to Ragnaros's realm.

Inside the lair of the Firelord, an inferno roiled and raged, bolstering the elemental's might. "I am empowered!" cried proud Ragnaros. "Approach me, insects, if you dare!"

How arrogant the Firelord was. How foolish to challenge the keepers of Azeroth!

Odyn was too full of courage, too pure of heart, to be shaken by such hollow threats. The keeper struck at the Firelord with the strength of a thousand vrykul, raining down upon Ragnaros with piercing spears of light while Tyr lashed out with his silver hammer, and soon the pitiful Firelord was on the verge of defeat.

"Clearly Ragnaros is no match for our strength, brother," said Tyr. "I hope you will not be dismayed when I land the final blow."

Odyn laughed. "Ha! I would sooner fall to the Firelord!"

And with that, the two great warriors set upon Ragnaros, each wishing to best the other. After hearing their wager, the pathetic Firelord called down smoke as black as night to surround his weakened form. Neither keeper could find their foe until Tyr, wielding his shining hammer like a torch, cut through the darkness and struck Ragnaros to the core. Yet before he could fell the Firelord, fresh gouts of flame erupted from Ragnaros's maw, driving Tyr back.

Our great Odyn was not so easily defeated. "Let the Firelord strike me!" Odyn said. "I am the chosen of Aman'Thul! None, not even this supposed lord, can best my might." Thus Odyn ran at Ragnaros, engulfing himself in the inferno and smiting the Firelord with a single blow.

Even as he fell, Ragnaros's flame washed over Odyn and set the keeper's

face ablaze with the fury of the Firelord. Again mighty Odyn laughed, shaking the very heart of the world with his mirth. Where once his beard had been, there now raged a sea of molten rock and fire!

“Brother,” Tyr cried, “forget our wager! You have been scarred by the Firelord! How shall we ever heal your wounds?”

“You only say such things because I have bested you, Tyr. Leave it be!” Odyn declared. “Now all will know that I have defeated the Firelord, for his might is no match for my own!”

-Recorded by Old Brynjar

The Wanderer and the Serpent

Long after the Shadow, long before the Breaking, Odyn sat as Prime Designate of all things. Keepers and titan-forged alike obeyed his fair and just rule, for there was none greater than he. Odyn often walked the world to watch over his servants. He did so disguised as one of them, wanting to see how they truly lived. “The respect a warrior shows a stranger reveals the true measure of his valor,” Odyn once said.

Sometimes he took the form of an earthen. Sometimes, a giant or a vrykul. No matter what he appeared as, he always had a raven perched on each shoulder. He could peer through the birds’ eyes and see the good in someone’s heart. He could listen through their ears and hear when someone was spinning lies.

Many titan-forged he met on his sojourns, and just as many he judged to be noble. Yet above all others, he found himself drawn to the vrykul.

In the form of a vrykul, Odyn sparred with their warriors, sang with their story-weavers, and shaped metal with their smiths. “These vrykul are like me,” he said. “Warriors, courageous and unyielding.”

It was during this time when the ice-blue serpent Ysildar slithered up from the black pits of the earth and hunted the vrykul. So terrible was this beast that when it stretched to its full length, its tail disappeared over the horizon. It

could devour a dozen vrykul at once, crushing their metal bodies with its obsidian fangs. Some say Ysildar was one of Keeper Freya's animal followers, gone mad with rage. Others say it was a thing far more ancient and unspeakable, a nightmare born in the era of Shadow.

Odyn feared for the vrykul. He was prepared to cast off his disguise and battle the beast himself, but he found he had no need to. The vrykul fought as one. They pried back Ysildar's iron-like scales and stabbed at its flesh. They took out its eyes and blunted its fangs.

"How mighty were the vrykul," Odyn said of that day. "How fearless were their hearts."

Yet Ysildar was no ordinary monster, and even the vrykul could not vanquish it for good. So Odyn hurried to the tip of the serpent's tail. No vrykul had traveled so far. Alone, Odyn took on his true form, seized Ysildar's tail, and with a mighty swing, hurled the beast skyward. The serpent flew so high that it passed across the sun and made day into night. It sailed over mountains and rivers, over forests and swamps. Some days later, it landed in the sea and sank into the cold depths.

Ysildar was never seen again.

-Recorded by Kormyr Sylfverhan

Halls of Gold and Glory

Two vrykul warriors once argued over how the Halls of Valor came to be. One of them believed the stronghold had been carved by the hands of the first vrykul who ever walked the world. The other claimed that the halls had existed before that, since the time Azeroth was born.

Their bickering went on and on until another vrykul descended on the wings of a storm drake to settle the dispute. Not with violence, but with words. His voice carried the weight of a mountain, and he calmed the angry vrykul and set them straight with this story:

"You are both mistaken about the Halls of Valor. Listen well, and I will tell

you the right of it. The halls arose before the Breaking, when the titan-forged had grown weak and indifferent. They were tired from the war against the Shadow and from the rebuilding of this world. Who can blame them for wanting a bit of rest?

“The other keepers, all except Odyn, had lost faith in themselves. You see, they believed they could no longer protect the world on their own, and so they decided to anoint the proto-dragons as guardians instead. They would give those beasts godlike power and trust that they would use it wisely.

“Fools! How could they trust such things? The proto-dragons carried the blood of elementals, those mindless creatures that had served evil in the time of Shadow. No matter how noble the proto-dragons seemed, were their hearts not tainted with darkness? Odyn believed it to be so. ‘Trust in these winged beasts,’ he said to the other keepers, ‘and a day will come when they will abandon their sacred duty! But empower the vrykul as protectors instead, and you will witness true valor and strength.’

“And what did the other keepers say to that? Not a word worth repeating. They ignored Odyn’s wisdom, and they granted power to those blasted proto-dragons. The creatures grew in size and strength that day. They became the Dragon Aspects, and their children became known as dragons.

“Yes, Odyn was hurt, but he was not resentful. Pay no heed to stories that claim otherwise. He simply feared for the world’s future and for the safety of its creatures.

“There was another who shared this fear, of course, the sorceress called Helya. She stood by Odyn’s side when all others turned their backs on him. A true ally, that one. Odyn and Helya decided to empower the vrykul on their own and create an army to guard the world when the primitive dragons failed.

“The other keepers hissed and stamped their feet in protest. Ha! Surely they were jealous they had not thought of Odyn’s plan first. Three times he extended the hand of peace and gave them a chance to help. Three times the other keepers turned him down, too proud to accept his gracious offer.

“Odyn and Helya soon began their work. They chose a wing of the great

fortress of Ulduar, and they asked the earth giants to reshape its halls and cover it in gold. So was made the Halls of Valor, a place where the keeper and the sorceress could bring their vrykul warriors.

“When the giants finished their labors, Helya sang a spell to make the place as light as a cloud. The halls rose into the sky and drifted through the heavens, Odyn and the sorceress watching from the walls.”

With the tale told, the strange vrykul took wing on his storm drake and flew into the skies. The feuding warriors ended their fight, for they could feel in their bones that the stranger had spoken truth.

-Recorded by Yrvar Isilmar

The Keeper's Eye

There are more stories about Odyn's lost eye than there are stars in the sky. Some say the great serpent Ysildar tore it out. Others say the treacherous Helya stole it. But this is the end of it, the truth of it, from the keeper himself.

The Halls of Valor stood glorious above the world, and great Odyn saw they were empty. “These halls shall be the final resting place of my finest warriors,” he said. “I must see the world of death, for only then can I raise the spirits of the fiercest, bravest vrykul to their proper place in the heavens. They shall be called Valarjar, and they shall honor these halls for eons to come.”

Helya the sorceress was doubtful of the keeper's plan. “Beings of death are ancient and powerful, great Odyn,” she said. “To meddle in their realm is dangerous, even for one such as you.” But Odyn would not be swayed, and so they began a ritual to see into the Shadowlands.

Deep within the Halls of Valor, Helya traced a magic circle around Odyn with the arcane threads of the universe. From the world's energies she pulled strands of light of the purest green, and strands of darkness deeper than the purest shadow. And the sorceress wove them together around Odyn until the veil over the Shadowlands began to lift.

A great spirit appeared to Odyn from this circle, billowing up from ethereal mists, shapeless, to surround the keeper in shadow. “What will you give,” the spirit asked, “to peer beyond the veil of this world?”

Wise Odyn considered the wraith’s question. “I have two eyes,” he replied. “One to see in this world of mortals, and one to see into the realm of spirits.” And with that, Odyn plucked his own eye from his head and presented it to the spirit. The spirit clasped his eye and swallowed it whole, and great Odyn saw.

Seeing through this given eye, great Odyn saw the Shadowlands. He saw life, saw it even in the land of death, and he was satisfied that his Valarjar would live beyond the mortal realm.

And yet still he saw death. He saw souls in torment, and souls in anguish, and the husks of the dead lay all around him. He saw ghostly wraiths with no face, and others with no form, and all were made of death itself. And as he saw, even the great Odyn, master of the Halls of Valor, chosen of Aman’Thul, was afraid.

Odyn looked back into his world with his other eye.

“What did you see, great Odyn?” Helya asked.

“I saw the answer,” wise Odyn said. “For in life, there exists death, and in death, there can be life. But there are only beings of life and beings of death. My messengers must span both realms.”

And so great Odyn conceived the Val’kyr, beings between life and death who would ferry the vrykul to the Halls of Valor. “They will be formed from the vrykul,” Odyn proclaimed, “and their bravery shall preserve their brethren as Valarjar for all time. Like life, they shall be powerful. Like death, they shall be eternal.”

-Recorded by Rysa Hjafmir

First of the Val’kyr

How did the first Val'kyr come to be? Take care not to ask this of Odyn unless you seek his wrath. Only once has the keeper answered this question, and the skies turned black and the seas churned and frothed under the weight of his words.

Not long after the sorceress Helya lifted the Halls of Valor into the heavens, Odyn decided how he would bring the souls of worthy vrykul warriors to his domain. He would call on living vrykul to help him. These servants would sacrifice their mortal lives to become something greater, creatures called Val'kyr, who would walk between life and death to guide the souls to the halls.

Well, Helya was not keen on this idea. The thought of transforming living vrykul into such beings was too much for her to bear. She demanded that Odyn reconsider his plans. If he did not, Helya threatened to bring the Halls of Valor crashing to the ground in fire and brimstone.

Where had such ire come from? Not even Odyn was sure, but he had his theories. Perhaps Helya was jealous he had not asked her to become the first Val'kyr. Or perhaps something truly dark and sinister had taken root in her heart. After all, Helya had studied the Shadowlands and their powers. Had an unknown force from that cursed realm reached out and poisoned her mind?

Odyn pleaded with Helya to change her mind, but she only slipped deeper into rage. She howled a song-spell to cast the halls from the sky, and the keeper had little choice but to take action against her.

Oh, what a terrible battle it was that followed. You might be wondering how any creature could stand against great Odyn. Well, Helya was a force of reckoning. It was not Odyn who defeated the sorceress, but her own arrogance. So desperate to win was Helya that she reached into the Shadowlands to grasp that domain's power for herself. And in return, she was sucked into that dread realm. She would have been lost forever had Odyn not put his own life at risk and pulled her to safety.

When he brought her back to the realm of the living, he was stunned by what he saw, by what had become of dear Helya. Her body had crumbled away, and all that remained was a twisted wraith. Odyn was heartbroken. He could

not send her back to the Shadowlands to dwell in eternal torment, nor could he let her roam free on the physical world and terrorize mortal-kind.

The answer to this problem came from Helya herself. Her journey into the Shadowlands had humbled her. She apologized to Odyn for what she had done, and she pleaded with him to make her into a Val'kyr. It was through service to the Halls of Valor that she sought redemption.

Though his heart was heavy, Odyn granted Helya's wish. And so was born the first of the Val'kyr.

Now, there are many tales out there that claim Odyn forced Helya to become Val'kyr against her will. Only a fool would believe such things. This story comes from Odyn himself, and how could anyone hold another's word above his?

-Recorded by Kormyr Sylfverhan

The Sealing of the Halls of Valor

It is told, in the small hours of vrykul nights, how the mighty keeper Odyn came to be imprisoned within the Halls of Valor-the very halls he himself had shaped. Most claim that he was betrayed by the first Val'kyr, the sorceress Helya, and they are correct. (May she burn for her treachery!) But few are aware of the dark truth behind her foul misdeed. Let it be told now.

In penance for her earlier rebellion against Odyn, Helya became the first Val'kyr, and she spent millennia bringing the souls of heroic vrykul to the Halls of Valor, where the keeper trained them and turned them into Valarjar-warriors of the storm. His followers filled Odyn with pride, for they were the finest fighters Azeroth had ever known, and they protected the world ferociously.

Helya served Odyn well and faithfully, regaining his trust and confidence...

But the serpent-tongued manipulator Loken, hungering to ascend to primacy and rule over all other keepers-in fact, to rule over all the world-knew that to succeed, he would have to eliminate Odyn and his Valarjar. And so he came

to Odyn's most trusted servant, Helya, and played on her mind, planting suspicion and discontent with her position, convincing her that Odyn had used her to perpetuate his own power and glory.

Then Loken the trickster played his master stroke, proposing a bargain: if Helya would do as he asked, he would restore her free will. ("For why else would you be Odyn's slave unless he had tricked you into believing that you obeyed him of your own accord?") Helya was stunned, for she had thought she was serving Odyn willingly. But Loken convinced her that in fact Odyn had secretly bound her to serve his will. Now the furnace of her rage was stoked, and Helya agreed to seal off the Halls of Valor from the rest of Azeroth forever in revenge.

And Loken smiled when he saw how readily Helya rose to his suggestion that once Odyn and his followers were trapped, she could assume the mighty keeper's position as the caretaker of all vrykul spirits!

Thusly Loken beguiled the sorceress to leave the protection of Odyn's wisdom-for what other possible reason could Helya have so callously betrayed Odyn? When her master least expected it, she called upon all her arcane might and bent the cataclysmic energies swirling around Azeroth to her will, sealing off the Halls of Valor and all who dwelt within!

Loken was now free to work his wiles on the rest of the keepers. And as for Helya, having escaped her servitude, she took command of the other Val'kyr. But unable to abide the sight of the golden halls, for they reminded her always of her treachery, she created a new home far below, bound to Azeroth's oceans, which became known as Helheim.

-Recorded by Halsvir Fjinnsonn

The Legend of Stalvan

By

Stalvan Mistmantle

To the Honorable Headmaster Crillian,

My former Master, I write to you so that you might know what your apprentice has been doing of late. Paying heed to your advice, I sought to build my knowledge and wisdom through travel outside the gates of our beloved Stormwind. My journeys took me to many places but I have decided to take up residence here in the lovely town of Moonbrook. The surrounding fields of Westfall are most beautiful as the harvest approaches.

Within just a few days of my visit I found myself tutoring the local children from the nearby farmlands. The lessons went so well that the town mayor commissioned me to run a school and construction has begun on a brand new schoolhouse! From Silverpine to Stormwind and now Moonbrook—who would have guessed I would see so much of Azeroth!

Warm regards,

Stalvan Mistmantle

Dear Noble Sir,

Word of your need for a tutor for your children has traveled to me here in Goldshire, where I take up temporary residence in the Lion's Pride Inn. Due to the unfortunate state of events in the region, I was forced to abandon my post as Headmaster of the Moonbrook Schoolhouse. Please accept my application to serve as tutor for your offspring. Headmaster Crillian of the

Academy can speak to you of my abilities if necessary.

I shall travel to meet you in person when the winter rains subside and the roads are suitable for travel once again.

Until then,

Stalvan Mistmantle of Silverpine

...Giles, the boy, seems a bit rambunctious and will be a challenge to educate. However the elder daughter, Tilloa, seems exceptionally smart. I couldn't help but to notice her captivating beauty as well. She is on the cusp of womanhood now. Supposedly the Lord has arranged her marriage for next year. But I digress. This week I will accompany the family to their summer cottage near the Eastvale Logging Camp in Elwynn, close to the Red Ridge Mountains. I hope to write more while there.

...most strange and uncontrollable feeling. Never have I felt the way I did today. Whilst assisting Giles with his history lesson, Tilloa was outside tending to the flower garden. After a few minutes she came inside and placed a scarlet begonia in my open palm and smiled at me in such a way that my heart felt as though it was trembling within my chest... .

...most certain that she shares the same feelings for me now. She even placed her hand on mine this morning. When she smiles, her eyes light up like glittering diamonds. Unspoken words pass between us. I can feel her in my pounding heart and heated veins.

...anger and fury the likes of which I never knew existed! How dare she. As I was instructing Giles in the meaning of numbers, Tilloa appears before me with a suitor, holding hands in public nonetheless! What an uncouth young man. Rather than introduce me properly, Tilloa simply said, "Oh that's just my tutor, Uncle Stalvan. He's a nice old man." Old! At that word my cheeks flushed with heat. I am but a few years older and yet she betrays...

...downward spiral of despair. First she mocks me and now she is engaged.

The ungracious charlatan was pretending to love when truly she desired to hurt me all along. A black void lurks within me now and it grows with each waking moment. The blood I shall spill pales in comparison to the tears I have shed...

The Legend of the Horn

By

Unknown

Long had the tale of the Horn of Elemental Fury been told at the campfires of the taunka. Generations of warriors grew up hearing the stories and sought the horn's hiding place in vain. Like the others, mighty Stormhoof vowed to seek the horn, leaving behind his village and his family.

Braving the biting cold and fierce elementals of Frostblade Peak, Stormhoof climbed the mountain alone. Upon reaching the summit, Stormhoof was greeted by the North Wind itself. Knowing the wind would not give up the horn without a fight, the mighty warrior issued his challenge.

For five days, Stormhoof struggled against the wind. As the sixth day dawned, he banished the wind from Frostblade Peak and took possession of the horn. Battered and injured, Stormhoof departed the mountain for his village.

The North Wind gathered a host of lesser elementals and attacked Stormhoof as he neared home. The weakened warrior could not defend himself against the onslaught and the North Wind took its revenge. It broke the horn into two pieces, encased them in shiny baubles, and gave them to two powerful gorloc chieftains as tokens of their authority.

<The original text ends abruptly, but someone, perhaps Windtamer Barah, seems to have made an addendum below.>

As they were instructed by the North Wind, the gorloc chieftains passed down these precious relics to their sons and grandsons. To this day, the horn's pieces remain with Chieftain Burblegobble and Chieftain Gurpleboggle.

The Lich King Triumphant

By

Unknown

Even weakened as he was, Arthas ultimately outmaneuvered Illidan and reached the Frozen Throne first. Using his runeblade, Frostmourne, Arthas shattered the Lich King's icy prison and thereby released Ner'zhul's enchanted helm and breastplate.

Arthas placed the unimaginably powerful helm on his head and became the new Lich King. Ner'zhul and Arthas' spirits fused into a single mighty being, just as Ner'zhul had always planned. Illidan and his troops were forced to flee back to Outland in disgrace, while Arthas became one of the most powerful entities the world had ever known.

Currently Arthas, the new and immortal Lich King, resides in Northrend; he is rumored to be rebuilding the citadel of Icecrown. His trusted lieutenant, Kel'Thuzad, commands the Scourge in the Plaguelands. Sylvanas and her rebel Forsaken hold only the Tirisfal Glades, a small portion of the war-torn kingdom.

The Lost Dynasty

By

Unknown

Even by mogu standards, the reign of Emperor Dojan II was short and brutish. His maniacal drive to finish his father's work and complete the great purge against the rebellious saurok legions drove him to leave his court in disarray while he set out on a doomed military campaign.

From his perch high on the cliffs overlooking the Krasarang Wilds he oversaw the slow clear-cutting of the jungle, the establishment of Dojanni Dungeons, and the gradual genocide of the saurok race.

What he didn't expect was for the remains of the saurok fifth and seventh legions to scale the enormity of the cliffs in the dead of night, ambushing his imperial pavilion from the Valley of Four Winds and forcing him over the edge. His body was never found, and the resulting disarray in the capitol left the empire in chaos for over two years while the saurok melted back into the wilds and disappeared...

The Memoirs of Lord Thorval

By

Lord Thorval

It has reached my attention that some new death knights may be troubled by memories of their former lives. I entreat these restless minds to brood no longer, as no one can be filled with more loathing of his previous errors than I. Yet in the Scourge I have found absolution.

In my ignorance, I was once a paladin pledged to the hateful Light. Blinded with lies about hope, I left my wife and two young daughters at home whilst I scouted for Scourge presence in our area. Our petty band searched the woods for weeks, but every trail went cold. Winter set in and still we had learned nothing about the enemy. Frustrated, we turned homeward.

Ascending the final hill revealed a terrifying vista. The village lay burnt and deformed. I ran to our house. A makeshift bolt had been nailed across the outside of the door. Too distressed to wonder at this, I burst in to find the remains of my family prostrate at my feet, charred beyond recognition. I turned away in anguish, and beheld the gashes in the door where they had clawed in panic. The smallest scratches had belonged to the youngest.

I later learned that in our absence, rumors had flown that a plaguebearer was hiding around the village. The Scarlet Crusade had seen to it that every last inhabitant was rounded up and burned alive. Unthinkable though their cruelty was, I found that the same feeling now stirred inside my breast. I yearned to hunt down the Crusaders, to make them suffer the rage of my blade.

Eventually, I was made to reassemble with the rest of my party. I sensed my own despondence and fury in some of the others, but the leaders ordered us to continue to the nearest remaining waypost. Not long after nightfall, we heard the ominous cackling of the undead echoing from the trees, and a wave of

Scourge overtook us.

Mechanically, I slew them. But for each of the fallen, two more crawled forth from the hills. We were caught in the same tide of Scourge we had been hunting, only now we were broken and unprepared. My allies were succumbing to wounds and exhaustion. There were too many Scourge to resist now.

As the blows came, I remembered playing in these woods with my daughters. It filled me with hatred. Why must such memories exist? They were an illusion, serving only to distract me from the reality of pain and dissolution. My daughters were dead and the field overrun with Scourge. Death is the only real end to any mortal tale. Wielding power to protect leads inalterably to failure. Success meets only those who use it for a different end...

Then and there, I swore allegiance to the Lich King, the herald of victory in our age. He purged me of the hateful human sensations that had tormented me. I was reborn as a death knight. There is no force to which my brethren and I will fall. There are no defeats bitter enough to test my icy resolve. Cleansed by the Scourge, I stand ready to satiate my lust for death throughout the length and breadth of Azeroth.

The Mogu and the Trogg

By

Unknown

Long ago and under hill, there lived a creature called a trogg. It wandered inside the mountain caves and tunnels, exploring and sniffing, and it was content. Then one day it met a mogu. “What strong arms you have,” said the mogu to the trogg. “I shall use my magic to make them stronger, so they may crush my enemies.”

“And what a mighty nose you have,” said the mogu to the trogg, “I shall use my magic to make it powerful, so that it may sniff out my enemies.”

“And what a good sense of direction you have, said the mogu to the trogg, “I shall use my magic to make you never forget a trail, so that you may learn the paths of my enemies.”

The mogu used the very waters of the Vale of Eternal Blossoms to shape this creature in to a weapon.

When the smoke cleared and the dust settled, what should the mogu see? But a grummle, standing there gleefully.

“With strong arms, and powerful nose and mind that never forgets a trail,” said the mogu to the grummle, “take this food from the farms of the east to the wall of the west. Find every trail in between and tell me of the enemies you see.”

And so the grummle went, with arms of strong and nose of a tool and mind that never forgets, to look for “enemies”, this word the mogu used. And deliver food he did and looked for trails but not an enemy found.

“What news of my enemies?” said the mogu to the grummle. “Do they hide in the mountain passes? Do they hide in the caves near the river? Do they hide in the fields of the farmland?”

The grummle blinked and thought. He thought and thought and finally spoke: “I smell with nose and look with eye but no enemies of yours did I spy. In the mountains I saw hozen, carving their little tunnels. In the caves near the river I saw the jinyu, speaking to their water. In the fields I saw the pandaren, dancing a funny dance.”

The mogu pondered this, and grew relaxed.

Many times the grummle would leave, and each time the mogu would ask him the same question when he returned. And the grummle’s answer was always the same.

What the mogu did not realize, was that the hozen were building their tunnels that would lead them behind the mogu defenses. The jinyu listened to the waters to divine where the mogu would first respond when the rebellion started. And the pandaren were not dancing, but training to fight unarmed.

When the rebellion began, the mogu was outraged by his surprise.

“You said you did not find any enemies of mine!” said the mogu to the grummle.

With a grin and a smile, the grummle said to the mogu: “I saw what I wanted to see. You heard what you wanted to hear.”

The Nature of Peace

By

Unknown

Peace is like a river. Sometimes the waters are calm and flow smoothly for great distances. Sometimes it must fight with the shape of the land, bucking with rapids and carving through stone to reach its destination.

The New Horde

By

Unknown

The chief warden of the internment camps, Aedelas Blackmoore, watched over the captive orcs from his prison-stronghold, Durnholde. One orc in particular had always held his interest: the orphaned infant he had found nearly eighteen years before. Blackmoore had raised the young male as a favored slave and named him Thrall. Blackmoore taught the orc about tactics, philosophy, and combat. Thrall was even trained as a gladiator. All the while, the corrupt warden sought to mold the orc into a weapon.

Despite his harsh upbringing, young Thrall grew into a strong, quick-witted orc, and he knew in his heart that a slave's life was not for him. As he grew to maturity, he learned about his people, the orcs, whom he had never met: after their defeat, most of them had been placed in internment camps. Rumor had it that Doomhammer, the orc leader, had escaped from Lordaeron and gone into hiding. Only one rogue clan still operated in secret, trying to evade the watchful eyes of the Alliance.

The resourceful yet inexperienced Thrall decided to escape from Blackmoore's fortress and set off to find others of his kind. During his journeys Thrall visited the internment camps and found his once-mighty race to be strangely cowed and lethargic. Having not found the proud warriors he hoped to discover, Thrall set out to find the last undefeated orc chieftain, Grom Hellscream.

Constantly hunted by the humans, Hellscream nevertheless held onto the Horde's unquenchable will to fight. Aided only by his own devoted Warsong clan, Hellscream continued to wage an underground war against the oppression of his beleaguered people. Unfortunately, Hellscream could never

find a way to rouse the captured orcs from their stupor. The impressionable Thrall, inspired by Hellscream's idealism, developed a strong empathy for the Horde and its warrior traditions.

Seeking the truth of his own origins, Thrall traveled north to find the legendary Frostwolf clan. Thrall learned that Gul'dan had exiled the Frostwolves during the early days of the First War. He also discovered that he was the son and heir of the orc hero Durotan, the true chieftain of the Frostwolves who had been murdered in the wilds nearly twenty years before.

Under the tutelage of the venerable shaman Drek'Thar, Thrall studied his people's ancient shamanistic culture, which had been forgotten under Gul'dan's evil rule. Over time, Thrall became a powerful shaman and took his rightful place as chieftain of the exiled Frostwolves. Empowered by the elements themselves and driven to find his destiny, Thrall set off to free the captive clans and heal his race of demonic corruption.

During his travels, Thrall found the aged warchief, Orgrim Doomhammer, who had been living as a hermit for many years. Doomhammer, who had been a close friend of Thrall's father, decided to follow the young, visionary orc and help him free the captive clans. Supported by many of the veteran chieftains, Thrall ultimately succeeded in revitalizing the Horde and giving his people a new spiritual identity.

To symbolize his people's rebirth, Thrall returned to Blackmoore's fortress of Durnholde and put a decisive end to his former master's plans by laying siege to the internment camps. This victory was not without its price: during the liberation of one camp, Doomhammer fell in battle.

Thrall took up Doomhammer's legendary warhammer and donned his black plate-armor to become the new warchief of the Horde. During the following months, Thrall's small but volatile Horde laid waste to the internment camps and stymied the Alliance's best efforts to counter his clever strategies. Encouraged by his best friend and mentor, Grom Hellscream, Thrall worked to ensure that his people would never be slaves again.

The Old Gods and the Ordering of Azeroth

By

Unknown

Unaware of Sargeras' mission to undo their countless works, the Titans continued to move from world to world, shaping and ordering each planet as they saw fit. Along their journey they happened upon a small world that its inhabitants would later name Azeroth.

As the Titans made their way across the primordial landscape, they encountered a number of hostile elemental beings. These elementals, who worshipped a race of unfathomably evil beings known only as the Old Gods, vowed to drive the Titans back and keep their world inviolate from the invaders' metallic touch.

The Pantheon, disturbed by the Old Gods' penchant for evil, waged war upon the elementals and their dark masters. The Old Gods' armies were led by the most powerful elemental lieutenants: Ragnaros the Firelord, Therazane the Stonemother, Al'Akir the Windlord, and Neptulon the Tidehunter.

Their chaotic forces raged across the face of the world and clashed with the colossal Titans. Though the elementals were powerful beyond mortal comprehension, their combined forces could not stop the mighty Titans. One by one, the elemental lords fell, and their forces dispersed.

The Pantheon shattered the Old Gods' citadels and chained the five evil gods far beneath the surface of the world. Without the Old Gods' power to keep their raging spirits bound to the physical world, the elementals were banished to an abyssal plane, where they would contend with one another for all

eternity. With the elementals' departure, nature calmed, and the world settled into a peaceful harmony. The Titans saw that the threat was contained and set to work.

The Titans empowered a number of races to help them fashion the world. To help them carve out the fathomless caverns beneath the earth, the Titans created the dwarf-like earthen from magical, living stone. To help them dredge out the seas and lift the land from the sea floor, the Titans created the immense but gentle sea giants. For many ages the Titans moved and shaped the earth, until at last there remained one perfect continent.

At the continent's center, the Titans crafted a lake of scintillating energies. The lake, which they named the Well of Eternity, was to be the fount of life for the world. Its potent energies would nurture the bones of the world and empower life to take root in the land's rich soil. Over time, plants, trees, monsters, and creatures of every kind began to thrive on the primordial continent.

As twilight fell on the final day of their labors, the Titans named the continent Kalimdor: "land of eternal starlight".

The Pandaren Problem

By

Unknown

Even in the ages before the old empire, there is evidence that the pandaren love of learning had created epic poems, agriculture, and medicine. The Thunder King saw great potential in the pandaren, and for this reason he did not trust them. After he conquered the land, the pandaren were forbidden to learn to read or write. Their leaders and philosophers were executed. All pandaren art and literature was burned. Anyone caught speaking anything but the mogu tongue was considered to be a conspirator, a charge often punished with death.

All of the work of the earliest pandaren artists and writers has been lost forever. Ages later, other great pandaren scholars would be born... but the language they spoke was not truly their own.

The Pariah's Instructions

By

Unknown

Set far back in the Valley of Spears is the holy temple of Maraudon. If that were not transgression enough, you will quickly see why I have asked a non-centaur to aid me in my plight.

There, just beyond the doors where only spirits and our most sacred priests and priestesses may travel is one called The Nameless Prophet. He is the highest of any tribe in spiritual matters and is one of the oldest of any tribe.

The Prophet is powerful, and communicates with the spirits of our ancestors. But he is a fool! He has no idea the true power he possesses. On his person is the Amulet of Spirits—it is where most of his strength comes from.

I have learned that the Amulet is powerful, but it is incomplete.

There are five gems missing from the amulet. And if those gems were found and placed back into the symbol, its power would far exceed that of its current form. I have found the five gems, but need one of your skill to help gather them. Slaying The Nameless Prophet is heresy for sure, as is stealing from his corpse, but what I would ask of you next would condemn any centaur for even thinking it.

Throughout the caverns of Maraudon roam the spirits of our first Khans. Our Mother and Father's first children, and our greatest leaders—they are Gelk, Kolk, Magra, Maraudos, and Veng. Each of these spirits holds one of the missing gems.

Use the power of the Amulet of Spirits to force them to manifest and take the gems from them! After, place the gems within the Amulet of Spirits and

return it to me. Once I have the Amulet of Union, I will be powerful enough to reform the tribes so we can finally be as our ancestors wanted us to be!

The Path of Redemption

By

High General Abbendis

The Diary of High General Abbendis

The voice whispered, “Come to me.” From the very beginning I knew that it was the Holy Light speaking to me in dreams. At last! After all of my years of prayers and good deeds, the cleansing of the blight of the unliving from the face of Azeroth. After all of the failures and resurrections.

Finally!

It happened again. “Come to me...”, the Light commanded.

I woke up freezing, but it wasn’t cold in my chambers. I’m going to redouble my efforts! I’ll tell the high abbot tomorrow that I want prayers increased. No more half-measures!

The Holy Light has taken notice of our good work. I can feel it!

This time I was awake! It was very vivid, and yet for over a minute, in the middle of the warm, sunny day, my breath came out misted and chill. One of the priests noticed and dropped to his knees in prayer.

No one else heard the voice, though. At least the witness proves that I’m not going insane. Maybe I should ask Landgren to pray on the matter? I’ll get Jordan and Street to scrutinize their recruiting efforts tomorrow. We’ve grown bloated with ranks of unbelievers who yearn only to destroy the undead. That’s not enough!

The commander and the bishop were both receptive. Not that they had any

choice. Bishop Street in particular seemed very enthusiastic. He spoke of a revival for the crusade and swore to ferret out the weak of faith within our ranks.

I told him to go easy. I've no intention of destroying the Crusade. However, I do like the sound of forming an elite cadre of the most faithful to do the Light's bidding in Northrend. I fear the man's friendship with Le

Craft is slowly twisting him. They both have their uses, though.

I will leave most of the Crusade here to continue mopping-up operations on the undead in our backyard. I imagine that once they have finished what we began, most will disband and go back to their homes to live in peace.

That somehow seems right. At our finest, we have always been the salt of the earth, rising up to take back our homes from the filth of the Scourge corruption, to return our Lordaeron to its former glory. To a time before the Scourge, before Arthas and regicide... before the Lich King.

There have been whispers amongst the men about a day soon to come that will change everything for the Scarlet Crusade. Bishop Street has put a name to it, calling it the Crimson Dawn.

I will put some thought to this, though I can feel the truth of it in my bones. I pray that it will bring weal for us rather than woe.

The Light has spoken again with a great deal of urgency. I came away from the dream with a sense of impatience. I will not disappoint. There must be no more delays. We must soon be underway!

What a great coincidence then - and I had to control myself from showing my relief - this afternoon Captain Shely procured for us a number of new ships for the voyage. Perhaps it was no coincidence at all? The Holy Light expresses its will in ways that we are not meant to understand.

I will take the Sinner's Folly as my flag. I think the name is most fitting.

Now I know why the Light has been pushing me to be underway. In the dead

of night a Scourge necropolis appeared in the sky over us and out poured the minions of hell!

A new breed of death knight leads the assault. Already the casualties we've suffered have been catastrophic. With the Scourge able to strike at us anywhere and at will from above, there seems no way to mount a proper defense.

I fear that our intended expedition to Northrend is over before it has begun.

I've been informed that Hearthglen and the surrounding area have already begun to assemble a host. High Commander Galvar Pureblood himself intends to lead them to save us. His efforts will be for naught.

I must see to it that my best couriers get through the enemy lines and warn him off. Hearthglen must prepare to dig in and rally the rest of the Crusade.

With any luck they'll get through before nightfall.

There's been no word from any of my couriers this morning. It's clear that none of them made it through to Hearthglen. The Plaguelands are lost. Pureblood will come with his forces and they'll be annihilated out in the open.

This afternoon I received a vision from the Light. In it, I saw the utter destruction of everything that we've built here. The message was clear - I was being told to take the remainder of the most faithful and abandon the Crusade to their doom.

Landgren later told me that he'd received the same vision. I cannot comprehend how the Light would tell us to take such a dishonorable action, but it is not my place to question - I am to obey, and obey I shall.

It was with trepidation that I gazed upon New Avalon, I suspect for the last time. Our fate lies in Northrend. I am filled with a sense of ominous foreboding for some reason. The mission ahead should shake away these concerns. I will put them out of my mind.

Perhaps with luck, High Commander Pureblood will somehow endure and marshal the survivors. I'm a coward - a dog running away with my tail tucked between my legs!

Two months they tell me that this journey is going to take. The other ships aren't built for speed like the Folly. They're carrying most of our forces and equipment, and they're not much more than single sail freighters, but they'll get there safely.

I'm not looking forward to this, but for the Light I will endure the sea sickness. I simply mustn't let the others see.

I've not written in a while. It's as much as I can do to stand upright and not get sick. The men are beginning to wonder why I keep myself holed up in my cabin most of the time. It wouldn't be good for morale for them to see me this way.

It shouldn't be long now. I pray that it won't be. Six weeks already and every day it seems that the weather gets worse. I can only hope that Northrend itself does not have such horrible weather. I wasn't built for the cold.

The Holy Light has been silent for a very long time.

We were attacked with no warning whatsoever! Giants in massive oared longships came out of the mist like ghosts! They were silent as the dead.

I lost a ship and all of the men on it. We fought with great courage and skill considering that we have only the most rudimentary naval combat training.

Afterward, the screams of our men who'd been taken captive by the giants echoed across the water. After a while it grew silent again. Bishop Street led the men in prayers.

I awoke this morning in the middle of making adjustments to my maps. The Light was guiding my hand, showing me exactly where we must go.

We are close!

Landfall!

Exiting the rowboat upon the beach, I planted our banner and was overcome by the Holy Light, which spoke through me. Today is the Crimson Dawn - the great day that we've waited for. This is to be the site of New Hearthglen. We are no longer the Scarlet Crusade. We are now the Scarlet Onslaught!

And an onslaught upon Northrend we shall be! The cancer of the Scourge threatens to overflow in the crown of the world and drown the rest of us. The time has come to take the fight directly to the Lich King's doorstep!

It's been almost a month now and construction has proceeded apace. I've been too busy to write. My scouts tell me that this land is full of dragons and other strange beasts. We'll keep to ourselves until we're ready.

In the middle of services today, the high abbot proclaimed that a visitor would arrive soon - one that the Light was sending to lead us to victory.

I don't know how I feel about that. Why didn't the Light tell me? Have I not served faithfully? Now I'm to be replaced by some outsider?

Admiral Borean Westwind showed up on my doorstep tonight! By all accounts he'd died upon these shores an age ago.

He didn't look old enough and yet I knew that it was him. He claimed that he was the only survivor of his doomed fleet and that he'd survived only through the good graces of the Light.

We stayed up speaking through the night and into the morning. He assured me that he had no intention of taking my place, but that the Light had instructed him to travel across the Great Dragonblight to serve as my advisor and commander in title only. He claimed that great change was coming to Northrend. The Alliance and the Horde were going to come en masse in response to a great plague that the Lich King was about to unleash upon them.

The men have taken to the grand admiral with great zeal, especially High Abbot Landgren and Bishop Street. Apparently the Holy Light whispered a new blessing to the admiral in his sleep, which he passed on to Landgren.

Some of the men have converted to the priesthood and are now being called “raven priests”. Only Jordan seems unimpressed. I suppose that’s understandable. He probably feels his position is threatened if mine is.

Something doesn’t seem right. I can’t put my finger on it, but I cannot make myself fully trust the admiral. He’s done nothing wrong. Quite the contrary! And yet, I have to trust my gut.

I will pray for understanding. The Light delivered the admiral to lead us to victory and it is not my place to question its decisions. I will continue to obey. I am faithful.

Another couple of months have passed. We’ve made great strides in the construction of New Hearthglen. The wall is almost complete as is the barracks. Kaleiki’s men are miracle workers.

My heart hasn’t been into writing. I’ve been avoiding putting my thoughts here for some reason. The Light hasn’t visited me of late, though the admiral assures me that this is nothing to worry about.

My men report that a small group of Forsaken have broken ground on a camp along the hillside to the north. On the other side of the hill, the Alliance have apparently begun the construction of a much larger base.

The admiral says that we should leave them be. There are other Horde forces gathered to the west that would surely come to their aid if we were to attack. I don’t feel good about it, but I see the logic in his reasoning.

The first phase of construction is done. Admiral Westwind has ordered a group of my men to establish a toehold further to the north. He wouldn’t go into detail, claiming that he was being “guided” to do so.

We caught four spies from the Forsaken town, Venomspite, this afternoon. I’m going to have Le

Craft torture them for information. If we only caught four, how many more have slipped in amongst us? Why do I feel as if things are beginning to unravel?

The Relics of Terokk

By

Unknown

When I was last in the halls, Talon King Ikiss carried Terokk's Quill with him, as a sign of his authority. He probably still carries it to convince his followers that he is Terokk reborn.

My brother, Darkweaver Syth, wore Terokk's Mask while leading the Sethekk rituals.

As for the Saga of Terokk, it is kept within a circle of runes in the great vaulted chamber just outside Talon King Ikiss's own.

The Royal Chamberlain

By

Unknown

“Behold the Royal Chamberlain. Long may he stand as the defender of his majesty’s vast and sacred treasures. As long as this statue stands, none but the Emperor himself may lay claim to the royal treasury.”

The Sacred Mount

By

Unknown

In the days before Lei Shen founded the old empire, there stood a high plateau shrouded in perpetual storm. It was called the “Thundering Mountain,” and was the ancestral seat of the one the mogu once called “master.”

History does not record what Lei Shen found when he ascended the mountain and disappeared into its vaults. But when he returned, he wielded the power of a thousand storms and declared the mount to be his seat of power. Atop its summit he built a majestic and forbidden city.

It is said that after Lei Shen’s death, the mountain listened to no other, and the storms battered it unceasingly. Future emperors moved the seat of imperial power to the Vale of Eternal Blossoms.

Even in the time of the last pandaren emperor, Shaohao, the Thundering Mountain was still viewed from below with awe and terror. The Sundering that shattered the world nearly sunk the mountain into the sea, but perhaps the last emperor thought that it was worth saving. Or maybe he feared the mountain’s secret so much that he wanted to hide it away. Like the rest of Pandaria, the mountaintop city - now an island - was hidden away in the mists.

The Saurok and the Jinyu

By

Unknown

A jinyu once sat by the side of a river, contemplating this and that, when along came a saurok. The jinyu was nervous at first, and prepared to lunge in to the river to get away.

But the saurok raised his hands and said “I wish only to cross the river, but I do not know how to swim. You are a swimmer. Perhaps I could ride on your back to the other side.”

At this the jinyu replied: “but you will stab me, or bite me, or try to eat my head.”

The saurok laughed at this and claimed: “and this would kill us both. For if I kill you I would drown.”

The jinyu thought on this and then agreed. With some effort the heavy saurok climbed on the back of the jinyu and the two began to swim across the river.

But as they travelled deeper in to the water, the saurok, without thinking, slew the jinyu with a simple, practiced move of his claws.

As the jinyu sank to the bottom of the river, so did the heavy saurok.

Even at the risk of his own life, the saurok could not escape his nature.

The Saurok

By

Unknown

Manufactured as a race of warrior slaves for the mogu empire, the saurok have always been a violent and brutish race. For many centuries after the Purge, they remained hidden deep in the wilds of Krasarang or lurked in the treacherous swamps beyond the Serpent's Spine.

In recent generations, the saurok have grown bold, assaulting towns and cities along the Pandaren coast, then disappearing to the sea with their plunder.

If you encounter a saurok in the wild, assume it is not alone and take immediate action to protect yourself.

The Scourge of Lordaeron

By

Unknown

After preparing for many long months, Kel'Thuzad and his Cult of the Damned finally struck the first blow by releasing the plague of undeath upon Lordaeron. Uther and his fellow paladins investigated the infected regions in the hope of finding a way to stop the plague. Despite their efforts, the plague continued to spread and threatened to tear the Alliance apart.

As the ranks of the undead swept across Lordaeron, Terenas' only son, Prince Arthas, took up the fight against the Scourge. Arthas succeeded in killing Kel'Thuzad, but even so, the undead ranks swelled with every soldier that fell defending the land. Frustrated and stymied by the seemingly unstoppable enemy, Arthas took increasingly extreme steps to conquer them. Finally Arthas' comrades warned him that he was losing his hold on his humanity.

Arthas' fear and resolve proved to be his ultimate undoing. He tracked the plague's source to Northrend, intending to end its threat forever. Instead, Prince Arthas eventually fell prey to the Lich King's tremendous power. Believing that it would save his people, Arthas took up the cursed runeblade, Frostmourne.

Though the sword did grant him unfathomable power, it also stole his soul and transformed him into the greatest of the Lich King's death knights. With his soul cast aside and his sanity shattered, Arthas led the Scourge against his own kingdom. Ultimately, Arthas murdered his own father, King Terenas, and crushed Lordaeron under the Lich King's iron heel.

The Second Troll Legend

By

Unknown

Tale of Gri'lek the Wanderer

[...The beginnings of the tablet were worn and erased. But the end was legible...]

Gri'lek stamped through the jungle. And his eyes burned and his chest rumbled, for there was great anger in him. In fury he roared to the sky, and he raised his arm. He raised his left arm, grown strong and sure from hunting without its twin. For Gri'lek's right arm was gone, and it would not return.

And so he wandered, and he searched. And his arm remained lost to him. And so he cursed and roared as he walked. But Gri'lek had long ago turned his ear away from the spirits, and they were angered and would not listen to his curses.

Doomed was Gri'lek. Doomed to wander, armless.

The Sentinels and the Long Vigil

By

Unknown

With the departure of their wayward cousins, the night elves turned their attention back to the safekeeping of their enchanted homeland. The druids, sensing that their time of hibernation was drawing near, prepared to sleep and leave their loved ones and families behind.

Tyrande, who had become the High Priestess of Elune, asked her love, Malfurion, not to leave her for Ysera's Emerald Dream. But Malfurion, honor bound to enter the changing Dreamways, bid the priestess farewell and swore that they would never be apart so long as they held true to their love.

Left alone to protect Kalimdor from the dangers of the new world, Tyrande assembled a powerful fighting force from amongst her night elf sisters. The fearless, highly trained warrior women who pledged themselves to Kalimdor's defense became known as the Sentinels. Though they preferred to patrol the shadowy forests of Ashenvale on their own, they had many allies upon which they could call in times of urgency.

The demigod Cenarius remained nearby in the Moonglades of Mount Hyjal. His sons, known as the Keepers of the Grove, kept close watch on the night elves and regularly helped the Sentinels maintain peace in the land. Even Cenarius' shy daughters, the dryads, appeared in the open with increasing frequency.

The task of policing Ashenvale kept Tyrande busy, but without Malfurion at her side, she knew little joy. As the long centuries passed while the druids slept, her fears of a second demonic invasion grew. She could not shake the unnerving feeling that the Burning Legion might still be out there, beyond the Great Dark of the sky, plotting its revenge upon the night elves and the world

of Azeroth.

The Seven Kingdoms

By

Unknown

Strom continued to act as the central hub of Arathor, but as with Dalaran, many new city-states arose across the continent of Lordaeron. Gilneas, Alterac, and Kul Tiras were the first city-states to arise, and although they each had their own customs and commercial workings, they all held to the unifying authority of Strom.

Under the vigilant watch of the Order of Tirisfal, Dalaran became the chief center of learning for magicians throughout the land. The Magocrats who ruled Dalaran founded the Kirin Tor, a specialized sect that was charged with cataloguing and researching every spell, artifact, and magic item known to mankind at the time.

Gilneas and Alterac became strong supporters of Strom and developed mighty armies that explored the mountainous southern lands of Khaz Modan. It was during this period that humans first met the ancient race of dwarves and traveled to their cavernous subterranean city of Ironforge. The humans and dwarves shared many secrets of metal-smithing and engineering and discovered a common love for battle and storytelling.

The city-state of Kul Tiras, founded upon a large island south of Lordaeron, developed a prosperous economy based on fishing and shipping. Over time, Kul Tiras built up a mighty fleet of merchant vessels that sailed throughout the known lands in search of exotic goods to trade and sell. Yet even as the economy of Arathor flourished, its strongest elements began to disintegrate.

In time, the lords of Strom sought to move their estates to the lush northlands of Lordaeron and leave the arid lands of the south. The heirs of King Thoradin, the last descendants of the Arathi bloodline, argued that Strom

should not be abandoned and thus incurred the displeasure of the greater citizenry, who were likewise eager to leave.

The lords of Strom, seeking to find purity and enlightenment in the untamed north, decided to leave their ancient city behind. Far to the north of Dalaran, the lords of Strom built a new city-state which they named Lordaeron. The entire continent would take its name from this city-state. Lordaeron became a mecca for religious travelers and all those who sought inner peace and security.

The descendents of the Arathi, left within the crumbling walls of ancient Strom, decided to travel south past the rocky mountains of Khaz Modan. Their journey finally ended after many long seasons, and they settled in the northern region of the continent they would name Azeroth. In a fertile valley they founded the kingdom of Stormwind, which quickly became a self-sufficient power in its own right.

The few warriors still left in Strom decided to remain and guard the ancient walls of their city. Strom was no longer the center of the empire, but it developed into a new nation known as Stromgarde. Though each of the city-states became prosperous in its own right, the empire of Arathor had effectively disintegrated. As each nation developed its own customs and beliefs, they became increasingly segregated from one another. King Thoradin's vision of a unified humanity had faded at last.

The Skull of Tyrannistrasz

By

Unknown

The remains of the gargantuan red dragon were found in the Wetlands shortly after the Battle of Grim Batol. Tyrannistrasz was rumored to have been the elder consort of the Dragonqueen, Alexstrasza.

The State of Lakeshire

By

Magistrate Solomon

My Lord,

War is upon us. Doom harkens from our doorstep.

As Magistrate of the township of Lakeshire it is my duty to report the recent Military activity that has taken place in His Majesty's Easternmost colony.

Contained within these pages you will find an account of the State of Lakeshire, nestled within the Redridge Mountains.

The loss of Stonewatch Keep was very grave. In previous reports I detailed for you the alliance between the Blackrock Clan of Orcs and the Warlock known as Morganth. The Blackrock Orcs fought with horrific savagery, undoubtedly fueled by the evil magic of Morganth. Many of His Majesty's most valiant soldiers perished trying to defend the Keep but ultimately nothing could be done.

Oddly enough, Morganth turned on his Orcish cohorts shortly after their wretched victory. The Warlock constructed an arcane tower in the Northeast, and has used his powers to build a small army of Shadowhide Gnolls to serve his malicious biddings. Both Orc and Man have fallen victim to the viscous brutes that serve the Warlock. As to what betrayal took place between Morganth and Gath'ilzogg, the Blackrock Warlord, one can only speculate at this point.

To our peril, the foul Orcs seem more concerned with the demise of His Majesty's good citizens. In the last fortnight the Blackrock Clan staged a ruthless offensive on Lakeshire. Many brave men lost their lives that grim

day. The Orc forces advanced with such speed and fury that the bridge spanning Everstill was brought to ruin. Our war supplies have greatly dwindled. We lack bandages to mend the wounds of the fallen.

Now I ask of His Majesty to support the good people of Lakeshire in this time of need. We are in need of new soldiers to defend the territory as well as new instruments of war to replace those lost on the battlefield. Food and building supplies run low as well. Please, my Lord, help us keep the final bastion between Man and wretched Orc thriving. The Enemy must be kept out of the Kingdom of Stormwind.

I fear a greater and darker evil brewing in the cauldron of corruption that the Northlands have become. It is imperative that the Kingdom of Stormwind take action lest we seek to become fading memories to the living or slaves to the Enemy.

Signed,

Magistrate Solomon

Township of Lakeshire

Kingdom of Stormwind

The Story of Morgan Ladimore

By

Unknown

Morgan Ladimore was a great and noble knight who fought in defense of the innocent, the poor, and the afflicted. For many years, he worked diligently throughout the outlying areas of Azeroth, bringing relief to the suffering and swift justice to evildoers.

He was married to a young girl named Lys in the summer of his eighteenth year. They were much in love with each other and would eventually produce three children, a son and two daughters.

Morgan was thirty-two when war broke out in Lordaeron. Morgan was called to the side of the legendary paladin Uther the Lightbringer to fight against the orcs and the undead. Leaving his wife and children in the safety of his home, Morgan left for war.

The years passed and the war dragged on, and Morgan would witness many horrific events, including the disbanding of the Paladins of the Silver Hand, the death of Uther and the spread of the plague. The only thing that kept him from the brink of madness was the knowledge that he would someday be reunited with his wife and children.

Morgan would eventually return to his homeland, but find it nothing like how he remembered it. The once verdant forest was corrupted and teemed with the undead and other dark forces. Destroyed houses and farms could be found everywhere, and the cemetery near Raven Hill now dominated much of the area. A shocked and bewildered Morgan eventually made his way to his home, only to find it in ruins. Not knowing what had befallen his homeland, he headed towards the village to find answers, and, he hoped, his wife and children.

Morgan inquired about his family, but could not find any answers. A priest in Darkshire, as it was now called, said that he might search the cemetery at Raven Hill for a gravestone. Morgan refused to believe that his family was dead, and continued to search every farm and house in Duskwood, but to no avail.

Morgan rode from Darkshire to nearby Lakeshire, thinking that perhaps his family had fled. On his way there, he decided, against his better judgment, to stop by the Raven Hill cemetery. Morgan spent hours walking amongst the gravestones. He recognized many names of people that he knew and became more and more distraught. Then he saw them: a small, untended plot amongst the many with three small gravestones. A feeling of dread washed over him as he approached. Morgan brushed off the dust of the most prominent gravestone to reveal the name on it. Simply carved upon the grave, letters spelled out his worst fear:

Lys Ladimore

Beloved Wife and Mother

Morgan's apprehension turned to dismay and then to grief, and he fell to his knees weeping. For hours he stared at that one grave, begging the cold stone for forgiveness and sobbing apologies. Then, hours later, something in him snapped, and he began to lash out. He brought his sword out of its scabbard and began to rain blows on the gravestones, screaming in rage. Blind in his fury, he lashed out and swung wildly, catching the notice of a trio of the cemetery's attendants. As they tried to restrain him, he turned his focus to them, hurling accusations of guilt upon the innocent attendants, then killed them all.

Later, when the rage had passed, realization crept into Morgan's mind, and he saw his bloody sword driven into the chest of one of the attendants. Driven to the brink by his emotions, he removed his belt knife and plunged it into his heart.

Morgan Ladimore's body and the three bodies of his victims were found the next day. He was quickly buried, without ceremony, in a hastily dug grave on the outskirts of the cemetery. Because Morgan committed murder against

innocents, something that went completely against his beliefs and his nature, and because of the grief that he held in being unable to save his family, Morgan could not die a peaceful death, and lived on as one of the restless dead.

Only days later, his grave was disturbed, and his body could not be found. The being that was Morgan now wanders Duskwood, consumed by his grief over the loss of his wife and children and his own self-hatred. Mor'Ladim, as he now calls himself, roams Duskwood with mindless vengeance and hatred, and has been known to commit murder indiscriminately.

The Tangled Beard

By

Unknown

Fjarnskaggl was not always so rare, my child. It was a staple of our culture; to be vrykul was to live among the fjarnskaggl. It lined our beds, it flavored our broth, it warmed our infants.

Now, it dies. It grows in scattered clumps at the edges of our town, never in the neat rows we once reaped. Only the most resilient snarl of fjarnskaggl can survive the brisk winds of Stormheim, and none can survive the frigid winters of Northrend.

We lost our way, my daughter. We forgot from whence fjarnskaggl came. The herb is a gift from the heavens. Those that smile down on us from above want us to be happy, and one of their gifts is the fjarnskaggl. To harvest fjarnskaggl is to touch the tangled beard of god.

At some point, however, we took their gift for granted. We burned fjarnskaggl when simple straw would do. We fed it to the musk ox. We harvested the herb, then let it rot in storage.

Do not allow yourself to repeat the mistakes of our people, child. Treat the sacred herb of our people with respect, and it may return to our people in its full splendor once again.

The Third Troll Legend

By

Unknown

Rising from the ocean, a tower of water, Neptulon sent the great Krakken to doomed I'lalai. So huge were their forms that jungles of kelp swayed through their limbs, and leviathans swam through bodies. The largest Krakken then raised his arms high and crashed them into the sea, sending waves about him. And they raged toward I'lalai.

The Krakken roared, and their voices thundered like an ocean storm: "We come." Min'loth, standing firm, called forth his magic. The waves sent to I'lalai parted and washed to both sides, and they flooded the jungle beyond. Min'loth then bade his minions chant spells of binding, and a din rang out as dozens of troll voices rose.

And one voice rose above the rest.

Min'loth bellowed and his magic gathered the power of his minion's spells, and he cast it at the approaching Krakken.

The seas parted and Min'loth's spell sped toward the servants of Neptulon. Lightning tore the sky and the spell struck them, and a thousand bolts fell, boiling water and burning craters in the earth.

Min'loth cried in triumph, knowing his spell would fell the great beasts.

But the Krakken are old, very old. They remembered when the land was first born from the sea.

They remembered when the Old Ones ruled and when the Travelers came and cast them down. They remembered when magic was new.

They are old and they hold many secrets. And though Min'loth's spell was strong, it, like the troll, was mortal. And so it failed.

If failed to bind the Krakken, but it enraged them. Not in aeons had a mortal caused them pain, and the troll's spell was painful.

And so they shed the bindings of Minloth's spell, but then roared and stuck with fury.

A rumble was heard as great waves rose from the deep and raced toward the land. When they reached I'lalai they cast a shadow on the city.

But before they destroyed it the Krakken halted, poised.

The troll witchdoctors trembled and cried out to their master. Min'loth gazed at the mountains of the sea, doomed and defiant. He turned to his adepts and whispered, and the trolls etched his last words into stone. Min'loth then faced the looming Krakken.

He grimaced and hurled his staff, his last bold act.

The Krakken then bent their fury upon Min'loth, and an ocean fell upon I'lalai.

And it was no more.

And then the waters fell upon the jungle, washing clean all they met. Trolls and beasts cried out as the waters smashed and drowned them.

Many Gurubashi wondered why the ocean swallowed them, but then they died and knew nothing.

And finally, when the waters reached the mountains, they stopped. Appeased, they retreated back beyond the shores, and they left a wake of death.

They retreated, but they surged around I'lalai and remained, drowning it forever.

And the chief Var'gazul, safe behind the mountains in Zul'Gurub, went out

to the jungle and found it washed clean of his people.

And he despaired, for his dreams of conquest were thwarted.

And never was Min'loth the Serpent found.

The Thunder King

By

Unknown

It has been written that when the great Lei Shen first looked upon the lands of the mantid, he did not feel fear, but inspiration.

As he began to unify his people under a single banner and subjugate the other races of Pandaria, he knew that the mantid would never succumb to his authority. They spoke his language: the language of strength. He commanded his slaves to construct the Serpent's Spine, a magnificent wall that spanned the length of his empire.

It would take many generations to build, but Lei Shen knew how to motivate his subjects. Fear. Fear of the mantid moved mountains, raised armies, secured his empire, and built his wall.

The Tiller and the Monk

By

Unknown

A young farmhand was once unfortunate enough to share a room at the inn with an old monk, who talked incessantly from evening's light to morning glow about matters of philosophy and science. Bored of the one-sided conversation, the monk soon proposed a challenge of wits.

The farmhand was uninterested in testing his wits against the monk, no matter how much his roommate raised the stakes. Finally the monk offered the farmhand substantial odds: "I will give you 50 gold coins for every question of yours I cannot answer, if you will give me 5 gold coins for every question YOU cannot answer."

At this, the farmhand agreed.

"Very well!" exclaimed the monk. He eagerly tried to think of a question sufficient to challenge the farmhand, but simple enough to keep the game interesting. "How would one measure the volume of an irregularly shaped object?" he asked, his eyes gleaming.

Without even bothering to think about it, the farmhand handed the monk 5 gold coins.

The monk was disappointed, but prepared himself for the farmhand's challenge.

For his turn, the farmhand pinched his face deep in thought. Finally, he asked: "What has the heart of a tiger, the wisdom of an eagle, and the strength of an ox?"

Delighted by the riddle, the monk leapt to his feet and began pacing around the room. For six hours he was mercifully silent as he pondered the farmhand's conundrum. Soon, he grew irritable. Eventually his face sunk with fury and disdain. "Alas, alas! I give up!" he cried, waving his arms. Reluctantly he withdrew a sack of coins and counted out fifty precious gold pieces for the farmhand. The tiller happily accepted his winnings.

The monk stared at his roommate. "Well!" he said at last. "What is the answer to your riddle?"

Wordlessly, the farmhand handed the monk 5 gold coins.

The Twin Empires

By

Unknown

About 16,000 years ago (long before the night elves foolishly called down the wrath of the Burning Legion), trolls lorded over much of Kalimdor (then a single continent). There were twin troll empires—the Gurubashi Empire of the southeastern jungles—and the Amani Empire of the middle forestlands.

There were smaller tribes that lived far to the north (in the region now known as Northrend). These tribes founded a small nation known as Gundrak, but never achieved the size or prosperity of the southern empires.

The Gurubashi and Amani empires had little love for one another, but rarely warred against each other. At the time, their greatest common enemy was a third empire—the civilization of Azj'Aqir. The aqir were intelligent insectoids who ruled the lands of the far west. These clever insectoids were greatly expansionistic and incredibly evil. The aqir were obsessed with eradicating all non-insect life from the fields of Kalimdor.

The trolls fought them for many thousands of years, but never succeeded in winning a true victory over the aqir. Eventually, due to the troll's persistence, the aqiri kingdom split in half as its citizens fled to separate colonies in the far northern and southern regions of the continent.

Two aqiri city-states emerged—Azjol-Nerub in the northern wastes, and Ahn'Qiraj in the southern desert. Though the trolls suspected that there were other aqiri colonies beneath Kalimdor, their existence was never verified.

With the insectoids driven into exile, the twin troll empires returned to business as usual. Despite their great victory, neither civilization expanded much farther than their original boundaries. However, ancient texts speak of a

small faction of trolls that broke off from the Amani Empire and founded their own colony in the heart of the dark continent.

There, these brave pioneers discovered the cosmic Well of Eternity which transformed them into beings of immense power. Some legends suggest that these adventurous trolls were the first night elves, though this theory has never been proven.

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The Wandering Widow

By

Unknown

Many generations ago, Liu Lang the explorer returned to Pandaria every five years on the back of a giant sea turtle, collecting more and more explorers with each visit. Locals had taken to naming it “The Wandering Isle,” for the turtle had grown so large as to have a small town and temple built upon its back.

One year, local widow Mab Stormstout was grief-stricken over the loss of her husband to a tragic grape-press accident. She declared that Pandaria no longer had anything to offer her. With that, she and her young son Liao Stormstout climbed aboard the turtle, among the first brewmasters to do so.

The Wandering Isle has not returned to Pandaria in many generations. It is presumed that the turtle, Shen-zin Su, stopped returning to the mainland shortly after the death of his beloved friend Liu Lang.

The War of the Ancients

By

Unknown

The Highborne's reckless use of magic sent ripples of energy spiraling out from the Well of Eternity and into the Great Dark Beyond. The streaming ripples of energy were felt by terrible alien minds. Sargeras - the Great Enemy of all life, the Destroyer of Worlds - felt the potent ripples and was drawn to their distant point of origin.

Spying the primordial world of Azeroth and sensing the limitless energies of the Well of Eternity, Sargeras was consumed by an insatiable hunger. The great dark god of the Nameless Void resolved to destroy the fledgling world and claim its energies as his own.

Sargeras gathered his vast Burning Legion and made his way towards the unsuspecting world of Azeroth. The Legion was comprised of a million screaming demons, all ripped from the far corners of the universe, and the demons hungered for conquest. Sargeras' lieutenants, Archimonde the Defiler and Mannoroth the Destructor, prepared their infernal minions to strike.

Queen Azshara, overwhelmed by the terrible ecstasy of her magic, fell victim to Sargeras' undeniable power and agreed to grant him entrance to her world. Even her Highborne servitors gave themselves over to magic's inevitable corruption and began to worship Sargeras as their god. To show their allegiance to the Legion, the Highborne aided their queen in opening a vast, swirling portal within the depths of the Well of Eternity.

Once all his preparations had been made, Sargeras began his catastrophic invasion of Azeroth. The warrior-demons of the Burning Legion stormed into the world through the Well of Eternity and laid siege to the night elves'

sleeping cities. Led by Archimonde and Mannoroth, the Legion swarmed over the lands of Kalimdor, leaving only ash and sorrow in its wake.

The demon warlocks called down searing infernals that crashed like hellish meteors into the graceful spires of Kalimdor's temples. A band of burning, bloodletting killers known as the Doomguard marched across Kalimdor's fields, slaughtering everyone in their path. Packs of wild, demonic felhounds ravaged the countryside unopposed. Though the brave Kaldorei warriors rushed to defend their ancient homeland, they were forced to give ground, inch by inch, before the fury of the Legion's onslaught.

It fell to Malfurion Stormrage to find help for his beleaguered people. Stormrage, whose own brother, Illidan, practiced the Highborne's magics, was incensed by the growing corruption amongst the upper class. Convincing Illidan to forsake his dangerous obsession, Malfurion set out to find Cenarius and muster a resistance force.

The beautiful young priestess, Tyrande, agreed to accompany the brothers in the name of Elune. Though Malfurion and Illidan shared a love for the idealistic priestess, Tyrande's heart belonged to Malfurion alone. Illidan resented his brother's budding romance with Tyrande, but knew that his heartache was nothing compared to the pain of his magical addiction.

Illidan, who had grown dependent on magic's empowering energies, struggled to keep control of his nearly overwhelming hunger to tap the Well's energies once again. However, with Tyrande's patient support, he was able to restrain himself and help his brother find the reclusive demigod, Cenarius.

Cenarius, who dwelt within the sacred Moonglades of the distant Mount Hyjal, agreed to help the night elves by finding the ancient dragons and enlisting their aid. The dragons, led by the great red leviathan, Alexstrasza, agreed to send their mighty flights to engage the demons and their infernal masters.

Cenarius, calling on the spirits of the enchanted forests, rallied an army of ancient tree-men and led them against the Legion in a daring ground assault. As the night elves' allies converged upon Azshara's temple and the Well of Eternity, all-out warfare erupted. Despite the strength of their newfound

allies, Malfurion and his colleagues realized that the Legion could not be defeated by martial strength alone.

As the titanic battle raged around Azshara's capital city, the delusional queen waited in anticipation for Sargeras' arrival. The lord of the Legion was preparing to pass through the Well of Eternity and enter the ravaged world. As his impossibly huge shadow drew ever closer to the Well's surface, Azshara gathered the most powerful of her Highborne followers. Only by linking their magics together in one focused spell would they be able to create a gateway large enough for Sargeras to enter.

As the battle raged across the burning fields of Kalimdor, a terrible turn of events unfolded. The details of the event have been lost to time, but it is known that Neltharion, the Dragon Aspect of the Earth, went mad during a critical engagement against the Burning Legion. He began to split apart as flame and rage erupted from his dark hide. Renaming himself Deathwing, the burning dragon turned on his brethren and drove the five dragonflights from the field of battle.

Deathwing's sudden betrayal was so destructive that the five dragonflights never truly recovered. Wounded and shocked, Alexstrasza and the other noble dragons were forced to abandon their mortal allies. Malfurion and his companions, now hopelessly outnumbered, barely survived the ensuing onslaught.

Malfurion, convinced that the Well of Eternity was the demons' umbilical link to the physical world, insisted that it should be destroyed. His companions, knowing that the Well was the source of their immortality and powers, were horrified by the rash notion. Yet Tyrande saw the wisdom of Malfurion's theory, so she convinced Cenarius and their comrades to storm Azshara's temple and find a way to shut the Well down for good.

The War of the Shifting Sands

By

Unknown

It has been nearly a thousand years since the 'War of the Shifting Sands.' It was during this war, in the heart of the Silithus desert, that a great tragedy and even greater burden beset Fandral Staghelm. It is thought that the events described herein are what ultimately shaped the unsavory disposition of the Arch Druid.

An ancient sentient insectoid race known as the Qiraji vied for dominance over much of Kalimdor at one point in time. It was the pompous, imperialistic Staghelm and his army of night elves who met the Qiraji head on in battle.

Father and son fought fervently to contain the rising tide of the insectoid swarm in Silithus. From the fortress of Ahn'Qiraj, a seemingly endless stream of silithid continued to bolster the ranks of the invading Qiraji forces. The whole of Silithus was under siege.

In a decision that Staghelm would regret, the younger Staghelm, Valstann, was ordered to defend the night elf outpost of Southwind Village. Regrettably, Valstann would lose his life that day as Southwind Village would fall to the armies of Ahn'Qiraj.

Undaunted and with heavy heart, a vengeful Fandral Staghelm would push on. Defeat in Silithus would result in great loss for the night elf nation and quite possibly the world.

The battle raged on for months. All of Silithus was overtaken by the Qiraji. Staghelm and his army were pushed back to Tanaris. With a decimated army and countless innocents slain, the arrogance that had driven Fandral Staghelm

was snuffed out completely.

His pride wholly crushed. Staghelm would, for the second time in his existence, feel the flutter in the pit of his stomach that could only be brought on by fear. It was in Tanaris, then, that Staghelm would approach Anachronos, progeny of Nozdormu, and plead for the assistance of the Bronze Flight.

Initially, Anachronos refused to involve the Bronze Flight in the affairs of the lesser races. It was not until the Qiraji brashly attacked the Caverns of Time that Anachronos would agree to join forces with the night elves.

Anachronos would soon realize that even the mighty Bronze Flight could not stem the tide of the invading Qiraji forces. For every fifty of the insects that were annihilated by his breath, one hundred would be waiting to take their place. With the night elf lines faltering and the threat of being pushed further north to the wilds of Feralas ever looming, Anachronos decided that the children of the Aspects must be made aware.

He would call out to Ysera's Dragonflight first. Merithra of the Dream would answer his call and from there, Alexstrasza's Dragonflight and Malygos's Dragonflight would be made aware.

The dragons would meet in the stratosphere high above Silithus: Thousands of feet above the fortress of Ahn'Qiraj.

There was Anachronos, child of the Nozdormu, Aspect of Time. From the Emerald Dream would come Merithra, child of Ysera, Aspect of Nature.

Caelestrasz, child of Alexstrasza, Aspect of Life, would represent the Red Dragonflight.

Arygos, child of Malygos, Aspect of Magic, would represent the Blue Dragonflight.

The dragons watched as an endless stream of silithid and Qiraji poured out of Ahn'Qiraj. It became clear to them that no amount of force could ever end this war. From inside the main temple, tens of thousands of the Qiraji forces

waited. With each passing second, more were hatched and primed; ready to be unleashed into the world.

Arygos was the first to notice the strange emanations. The monolithic temple in the southern quadrant of Ahn'Qiraj radiated a dim magic unlike anything they had sensed coming from the Qiraji. Try as they might, none were able to penetrate further into the temple to find the source of this energy. Only something of immense power could shield itself so completely. Perhaps... something controlling the insects. Something controlling even the Qiraji.

The dragons knew that they had to react quickly, lest the world suffer another epic catastrophe. After careful deliberation, it was decided that the best course of action would be to stop the host armies at or near their source.

A great barrier would be created, drawing from the essence of both the night elves and the dragonflight. A magical barrier that could contain the silithid and their overlords within the walls of Ahn'Qiraj and prevent future incursions. Ahn'Qiraj would itself become a prison.

The Warlord and the Monk

By

Unknown

Once, a marauding mogu warlord rose in power to threaten the Jade Forest.

“I will rebuild the mogu empire!” He proclaimed before the gates of the Temple of the Jade Serpent. “And your kind will again be made to serve.”

From the battlements, a single monk’s voice called down: “How many mogu do you bring to challenge us?”

“I have brought my army of one hundred mogu!” the warlord proudly challenged.

“But behind these walls we have five hundred,” spoke the monk with confidence.

The mogu army shuffled and began to question their leader. Doubt filled their hearts and the army ran away.

The Warlord was furious! He left the temple and sought out his mogu allies. After long arguments, threats, promises, and praises, the mogu again raised their army.

Before the gates of the Temple of the Jade Serpent the mogu warlord called out: “I bring six hundred mogu to challenge your pitiful five hundred defenders.”

From the battlements, a single monk voice called out: “Did we mention that for each of our monks, we have one full grown, mogu-eating serpent? They are ever so hungry.”

At this the mogu army broke apart again, doubting their resolve and running deep into the land.

Again the Warlord was furious! He tried again to rally his troops. It took many years but he returned, this time with a mighty legion of mogu and quilen and weapons pilfered from the tombs of their ancient emperors.

“Kneel, supplicants!” shouted the Warlord. “I bring one thousand mogu and five hundred quilen to your gates. I have weapons of magic and dark powers to call upon.”

From the battlements, a single monk voice responded: “And have you found our spy yet? He is ever so clever.”

At this the mogu legion turned on each other violently. Each always suspected someone else of being a traitor or a spy. Among the mogu there is no trust, only strength and force.

War waged before the temple as the mogu destroyed themselves, unleashing the full weight of their doubt, anger, fear, hatred, violence and despair.

When the smoke cleared, only the Warlord remained before the gates. He had slain many of his former allies, and was left with no friends to help him claim his throne.

From the temple a single pandaren monk stepped out, surveyed the battle scene, and began to sweep up the mess.

“Where is your army?” the Warlord demanded.

“You brought it with you,” said the monk with a smile. “My friend, if you must strike the first blow, you have already lost.”

The White Stag and the Moon

By

Unknown

Into the brave hearts of her pure children, the Earthmother placed the love of the hunt. For the creatures of the first dawn were savage and fierce. They hid from the Earthmother, finding solace in the shadows and the wild places of the land. The Shu'halo hunted these beasts wherever they could be found and tamed them with the Earthmother's blessing.

One great spirit eluded them, however. Apa'ro (known as Malorne to the night elves), was a proud stag of snow white fur. His antlers scraped the roof of the heavens and his mighty hooves stamped out the deep places of the world. The Shu'halo hunted Apa'ro to the corners of the dawning world - and closed in to snare the proud stag.

Seeking to escape, the great stag leapt into the sky. Yet, as his escape seemed assured, his mighty antlers tangled in the stars which held him fast. Though he kicked and struggled, Apa'ro could not loose himself from the heavens. It was then that Mu'sha found him as she chased her brother, An'she, towards the dawn. Mu'sha saw the mighty stag as he struggled and fell in love with him immediately.

The clever moon made a bargain with the great stag - she would set him free from the snare of the stars if he would love her and end her loneliness.

Mu'sha loved Apa'ro and conceived a child by him. The child, a demigod some would claim, was born in the shadowed forests of the night. He would be called Cenarius, and walk the starry path between the waking world and the kingdom of the heavens.

The World Tree and the Emerald Dream

By

Unknown

For many years, the night elves worked tirelessly to rebuild what they could of their ancient homeland. Leaving their broken temples and roads to be overgrown, they constructed their new homes amidst the verdant trees and shadowed hills at Hyjal's base. In time, the dragons that had survived the great Sundering came forth from their secret abodes.

Alexstrasza the red, Ysera the green, and Nozdormu the bronze descended upon the druids' tranquil glades and surveyed the fruits of the night elves' labors. Malfurion, who had become an arch-druid of immense power, greeted the mighty dragons and told them about the creation of the new Well of Eternity.

The great dragons were alarmed to hear the dark news and speculated that as long as the Well remained, the Legion might one day return and assault the world once again. Malfurion and the three dragons made a pact to keep the Well safe and ensure that the agents of the Burning Legion would never find their way back into the world.

Alexstrasza, the Lifebinder, placed a single, enchanted acorn within the heart of the Well of Eternity. The acorn, activated by the potent, magical waters, sprung to life as a colossal tree. The mighty tree's roots grew from the Well's waters, and its verdant canopy seemed to scrape the roof of the sky.

The immense tree would be an everlasting symbol of the night elves' bond with nature, and its life-giving energies would extend out to heal the rest of

the world over time. The night elves' gave their World Tree the new name Nordrassil, which meant "crown of the heavens" in their native tongue.

Nozdormu, the Timeless, placed an enchantment upon the World Tree to ensure that as long as the colossal tree stood, the night elves would never age or fall prey to sickness or disease.

Ysera, the Dreamer, also placed an enchantment upon the World Tree by linking it to her own realm, the ethereal dimension known as the Emerald Dream. The Emerald Dream, a vast, ever-changing spirit world, existed outside the boundaries of the physical world. From the Dream, Ysera regulated the ebb and flow of nature and the evolutionary path of the world itself.

The night elf druids, including Malfurion himself, were bound to the Dream through the World Tree. As part of the mystical pact, the druids agreed to sleep for centuries at a time so that their spirits could roam the infinite paths of Ysera's Dreamways. Though the druids were grieved at the prospect of losing so many years of their lives to hibernation, they selflessly agreed to uphold their bargain with Ysera.

The Worst Mage in Dalaran: A Children's Book

By

Unknown

“Once upon a time there lived a mage who could not cast fireball, polymorph or frostbolt. When he conjured water, it came out as mud. His attempts at arcane intellect made the subjects stupider. Without any doubt, his tutors agreed that their pupil, Bungledorf, was the worst mage in Dalaran.

Bungledorf had come to learn with great hopes. He guzzled mana potions before class, mistakenly believing they would increase his skill. But all they ever increased was the number of times he accidentally burped during the important invocations, often setting classmates robes ablaze or turning his teacher's beard into sheep's wool in the process.

At his first exam, Bungledorf was asked to cast frost armor correctly. The other students shifted in their seats fearfully as he began the incantation. A blue fog encompassed the young lad and for a moment it looked as though he had succeeded. But then he began to shiver and sneeze violently, and everyone finally realized: He had given himself frostbite.

One day Bungledorf was in the park, wondering whether he was cut out to be a mage. He saw some children playing nearby and remembered his dream of being a powerful spellcaster. “Yes,” he thought. “I can do it: I just need to try harder!” He looked for something to practice on and noticed an unusual tree before him. Summoning his courage, Bungledorf began casting a spell on it. He shut his eyes, afraid to see the result...

When he finally looked, the tree was replaced with a beautiful night elf. “It

worked!” He cried, “It’s transformed! I am a mage after all!

The Night Elf was confused for a moment and then smiled at him gently, “I am a druid, young one. We take other forms by our own will.

Bungledorf blushed and stepped away, only to trip over his robes and fall headfirst into the lawn. A chorus of giggles greeted him as he adjusted his long pointed cap and shuffled off toward the dormitory, his head hanging low.

The Night Elf Lingered, pondering the boy. When she turned to leave, she caught her foot in something, and nearly lost her balance. Surprised at the unfamiliar obstacle, she looked down to see a glistening crop of mageroyal. It’s petals slowly unfurling into full bloom, where moments ago there had been nothing. She wondered at this, and then realizing, turned back in the direction of Bungledorf had been walking, but the young mage was already gone.”

The Zandalar Agreement

By

Unknown

Hear now the edict of the Thunder King!

With my resurrection the Zandalari have repaid an ancient debt. Our fates are ever intertwined. As their empire falls, so ours shall rise again. They have pledged ships, soldiers, and beasts to our cause. Once we have reclaimed our lands, they will be granted generous holdings along the northern coast.

Our allies may be small, but do not dismiss their strength or skills with the arcane arts. They have experience fighting these “Horde” and “Alliance” invaders that will be of use to us.

United, the trolls and mogu will achieve untold power over the lesser creatures. We will build the world as it once was, and was always destined to be!

This is my Runeblade...

By

Lady Blaumeux

This is my Runeblade: There Are Many Like It But This One Is Mine

By Lady Blaumeux

Greetings, death knight. By now, Instructor Razuvius has likely begun teaching you the first lessons of what it means to be a death knight. Allow me to begin your instruction on what is perhaps the most guarded treasure in a death knight's possession; the runeblade.

Without your hand to guide it, your runeblade is but a hollow shell. Separate, you are both broken entities; weak and powerless. Should you ever find yourself without possession of a runeblade, know then that your only task should be the acquisition of another with all due haste.

As a death knight, it is through your runeblade that your will shall be imposed on all who dare resist the Lich King. For just as you, young death knight are the extension through which the Lich King imposes his will, so is your runeblade the instrument that has been granted the honor in delivering this authority. Of this authority, understand these principles:

- 1.) United, your runeblade becomes an extension of your very body. And your body belongs to the Lich King.
- 2.) As one, your runeblade becomes your will manifest in physical form. And your will is that of the Lich King.
- 3.) Together, your runeblade becomes the vein through which death itself is delivered to your soul. And your soul shall deliver the will of the Lich King.

Through the course of your training, you may find yourself compelled to focus upon some of the different disciplines of study available to our kind. On this matter I can only say this; all are worthy of study and to neglect some at the cost of others is a foolish pride that I have seen cost other, less capable death knights in battle their lives.

It is likely that some of you may soon find your runeblade to be a particularly potent object through which to channel your own fury. However, this is not enough. Do not be content to believe that your runeblade is simply a mere tool to focus one's meditation. No, it is far more than that. The most powerful of our kind have been able to command the power of their blade with but a simple extension of their will. Together they fight, of singular mind, body, and purpose to crush any foolish enough to stand in their way.

Others may find that their blade responds most eagerly when infused with the power of an icy chill. In this way, even the sharpest of runeblades will find themselves made even more potent. The same power that permeates our glorious citadel of Icecrown is yours to command, death knight. Should you choose to master this discipline, there shall be no escape for your enemies, as they find their actions slowed and made impossible by the cold.

Still others may find their true calling in mastering the power of their blades to bring about disease and plague in crushing our enemies. This too is a specialty unique to our kind and worthy of pursuit. The mightiest of defenses may seem impregnable at first, yet for every defense therein lies the weakness that it is covering. It is simply a matter of uncovering it. Never forget, death knight, that it was not an army, but a plague that brought about the destruction of Lordaeron.

Thulgork's Orders

By

Reglaak

This fortress is in a sorry state of disrepair. It will be hard to improve the Felbreaker's armor here until we get this place into shape. We need space in case of arcane mishaps and safe areas to store our materials. Make this happen quickly!

Reglaak

Thun'grim's Instructions

By

Thun'grim

<name>, below are the items needed to create your armor: Smokey iron ingots from the Windshear kobolds in the Windshear mine in the Stonetalon Mountains.

Powdered azurite from the Hillsbrad miners in Hillsbrad.

Iron bars from miners, or from iron deposits if you are a miner.

Vial of phlogiston, from a quilboar named Roogug in Razorfen Kraul.

Thunder King Insignia

By

Unknown

The symbol of a crown and crossed lightning bolts emblazon this jade emblem. It was a badge once worn by soldiers of the first Mogu emperor, Lei Shen.

This specimen was donated by the esteemed <class>, <name>.

Thurman's Letter

By

Thurman

Dearest Yvette,

I will entrust this letter to our fastest runner. I pray he can find a way through the forces surrounding us. And I pray you read these words, for they are the last you will hear of me.

My only comfort in these dark days is the relief I feel, knowing that you are free of my fate.

I fear my father made a grave error when he decided to remain and defend our home. The forces of the Scourge rage through Tirisfal Glades, and although we are well fortified and well stocked, after the betrayal of my brother Devlin we lack the strength and numbers to withstand their continued assault.

If you receive this letter, Yvette, then know that Devlin is a traitor.

Devlin despaired and sought an escape from our ill fortunes, and in doing so he made a pact with the Scourge. I do not know what price was promised him for his betrayal, but I'm sure it was laced with lies.

If you see my brother, then flee from him. He is a fiend. A few nights ago he murdered two of our watchmen and let a small group of Scourge through the breach, leading them to where many more of us slept.

Their ambush was brutal. They slew a third of us before we could take them down. Now, we barely have enough men to watch our borders. It is only a matter of time before our wearying guard drops and the Scourge attack.

And although I saw Devlin's face amidst the desperate men and gaunt-faced Scourge on that cursed night, he slipped away before I could catch him. He might be dead, or he might still live as an agent of the Scourge.

Either way, he is a monster.

Devlin warned us that if we tried to face the Scourge, then we were doomed. He told us this when they first entered Tirisfal Glades, well before they encircled our home. Perhaps he was pleading with us to leave, or perhaps he was gloating.

It was always hard to understand Devlin's motives. Since he was a child, he was a mystery to us.

But he was right. We are doomed. The Agamand family line will end. Although I still live, I know I will soon be dead.

I am not afraid, and I do not regret remaining with my family. But my last thoughts will be of you.

Live on, my beloved Yvette, and I will find peace,

-Thurman

Tiffany's Notebook

By

Tiffany

Crystal Shell:

This component was retrieved from the armor of a truesilver crab. Truesilver crabs are a very rare creature and have been known to show up in Northern Stranglethorn.

Crystal Core:

An adventurer gave one of these to me in exchange for services rendered. He said he collected it from the corpse of an elemental geode in Deepholm. I'd still love to visit that world someday.

Crystal Scale:

I was fortunate enough to have survived a battle with a nether whelp while mining ore in the Twilight Highlands. I cut a scale off the beast as a reward for my victory.

Crystal Heart:

Another rare find. A hunter I was traveling with through the Vale of Eternal Blossoms came back with a golden hare. It was the most exotic thing I had ever seen. After skinning and gutting it, we discovered that its heart was made of a deep yellow jewel.

Crystal Shard:

I purchased one of these from a traveling vendor. He had mentioned a land

called Highmountain where great beasts keep rock elementals as pets. Apparently this shard had come from the body of a fallen rock elemental.

Crystal Plume:

There are sacred, crystalline owls in the forest of Moonglade. Rarely do they shed their plumage, but when they do, if you're there at the right time you can gather one of their plumes before some other wilderness creature grabs it up.

Tiffin Ellerian Wrynn Memorial

By

Unknown

Tiffin Ellerian Wrynn

Queen of Stormwind

Fair and just, a wit as quick as her smile.

May the Light inherit your warmth, for our world grows cold in your absence.

Time-Worn Journal

By

Unknown

The Barnacle has been stranded in the thick mists for nine days now. The wind is dead, stagnant, almost frozen in place.

What follows are, presumably, the last words of myself, explorer J. M. Harrington, as I have been chosen to accompany a small group of sailors on a rowboat to scout out the mists.

I eagerly await the dragon-sized fish that will undoubtedly swallow our small vessel and save me from the horror of returning to a ship with only one place to relieve oneself.

Land! Glorious landfall! We have found a small, peculiar island that does not appear to exist on any known map of the area. The sailors were jubilant, and several of the younger men immediately set out in search of the gold and riches that would surely be awaiting them in a skull-covered chest. They have not been seen in several hours.

We begin exploration immediately. If we cannot find food, we will all perish in a matter of days. Though I have my trusty hunting rifle, I fear for my safety. I do not think that humans have set foot on this island in hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years.

I will do my duty as a proper explorer and document all that I see, in the hopes that someday these pages find their way into the hands of another ambitious adventurer with far more courage than sense.

The Windfeather Crane

We have stumbled across a glorious bird species capable of producing brilliant plumage, and highly protective of their nests.

The birds seem to have an affinity with the winds, and can smooth down their feathers, allowing them to strike rapidly at predators. The matriarchs of the species sing a soothing melody, calming the chicks when they are agitated. The males seem particularly fierce, and will ruffle their feathers to sweep a powerful gust of wind at attackers.

We have hunted the Windfeather for their meat in particular, which makes for a savory, if lean, meal. The feathers themselves seem to lighten the men's spirits, and I must wonder if they have magical properties. I have, on several occasions, seen rustling eggs amongst the nests. If I am able, I shall procure one to hatch on my own for further investigation.

The Ironfur Yak

A great beast that seems to move and think at a glacial pace, the thick coats of the Ironfur Yaks dwarf any ram hide seen in Alterac.

Powerful horns give the Ironfur a thrusting attack that can send a full-grown sailor off-balance, and more than once have I seen a man's leg trampled into the dirt as one of the larger bulls charged at us. We have taken to scattering immediately for the nearest tree just as soon as one of the great males begins to paw the ground.

The meat of the Ironfur contains more fat, and is more filling, than that of the Windfeather. With the fruit found abundantly in the trees nearby, we should be able to subsist for many days here, provided the denizens of the island do not kill us first.

I was awoken this morning to a most curious racket. One of the men had somehow found his way atop one of the powerful bulls. I am certain the Ironfur thought that its response - to tear madly across the island - was quite appropriate.

The Great Turtle

Larger and more sturdy than its cousins seen around the riverbeds of Southshore, the Great Turtle's shell is a whirl of intricate designs, should one ever get close enough to study.

When frightened, the turtle may lash out with a bite powerful enough to cut a cutlass in half. Should the creature pull its head into its shell, do not think it is to retreat. The men were quite caught off-guard when the shell began to spin madly, severing Ol' Jim's hand clean off. We dare not go near the elders off of the coast, which look brutish enough to swallow a man whole.

While the turtles have bequeathed us a spongy, if filling, meat, the men seem more keen on playing with the shells. When thrown, the shell will whirl through the air a distance longer than one would think, often catching one's napping companion off-guard. Several casualties have resulted.

On a separate note, sailor Wallace was sent back to the Barnacle this morning with a full supply of meats and fruits.

The Spineclaw Crab

We continue to search the island for clues and supplies, and happened upon an unusual species of crab today. Covered in hard, chitinous spines, I would venture to guess that some of these creatures are thousands of years old.

After a diet consisting of meats and fruits, our crew was eager to once again feast on crab legs. Perhaps sensing our intentions, one of the great beasts unleashed a flurry of razor-sharp claw strikes against a young sailor, impaling him dozens of times before he knew what had happened. Though the beast made an attempt to retreat deep into the waters, the men made sure that a good meal would not escape so easily.

Having lost my favorite hat in the storm that took our vessel some days ago, I have taken to wearing one of the brightly-colored crab shells as a makeshift helm. The men have commented on this on more than one occasion, thinking that I may be losing my mind.

Perhaps I am, or perhaps I am simply getting used to this place.

The Spotted Swarmer

By some great fortune, we seem to have found a village. As always, the explorer approaches with caution, lest he or she interfere with the local populace. Surrounding the village are several bright flowering bushes, abuzz with the soft chewing noises of small, spotted silkworms.

Upon approach, the worms will swarm their would-be victim, coating them with a vile toxin. Though small, they are not to be underestimated. My stores of anti-venom are nearly depleted after today.

Upon dissection, I have found that the creature's silk glands produce a silken cord far more powerful than even the strongest steel. With it, we have begun to fashion a raft of sorts, lashing the nearby tree stalks together with the sticky substance.

It has been nearly a week, and neither Wallace nor the rowboat has returned. The men fear for our ship, as do I.

Spirits of Old Pi'jiu

Today, we ventured even deeper into the old village of Pi'jiu. It did not surprise a seasoned adventurer such as myself that the spirits of the deceased villagers would haunt such a place. Somehow, it would have been even more strange to find the village deserted.

The spirits battle fiercely with martial techniques the likes of which we have never seen, spinning around in a lightning-fast array of kicks, conjuring mists to mend allies, and calling forth a powerful orb of unknown substance to strike at foes. Without the First Mate leading a properly-coordinated battle unit, we would have joined them in their eternal unrest.

I have found a bottle of a strange, ethereal brew in one of the huts. Upon closer inspection, there seems to be a spirit trapped inside. I will leave it closed for now - I have a feeling that it will be of use to me.

The Stalking Tiger

Chasms hem us in on either side, setting the men on edge. We have seen paw prints on the ground around some of the crane nests and today we followed them to a winding path skirted with odd red stones. Lounging in the shade of the few trees that dot the path, we found brutal cats the size of horses.

One of the men brushed up against a red stone, and with a wild look in his eyes charged into battle against a pack of the fierce beasts. With masterful agility he ducked the swipes of monstrous claws the size of his own head, emerging victorious atop a steaming pile of blood-soaked fur.

The luxurious hide and plentiful meat of these primal beasts will sell for much coin back home. Perhaps on some hidden cove of this strange island, a ship awaits us. It is a thought I must entertain if I am to keep my sanity.

The Mighty Cliffdwellers

They can be heard from miles away, and have on more than one occasion woken me up from a sound sleep with the distant rumbling of falling stones. The enormous cliffdwellers, creatures emerged from the very stones we walk upon, pace the run endlessly.

Why they are here, I do not know. Perhaps over the course of many years, stone becomes bored, and uproots itself in search of adventure, or simply a change in scenery.

I do know that even a single footfall can crush a man flat, and more than one man has perished in this fashion. The gem-encrusted hides of the strange creatures glitter in the sun with thousands of untold gems and riches. A fool's errand.

The Gulp Frog

Today we discovered a small hollow on the eastern shore filled with strange and colorful amphibians. The bloated corpses of many great beasts indicated that, like everything on this island, these creatures were far more than they appeared.

The skin of the frogs is coated with a viscous, toxic substance. Preliminary

pokes at one of the smaller specimens resulted in the rapid deterioration of my poking stick.

I procured one of the lily pads that dot the area. Upon inspection, these particular plant species seem to have developed a thick waxy coating in order to protect themselves from the frog toxin. An interesting symbiotic relationship, I shall save one for further study at a later date.

We found little else, and still no means of leaving this island. Personally, I am getting quite used to the tropical atmosphere, and find myself plagued with strange thoughts of staying behind. Perhaps forever.

The Death Adder

One minute Short John was there, and the next he was not. The great serpent slithered back into the dark flora with its meal, and we gave chase.

The great fangs of the beast tore through iron shields and swallowed sharpened battle-axes whole, without a second thought or hint of indigestion.

Surprisingly, when the beast had been thoroughly carved by blade and mace, Short John emerged from the distended stomach, nearly unharmed and chewing on a roasted yak leg he had found inside of the snake.

Now, the question is, who roasted the yak? Surely not the snake... ?

The Jademist Dancer

We have completed our tour of the western shores of the island, finding a misty strand at the pinnacle of our exploration to the northern banks.

Small shapes flitted in and out of the mist, which scalded our exposed skin even at a distance, and we dared not approach further.

Squinting into the ever-surging mists, I believe I caught a glimpse at a small cairn of stones. Something about the stones intrigues me greatly. I shall have to return to investigate further.

A Strange Cavern - The Foreboding Flame

We have stumbled upon a strange cavern lit by an eerie blue light, not unlike the Singing Bogs in the children's tales. Just like in the stories, the lights called to my companions and myself, and we delved deep into the cavern.

We were surrounded when the lights took on a menacing illumination, and our skin began to burn with unearthly fire. We screamed, and we ran until we could run no more.

Bonfires, lit by the same blue light, dotted the damp caves, but gave off no warmth. Simply being near them eased our pain, and we fought back the blazing lights.

We told these tales to frighten children away from the dangerous wetlands. Perhaps we should have listened ourselves.

There are only six of us, now.

A Strange Cavern - The Damp Shambler

There was only one way to go - forward. We made our way into the deepest grottos of the dank cavern, followed by the whispers of the spirits of our dead. They would find no rest in this place.

We were greatly surprised when the moss and lichen lining the wall detached itself and began shambling towards us. A choking gas billowed from its many fungal blossoms. The vines and ferns making up its hide regrew rapidly wherever it was struck.

Backed into a corner, we did the only thing we could. When the moss chose its victim, we escaped.

The echoes of his cries will haunt me until the end of my days.

The Ordon - Candlekeeper

When we returned to our camp near the old village, we found it ransacked, and many of our supplies burned on a great pyre. This was no mere animal - something wanted us off of this island.

In the night, they came. Heralded by the blast of a deep battle-horn, great bull-men wielding blazing arms dragged three of our men screaming into the darkness.

With a great breath, one bull-man breathed out a gout of flame that set half of the camp on fire, scattering us into the jungle and covering their escape.

To my great surprise, the spirits of the village awaited us when we returned to the camp. They did not speak, but pointed towards a distant stone arch and nodded. Perhaps it is their intent to aid us?

The Ordon - Fire-Watcher

A great battle, perhaps the greatest I have ever experienced, took place around me as I hid inside one of the crates of the great bull-men. My rifle did little to slow their charge, though the spirits around us fought fiercely, a silent tide of death in the darkness.

The Ordon were not without magical prowess, conjuring great balls of fire that rained down upon those nearby, blackening the ground around them. One such wizard caught one of our men full in the chest with a massive boulder of fire, blasting his torso clear apart from the remainder of his limbs.

In the commotion, I have procured some of the carved symbols and robes of the wizened of the bull-men. With some work, I may be able to fashion a costume of sorts, and perhaps ward others away from my location.

The Ordon - Oathguard

I breathed a sigh of relief as the great warriors of the bull-men let me pass in my makeshift garb. I proceeded further up the mountain, catching a glimpse of a ruined temple in the distance. Perhaps here I will find my eternal salvation.

The great brutish warriors were quite intelligent in combat, when I reflect back upon the battle. When attacked, they would raise heavy shields, deflecting nearly all blows and allowing their brethren to flank foes. When attention was turned to their allies, they would chant a deep, guttural melody,

surrounding their allies with a mystical sheathe.

Their cooperation is a bitter reminder of my solitude. I am alone now, save for my thoughts and this journal.

The Ordon - Burning Berserker

I can do little but hide in this ruined tower and watch the world pass around me.

I see more of the bull-men, wielding blazing daggers, gathering herbs and foliage from the rolling hills. I can only surmise that the rapidly-growing underbrush serves to keep their eternal braziers alight.

When pounced upon by one of the great cats, a vicious battle erupted. I questioned which of the two - blazing bull-man or primal tiger - was more animal. The bull-man whirled around, carving deep gashes into the beast, before alighting both daggers on fire and plunging them deep into the creature's neck.

I am so very hungry. I will not last long if I do not keep moving - but to where?

The Ashleaf Sprites

My salvation came in the dead of night, as a screaming fireball flew overhead.

The woodland creatures that make the trees their home appear to be foes of the great flying serpents and bull-men of the area. As the blast of hot magma arced towards one of the trees, the little wood men formed a shield of leaves, deflecting the fire and warding off the would-be attacker.

The impact of the blazing ball shook several large nuts to the ground. While the little wood men warded their tree against another assault, I snuck in and procured a few of the gourds, as well as some of the leafy berries off of one of the wood men that did not survive.

The nuts were filling and berries heavy with a rejuvenating syrup. I feel

nearly strong enough to leave this place now.

The Crimonscale Firestorm

The strange, and beautiful, serpents seemed to be playing a game with the little wood men. They would circle for hours, then assault one of the wood men's trees with a burst of fire. The wood men seemed adept at shielding their homes, and the great serpents did not seem to be interested in destroying the men themselves.

It reminded me of my cat, Simon, whom I had left in the care of a friend. Thinking of Simon reminded me that I did not know how long I had been stranded here. Was it days, weeks, years? And what had happened to the Barnacle? I was broken out of my reverie by a violent battle between two of the great serpents. Breath of fire cut swathes of light through the dark night sky, temporarily blinding me. Pools of blazing magma erupted across the ground. It must have been a territorial dispute, because the victorious serpent seemed uninterested in the charred corpse of his adversary.

Clutched in the burned hands I found a most curious egg.

The Ordon - Molten Guardian

Great golems made of stone and fire bar my way further up the mountain. Do I dare try to pass them as I passed the bull-men before? My costume has gotten better, with twigs and brush propping up the shoulders, giving me the silhouette of a true bull-man. I daresay I could walk right in. What is the harm in trying? I clutched the egg to my chest protectively as I passed by the guardian. The blazing heat radiated off of it in waves, searing my flesh. Where was I going? I did not know. Up, I suppose.

I found a smoldering kiln that may be used to create the golems. A burned-out husk lay nearby, along with a stone that appeared to blaze without ceasing. Perhaps the stone was used to imbue the creature with life? But where did such stones come from? At that moment I was grabbed from behind, and the world went black.

The Ordon - Blazebound Chanter

These bull-men, more well-dressed than their brethren and with weaponry carved with intricate runes, carried me to the great pyre at the center of their temple.

I can only assume one of their religious order presided over the initial searing of my flesh. They spoke in an unknown language as they carved into my skin with white-hot daggers. A rain of burning meteors fell around us, obscuring the temple from outsiders while the bull-men performed their tortuous rituals.

When they had finished, the chanter spoke a word of power and called forth a monster of magma and stone.

I could only surmise that my soul would be formed into one of the burning stones, and used to power a lifeless automaton for all time.

The Ordon - Eternal Kilnmaster

The muscular guard thrust his polearm into the ground, conjuring forth an eruption of flames that spread into my obsidian cell. I ceased my wails for a short time.

I did not know what they planned to do to me, but I did know that my journey had come to an end. Despite myself, my curiosity firmly took hold, and I continued to watch them in earnest.

I noticed that then these hulking bull-men came close to their campfire, a cauldron of flames, they seemed empowered by the fire. But I could not think of a way to use this to my advantage, and crumpled into a heap in the corner of my cell to await my fate.

The Ordon - High Priest

I was brought to the center of the bull-men's great temple once again. Before me stood an imposing figure, a bull-man that radiated such power that I nearly had to close my eyes, lest I be blinded. His hands were charred black, and fur similarly burned in places.

I was led to a great cauldron. In their guttural speech, the word "Ordos" rang

out several times with obvious reverence. In the distance, a great figure approached, his mane an ever-burning inferno, his eyes weeping tears of molten magma. A spear in the back pushed me ever closer to the cauldron in front of me.

In desperation, I flung the serpent egg into the cauldron. It was my last, and only, resort. The egg burst open, and a small serpent emerged, shook itself, and rapidly began to ascend.

I leapt, grabbing the tail of the creature as it flew high into the sky. But I could not hold on for long, and soon I found myself plunging into the cold, dark waters far below.

Inside the Great Evermaw

As the icy waves closed around me, I found myself swept up in a powerful current and deposited into a rank hollow.

My surroundings became lit for but a moment as the cavern behind me opened to allow a fresh rush of sea water, and it was then that I realized that I had been swallowed by a great fish.

Before the maw closed again, I took note of my surroundings. The smooth, muscled walls stretched far back into the distance. Deposits of flotsam and jetsam had become lodged in various locations - from the wreckage of ships small and large to the picked-over bones of strange undersea creatures.

Far back in the cavern, I saw a faint light. For some reason, it reminded me of the soothing whispers I had heard on the misty northwestern shore. And thus I found the lantern - a dull, rusted thing, but somehow comforting.

And so here I sit, writing an end to my tale that none will hear.

Final Entry

It has found me! No, no no, I have found it! Yes! It was meant to be, this is where I was always meant to be, a portal to the future, to my future.

The lantern illuminates my scrawling, it helps me find the way. Vazuvius

calls.

And so I will answer. I will light the lantern and plunge my head into the stagnant waters, and breathe deep the salty air of my brethren.

AND I WILL JOIN THE DREAD CREW IN ETERNAL PLUNDER.

Tinkee's Letter

By

Tinkee

Hi Felnok!

My studies in the Burning Steppes are proceeding splendidly. And I owe <name> a lot for all <his/her> help! Here's what I need to continue: A steelcoil bumper-bitzel

A 17-gauge ice-spanner 12 pounds of duck feathers

A jar of that glue you make

Thanks a lot Felnok, and when we see each other again remind me not to put coal in your boots!

-Tinkee

To King Anduin Wrynn of the Alliance

By

Highlord Tirion Fordring

Majesty,

O' merciful king, may the Light stay your hand and steady your heart. Hold your judgment upon this fallen champion - if only for a moment - and hear my words.

The bearer of this letter is a former hero of the Alliance. Though <he/she> carries with <him/her> the stench of death and the look of the Scourge, <he/she> has the soul of a champion. A soul that has only recently been reunited with the body.

<name> represents a new, united front against the Lich King known as the Knights of the Ebon Blade. Yes, majesty, death knights turned against their former master. They are led by the son of Lord Alexandros Mograine - the Ashbringer. They seek what we seek, what we all seek: the end of the Scourge.

I ask not that you accept <name> and the Knights of the Ebon Blade into the Alliance, but only that you show tolerance.

Remember, sire, by blood and honor we all serve.

Respectfully,

Highlord Tirion Fordring

To Saurfang of the Horde

By

Highlord Tirion Fordring

Saurfang,

Mighty Saurfang, may the Light stay your hand and steady your heart. Hold your judgment upon this fallen champion - if only for a moment - and hear my words.

The bearer of this letter is a former hero of the Horde. Though <he/she> carries with <him/her> the stench of death and the look of the Scourge, <he/she> has the soul of a champion. A soul that has only recently been reunited with the body.

<name> represents a new, united front against the Lich King known as the Knights of the Ebon Blade. Yes, Saurfang, death knights turned against their former master. They are led by the son of Lord Alexandros Mograine - the Ashbringer. They seek what we seek, what we all seek: the end of the Scourge.

I ask not that you accept <name> and the Knights of the Ebon Blade into the Horde, but only that you show tolerance.

Remember, Saurfang, by blood and honor we all serve.

Respectfully,

Highlord Tirion Fordring

P.S. Give Eitrigg my regards and please inform him that I could use a good orc by my side in Northrend - with your permission, of course.

Together, We Are Strong

By

Unknown

The strength of the mogu empire was not in numbers, but in fear. Using fear they controlled vast cities of slaves and maintained a chokehold over the old empire.

While it was the pandaren who first rebelled against the mogu, they were not the only ones to do so. The hozen soon lent their ferocity, the jinyu their wisdom, and the grummles acted as messengers for the rebels while simultaneously stopping delivery of food and news to their mogu slavemasters.

Imperial armies starved, messages of vital importance were no longer delivered, and the entire foundation of the empire cracked. The mogu knew nothing of growing their own food or distributing resources to their troops. Entire armies sat in their barracks oblivious to the rebellion taking place until it was too late.

In essence, the very strength of the empire was turned against itself. The races of Pandaria were united in a single purpose, and discovered that they were strong.

Tome of Blighted Implements

By

Mile Raitheborne

Tome of Blighted Implements

As recorded by Mile Raitheborne, Head Researcher of the Council of Six.

Ulthalesh, the Deadwind Harvester

Those who care for their souls would be wise not to trifle with this cursed scythe. Few among the living know its origins, but its powers are well known to the dead.

Ulthalesh gorges on the souls of its victims, gaining strength with each massacre. During the War of the Ancients, Sargeras gifted one of his favored necrolytes with this infernal blade. At the time, it was known only as Ulthalesh; it wouldn't earn its grim epithet until later, after Deadwind Pass was turned into a charnel house, its inhabitants obliterated, the land itself bereft of all life.

Since then, Ulthalesh has grown even more powerful.

Ulthalesh, the Deadwind Harvester, Part One

Before his fall from the titan Pantheon, Sargeras defended creation from demons, imprisoning untold numbers of them in Mardum, the Plane of Banishment. Over the millennia, these demons were not idle. The dreadlord Ulthalesh ruled the pocket dimension with an iron fist, plotting for the day when he would exact vengeance.

When Sargeras shattered Mardum to recruit forces for the Burning Legion, he

offered his former prisoners an ultimatum: join him or be cast into oblivion. Most of the demons accepted, but scores refused, rallying around Ulthalesh. In answer to the challenge, Sargeras forged a great felsteel scythe from the fires of Mardum's destruction, and he used it to harvest the souls of the recalcitrant demons, confining them in a new prison. Ulthalesh, strongest of will, was the last to be devoured.

Ulthalesh, the Deadwind Harvester, Part Two

Sargeras named the scythe Ulthalesh, after the dreadlord who had risen up against him. Ulthalesh's spirit gave the weapon unfathomable strength, but with that strength came a curse, for those who bore Ulthalesh were inevitably consumed by it. The scythe would obey its masters' commands until they were mortally wounded; then Ulthalesh would feast on their souls. Over the centuries, Sargeras bestowed the blade upon cunning nathrezim, ferocious doomlords, and even potent demigods, only to see their spirits devoured by Ulthalesh after they fell. The scythe grew stronger with each master it absorbed, and it became difficult for Sargeras to find servants who could control the weapon.

Over the wailing of souls trapped within the scythe, the Dark Titan could hear Ulthalesh's grim laughter.

Ulthalesh, the Deadwind Harvester, Part Three

During the War of the Ancients, the peoples of Azeroth rebelled against the Burning Legion's invasion, and Sargeras sought to break their will with Ulthalesh. But first, he had to find a servant who was powerful enough to wield it.

His thoughts turned to the eredar Sataiel. She was the first necrolyte with the strength to command the spirits of the living and the dead with fel magic, a feat that rivaled even Kil'jaeden's necromantic abilities. She was also notoriously ambitious, and fearless to the point of arrogance. Ulthalesh's baleful reputation did not sway her. When Sargeras gifted her with the weapon, she accepted it eagerly.

"I shall be its final master," Sataiel said.

Ulthalesh, the Deadwind Harvester,Part Four

Millennia ago, Sargeras gave Ulthalesh to Sataiel and commanded her to reap the souls of Azeroth's rebellious denizens, starting with the area that would later be known as Deadwind Pass. No one knows what the land was called before the coming of Sataiel. Most would rather not think of it at all. It is the burial site of countless trolls who were methodically slain, their spirits consumed by Ulthalesh, fueling its power to murder more. The scythe would feed and feed until all of the inhabitants were dead.

But Sataiel knew this was just the beginning, a promising start that only hinted at what Ulthalesh was capable of. Sargeras had dispatched her to break the will of Azeroth's denizens. It was not enough simply to kill them; bodies could be buried and forgotten. She decided to strike at the very heart of the land so that no new life could take up residence. With Ulthalesh, she would see that Deadwind Pass stood as a monument to the Legion's wrath.

Ulthalesh, the Deadwind Harvester,Part Five

Ulthalesh has had many masters, but Sataiel was the first to discover the scythe's true potential.

After she used Ulthalesh to consume the souls of all living creatures in Deadwind Pass, she turned the blade on the land itself, draining it of life. The trees were reduced to withered husks. The marshes became a desiccated waste. The sky turned a sepulchral gray, the sun covered in a burial shroud. Sataiel relished the despair of the scythe's new prisoners as they unwittingly assisted in the annihilation of their home. The destruction was absolute. Even Azeroth's slumbering world-soul quailed.

Sataiel was impressed with her handiwork. So was Ulthalesh.

Ulthalesh, the Deadwind Harvester,Part Six

From the journal of Sataiel, recovered from the ruins of Deadwind Pass:

"I surveyed the ruination I had wrought with great Ulthalesh, and it was glorious. The land was a mausoleum. Everywhere was blight, decay,

destruction-except for one area. The explosive force from our ritual had carved a massive crater into the ground, and it roiled with unnatural energies, forming a magical nexus. I knew in my bones that I had birthed a fount of power more potent than the scythe itself.

“I must inform Sargeras. But something gives me pause, something I cannot dismiss.

“What claim does Sargeras have to this power? Who else but I could have wielded the scythe to the fullness of its potential? No one. Ulthalesh knows this. He urges me not to surrender our progeny.

“With such strength at our command, he says we may one day challenge Sargeras.”

Ulthalesh, the Deadwind Harvester,Part Seven

Like all who presume to wield this pernicious blade, Sataiel was ambitious, strong willed, and supremely confident. She had come to Azeroth to prove herself to Sargeras, but when she saw the heights of power she could reach with Ulthalesh, she wondered whether she'd set her sights too low. She had massacred thousands, turned the land into a tomb, and ripped open a magical nexus of unspeakable force. Her destiny was bright, and she needed no one's patronage to achieve it.

Ulthalesh whispered to Sataiel from the scythe, infecting her mind. She decided to keep the magical nexus for herself, and she cast potent wards to hide it from the outside world. Then she cut off all contact with the Legion, biding her time until she and Ulthalesh had the strength to challenge the Dark Titan.

Ulthalesh, the Deadwind Harvester,Part Eight

For centuries, the necrolyte Sataiel guarded Ulthalesh and hoarded the magical nexus they had created. When Sargeras discovered her deception, he was furious. The fount of power was his by right, and Sataiel was keeping it from him. Not only that, but his spies informed him that she was harboring delusions of grandeur, conspiring with the spirit of Ulthalesh to slay Sargeras.

Such arrogance could not go unpunished. The upstart eredar had to be eliminated.

Sargeras found his champion in Scavell, the Guardian of Tirisfal. He sent the Guardian visions of a dangerous entity lurking in Deadwind Pass, a demon awaiting the return of the Burning Legion. Scavell boldly took up the charge, hunting down Sataiel and, after an epic battle, slaying her with her own weapon. Her soul was cast screaming into the scythe.

As the Guardian examined the blade, he was filled with dread. Rarely had he seen so mighty an instrument of death, and though he had slain its bearer, he wondered whether the real threat remained unchecked. He decided to hide Ulthalesh where no one would find it.

Ulthalesh, the Deadwind Harvester,Part Nine

Empowered by Sataiel's spirit, the scythe had grown immeasurably stronger. There seemed to be no limit to how powerful it could become. Sargeras knew of Ulthalesh's scheming, of his promises to Sataiel that they could one day rival the Dark Titan. Although he dismissed this as mere bravado, he refused to give Ulthalesh the opportunity to make good on his threat.

Centuries after Scavell hid Ulthalesh, Sargeras twisted the Guardian Medivh's mind so he would assist him in regaining control of the scythe. The Guardian became obsessed with this task, and he dispatched the cursed Dark Riders to search for the blade and bring it back to the tower of Karazhan, which had been built on top of the magical nexus in Deadwind Pass—the nexus that Sataiel and Ulthalesh had created. Sargeras was pleased. It was only a matter of time before the Dark Riders would find the weapon, making a mockery of Ulthalesh's ambitions.

Ulthalesh, the Deadwind Harvester,Part Ten

So powerful was Medivh's charge that the Dark Riders continued their quest for Ulthalesh even after the Guardian's death. Eventually, their leader, Ariden, was drawn to the scythe when he sensed the keening of the trapped souls within, and he brought it to the catacombs beneath Karazhan.

Ariden lacked the willpower and ingenuity of Sataiel, and his stewardship of Ulthalesh did not last long. There are conflicting reports about how he met his end. Some say he succumbed to the scythe's curse after he was defeated in battle, but others tell a different story. By all accounts, however, Ulthalesh went missing soon after Ariden's death. Its current whereabouts are unknown. Legend holds that only an individual of exceptional skill and fortitude can control it now.

Ulthalesh, the Deadwind Harvester, Part Eleven

The following is an excerpt from A Hypothetical Examination of the Legion's Weaknesses, author unknown. It has been deemed apocryphal by the Archival Authority of Argus and is currently banned in all Legion-controlled worlds.

"There are few things in creation that Sargeras fears. The Deadwind Harvester, Ulthalesh, is one of them. The necrolyte Sataiel regrets that she did not attempt to slay the fallen titan with it when she had the chance, so she will test whoever dares to wield the weapon in her stead. Ulthalesh does not mind. The scythe's master will either overcome Sataiel or be consumed, which will only make the blade more powerful. And then another bearer will take their place. And another.

"Ulthalesh has been playing this game with Sargeras for millennia. He knows the meaning of patience."

The Skull of the Man'ari

Behold the skull of Thal'kiel the Denied, once a great leader of the eredar. He gazed into the depths of the Great Dark Beyond and embraced that which gazed back. He saw worlds consumed by fel fire, dark creatures of the Twisting Nether overrunning mortal civilizations, the conquest of creation. Now all that remains of him is this skull, which lends the bearer his power to command demons.

Like most skulls, Thal'kiel's comes with a cautionary tale. Never mind that it's been heeded by none.

The Skull of the Man'ari, Part One

Before the coming of Sargeras to Argus, the eredar Thal'kiel ushered in a golden age for his people. Thal'kiel was a sorcerer of unparalleled talent, and he and his Wakeners pushed the limits of summoning and binding magics, conjuring the arcane entities that helped build the capital's wondrous architecture. Thal'kiel also devised the machines that focused the world's latent arcane energy, suffusing Argus with peace, harmony, and vitality. All were in awe of his abilities, including his young apprentice, Archimonde.

There were rumors that Archimonde coveted Thal'kiel's power and influence, but the eredar leader dismissed these as pure fabrication, for his apprentice had shown him nothing but devotion. Archimonde had even gone to great lengths to commission a custom-made crown for Thal'kiel, taking the measurements for his head himself.

The Skull of the Man'ari, Part Two

Thal'kiel led an order of eredar magi called the Wakeners, specialists in the arts of conjuration and binding. They were renowned for their clever arcane constructs, exploring new frontiers in summoning. Yet Thal'kiel was never one to rest on his laurels. He thirsted for more. Seeking to elevate his order to levels undreamed of, he searched uncharted terrain, venturing farther than any eredar had dared before. His spells plumbed the vastness of the Great Dark Beyond, petitioning for a deeper well of power.

One day, he received an answer.

The Skull of the Man'ari, Part Three

Thal'kiel was brilliant, but he was not wise. A dark presence whispered to him, and the eredar's mind was consumed with visions of power beyond his wildest imaginings, of ranks upon ranks of deadly servants eager to obey his every whim. These demonic forces made Thal'kiel's arcane constructs look like a child's playthings. Afterward, he would despise the arcane, his passion reserved only for fel magic.

Thal'kiel's mysterious benefactor bestowed upon him the ability to summon

lesser demons, and the eredar immediately spread the knowledge to his Wakeners. Imps and felhounds, infernals and abyssals, all executed the commands of Thal'kiel and his sorcerers. Convinced that this was the start of a new era, Thal'kiel feverishly prepared to present his wondrous pets to the rulers of Argus, Velen and Kil'jaeden.

Brilliant. Not wise.

The Skull of the Man'ari, Part Four

In the presence of Velen, Kil'jaeden, and the eredar rulers' inner circle, the sorcerer Thal'kiel demonstrated what his fel darlings could do. First, he summoned scores of his familiar arcane constructs and arrayed them in orderly rows. Then the sky went dark, and the clouds roiled as a storm of meteors crashed down. From the craters emerged an army of infernals—which Thal'kiel unleashed on the constructs. It was a symbolic display of the new era he saw for his people. He watched rapturously as the demons obliterated the unfortunate arcane entities, smashing and burning them until only smoke and embers remained. Such was the demons' fury that even the nearby columns and statues were reduced to rubble and ash. An acceptable sacrifice on the altar of progress, as far as Thal'kiel was concerned.

But when he looked upon his colleagues' faces, he didn't see the approval he expected. Kil'jaeden's expression was remote, inscrutable, but there could be no doubt about how Velen felt. He condemned Thal'kiel's new summonings and ordered him never to conjure them again.

The Skull of the Man'ari, Part Five

The following is from an account of Thal'kiel's last days, written by an anonymous Waker. It was recovered from Archimonde's private archive.

“After Master Thal'kiel's disastrous demonstration, Velen forbade him from conjuring demons, denouncing his ‘new era’ as a failed experiment. Thal'kiel withdrew to his chambers for weeks. He neither ate nor slept. His only companions were the demonic minions he would summon and then banish in rage, or so we guessed—all we could hear were the shrieks of imps as they were thrust back and forth between this realm and the Twisting Nether. We

also sensed the presence of other, larger entities with him, shadowy apparitions of baleful influence, though his servants swore that no one had entered his sanctum.

“When finally Thal’kiel emerged, he was changed. He had aged by centuries, alone in the dark with his thoughts and his thralls. His back was twisted and stooped, and there was an odd glimmer in his eye. He summoned his Wakeners, and we answered the call, for we loved him like a father.

“He looked at each of us in turn, and said only, ‘The new era begins.’”

The Skull of the Man’ari, Part Six

Thal’kiel commanded his Wakeners to continue their experiments in summoning fel creatures. In secret, he and his sorcerers conjured demons of increasingly dire aspect, and they cast powerful spells to hide their minions in covert training grounds. Shielded from the eyes of Velen and Kil’jaeden, Thal’kiel slowly amassed a great demonic army with one purpose: to install him as dictator of Argus.

The Wakeners were united behind Thal’kiel, save one—his apprentice, Archimonde. Although he had no aversion to demons—in fact, he rather enjoyed them—Archimonde was driven by ambition, and he was eager to prove himself to Velen and Kil’jaeden. The night before the Wakeners were to stage their coup, Archimonde revealed Thal’kiel’s plans to the rulers of the eredar.

“You shall have his head for this,” Archimonde said.

The Skull of the Man’ari, Part Seven

Velen and Kil’jaeden were stunned to learn of Thal’kiel’s treachery. He had summoned legions of fel beasts to build his personal empire, plotting to assassinate the eredar rulers. He had tapped into a strange new source of power whose limits were unknown, and he needed to be stopped, swiftly and without mercy. To prove his loyalty to Velen and Kil’jaeden, Archimonde broke the wards that hid where Thal’kiel’s demonic army was marshaled, and he led a contingent of magi in storming the secret training grounds.

The battle did not last long. Caught off guard, the Wakeners were easily defeated by the invading magi, and without commanders to direct them, the demons were slaughtered. Archimonde himself confronted his master as he was summoning reinforcements. With a single stroke of his blade, he decapitated Thal'kiel.

The Skull of the Man'ari, Part Eight

From chapter one of A Treatise on Eredar Phrenology:

“The science of phrenology—the study of skull shape as a means to determine intellectual aptitude—became popular in Argus around the time of the Second Duumvirate. Its proponents believed that an eredar's mental faculties, such as willpower, memory, and perception, could be attributed to the shape and size of various protuberances on that individual's skull. Some theorized that if an eredar's skull was sufficiently well-proportioned for spellcasting, it could be utilized to channel magical energies even after death. This practice was deemed too barbaric to be put into common use, though it was not unheard of.

“Among the most prominent phrenologists during this period were Thal'kiel and Archimonde. Thal'kiel in particular was noted for having the archetypal sorcerer's skull, for which he was widely admired.”

The Skull of the Man'ari, Part Nine

After they crushed Thal'kiel's rebellion, the eredar rulers' magi burned the Wakeners' bodies so their fel taint would not spread, and they destroyed the rebels' writings to suppress the knowledge of their foul arts. Archimonde oversaw the effort, and when it was done, he was hailed as a hero.

Soon afterward, Archimonde commissioned one of Argus's finest jewelers to gild Thal'kiel's skull. He claimed that he was preparing it for viewing—as a grim warning not to follow Thal'kiel's path. In truth, he had it adorned with metals that would enhance its ability to channel magical energy, the perfect decoration for the perfect sorcerer's skull, which Archimonde proudly displayed in his domicile.

The Skull of the Man'ari, Part Ten

Archimonde eventually rose to lead the eredar alongside Velen and Kil'jaeden, and by all accounts, he was a wise and sagacious ruler. In actuality, however, a demonic presence had been slowly infiltrating Archimonde's mind, using Thal'kiel's skull as a conduit for its pernicious influence. While Archimonde slept, he saw visions of civilizations consumed in magnificent fel fire, and a dark god standing at the head of a glorious army. The entity whispered promises of strength that were impossible for mere mortals to comprehend, and Archimonde drank them in, eager to learn more of this mysterious being and his invincible legions.

Thus when the Dark Titan, Sargeras, finally came to Argus and offered the eredar a place in his kingdom, Archimonde was the first to accept.

The Skull of the Man'ari, Part Eleven

After Archimonde became one of the Burning Legion's generals, he put Thal'kiel's skull to good use. In life, Thal'kiel had been unmatched in his ability to control demonic minions, and his skull was no less adept. World after world fell before Archimonde as he channeled his commands through the skull, compelling multitudes of demons to obey, his forces obliterating opponents with the grace and precision of an expertly choreographed ballet.

Since then, possession of Thal'kiel's skull has passed between a handful of Sargeras's elite generals, with preference given to those who lead invasions of the fallen titan's most sought-after worlds. The dreadlord Mephistroth, commander of the Legion's vanguard in Azeroth, was the last to be seen with it.

The Scepter of Sargeras

Mortal hands were not meant to hold this staff. It was forged on the orders of Sargeras after his defeat in the War of the Ancients, intended as a means to conquer Azeroth once and for all. This scepter rips open the fabric of reality, obliterating the barriers between worlds, destroying everything that stands between you and your goal.

If you're lucky, that's all the damage it will do.

The Scepter of Sargeras, Part One

During the War of the Ancients, the night elf queen Azshara and her Highborne sorcerers attempted to open a portal that would allow Sargeras into Azeroth. The challenge was unprecedented; never before had anyone built a gateway that was strong enough for a titan. For weeks the Highborne labored without rest, crafting and weaving spells to devise a passage through the night elves' colossal fount of power, the Well of Eternity.

But just as Sargeras was about to emerge into the world, the night elf resistance disrupted the Highborne's spellwork and demolished the Well of Eternity. Sargeras was cast back into the Twisting Nether, his ambition denied, his greatest chance to conquer Azeroth slipping from his grasp. The Dark Titan swore revenge.

He would tear down the walls between himself and his prize.

The Scepter of Sargeras, Part Two

After his defeat at the Well of Eternity, Sargeras immediately planned his next method of infiltrating Azeroth. He knew he couldn't rely on a static portal; to serve a titan, such a gateway required an astronomical amount of power, and the most promising source had been destroyed in his last attempt. Moreover, the Highborne's laborious preparation and spellwork had given away his intentions, which had allowed the night elf resistance to thwart him. If he wanted to overcome Azeroth's defenders, Sargeras needed to enter the world with minimal warning.

Thus he commanded the eredar to forge a tool that would wrench open rifts between worlds for only a short time, just long enough to let a portion of his soul through. Although that meant he couldn't enter Azeroth in his most devastating form, such an instrument would clear a path for his avatar to lead the Legion's invasion or carry out subtler schemes.

Such an instrument would also weaken the integrity of the physical universe and threaten to collapse it, but Sargeras considered those to be only side

benefits.

The Scepter of Sargeras, Part Three

Millennia ago, Sargeras ordered his most talented eredar sorcerers to construct him a cosmic battering ram. They did not disappoint.

First, scores of magi conducted dark rituals to channel countless portals into a single staff. They then projected the empowered artifact into every corner of the Great Dark Beyond, weaving it into the fabric of reality, creating a thread that could be pulled to unravel the seams of the physical universe at will. To fuel this monstrous undertaking, a hundred warlocks sacrificed a hundred demons, selecting them from among the Legion troops that had been part of the failed invasion of Azeroth.

Thus was forged the Jeweled Scepter of Sargeras. Thus was born Azeroth's doom.

The Scepter of Sargeras, Part Four

The Scepter of Sargeras is known for the gleaming jewel that adorns its apex. Many theorize that it represents Sargeras's baleful eye, which caught only a glimpse of Azeroth before the fallen titan was ripped back to the Twisting Nether. But the truth is far different.

Soon after the War of the Ancients, Sargeras had a vision: the Well of Eternity imploded once again, but this time, it dragged him down to the very core of Azeroth. He was there for only an instant, but in that moment, he saw Azeroth's slumbering world-soul—and in that moment, the world-soul opened one eye and gazed at the Dark Titan. He was enraptured.

Since then, the eye of Azeroth's world-soul has not been far from his thoughts. He commanded the eredar who forged the scepter to crown it with that lone, wondrous orb. Next to it, the eredar placed two nathrezim wings, a testament to Sargeras's conception of the world-soul: corrupted, demonic, and most importantly, his.

The Scepter of Sargeras, Part Five

The Scepter of Sargeras was a marvel of arcane and fel sorcery, an instrument fit for a titan. It could lacerate the connective tissue of the physical universe, opening portals to any realm Sargeras desired, yet the rifts it created would allow only a portion of his soul to enter. It was a minor setback. Sargeras would simply have to be more inventive with his plans. And so, he waited.

Millennia later, Sargeras saw his opportunity. The Guardian Aegwynn had become the most powerful mage on Azeroth, and not even the Council of Tirisfal could control her. Her pride made her a fine candidate for corruption. Sargeras could not infiltrate Azeroth in his most lethal form, but perhaps he could use the rebellious Guardian as a vessel for his machinations.

The Scepter of Sargeras, Part Six

From the journal of Aegwynn, Guardian of Tirisfal:

“We had finished routing the Legion’s minions when the sky turned black. My mouth went dry, and the hairs on my neck bristled, responding to stimuli that my mortal senses could not comprehend. It was like the coming of a monstrous storm, right before the thunderheads would unleash their cataclysmic onslaught. Yet the air remained as still as great Galakrond’s bones. Something was wrong, very wrong, and all we could do was wait.

“I’ll always remember the sound. That slippery, hollow, CRACKING sound, like that of a mace splitting a giant’s skull. But it was bigger than that-louder, longer. It pierced me like an arrow through my chest, though I knew the breach had happened some distance away. The edges of the world seemed to quiver, and for an instant I thought they might collapse. But they did not.

“That was when the avatar of Sargeras entered the field of battle.”

The Scepter of Sargeras, Part Seven

In the icy wastes of Northrend, Sargeras drew the Guardian Aegwynn into battle, advancing on his opponent as the portal he’d torn into Azeroth closed behind him. His avatar was but a pale shadow of his true form, but that hardly mattered. After all, even if he couldn’t defeat Aegwynn, he could still use her for his own ends. He had only to weaken her defenses, to create an opening

for a shard of his spirit to break through. Just as he'd infiltrated Azeroth with the scepter, so too would he invade Aegwynn's soul, corrupting it into another instrument of the Legion.

Afterward, Aegwynn would remember the battle as the most brutal she'd ever fought, but she finally destroyed the avatar of Sargeras in an avalanche of arcane might. As she stood triumphant over her fallen foe, she could scarcely believe that she had won.

Little did she know that she had lost.

The Scepter of Sargeras, Part Eight

From the journal of Aegwynn, Guardian of Tirisfal:

"I have defeated the avatar of the Great Enemy, Sargeras, but I cannot enjoy my victory. There is a hollowness inside my breast, a persistent ache from a wound whose origin I do not know. It must be from the strain of the battle.

"I will dispose of the remnants of the fallen titan's incursion. His avatar, though but a fragment of his full form, rivals Galakrond in stature, and I cannot let his bones take up residence next to the gargantuan proto-dragon's. Who knows what foul taint lies in wait to be released? Even in death, the corpse is malevolent, gripping its cursed scepter as if it still intends to rule.

"The scepter. No one must be allowed to wield it. This was the instrument Sargeras used to enter Azeroth, tearing a gash in the universe that threatened to obliterate our world. The eye on top of the staff stares out, mocking me. I shall ensure that it never sees the light of day again."

The Scepter of Sargeras, Part Nine

After Aegwynn defeated Sargeras's avatar, she interred his corpse in the ruins of Suramar, along with the artifacts that he bore. Deep beneath the sea, shielded by enchanted Highborne seals, the Scepter of Sargeras remained for centuries, its power undiminished.

Sargeras attempted to regain control of the staff through Aegwynn, but the

task proved more difficult than he had estimated. He could sway the Guardian in many ways, but he could not compel her to exhume his scepter from its watery grave. Something held her back, a primal instinct louder than Sargeras's whispering. She knew the artifact was dangerous, that its use risked the destruction of all things. Even possessed by the Dark Titan, she would not yield.

Sargeras realized that greater subtlety was needed. Eventually, he extended his pernicious influence to Aegwynn's son, Medivh, as he developed in her womb. Through this new vessel, Sargeras planned to recover his beloved scepter.

Had he succeeded, the world of Draenor might not have been annihilated.

The Scepter of Sargeras, Part Ten

Other than the Dark Titan, the Scepter of Sargeras has had few wielders. One of them was the orc warlock Ner'zhul.

After the Horde's defeat in the Second War, Ner'zhul sought to reinvigorate his followers by opening gateways to new worlds for them to conquer. To that end, he dispatched his servants to recover various artifacts from the Tomb of Sargeras, including the scepter, which the fallen titan had used to infiltrate Azeroth centuries before.

Ner'zhul was not Sargeras, however, so he could not simply command the staff to open portals. He had to wait until the constellations of Draenor were properly aligned, and he could only use the scepter in conjunction with other artifacts. The warlock grew impatient, frustrated with his limitations. Intoxicated by the Skull of Gul'dan's influence, he had visions of his erstwhile apprentice, who urged him to unleash his godlike powers.

When at last the moment arrived for Ner'zhul to act, he did so with wild abandon, heedless of the consequences. It mattered not to him if Draenor was destroyed; in fact, he welcomed it as part of his legacy. With the scepter, he blasted hole after hole through the fabric of reality, shredding the seams connecting Draenor to the rest of the physical universe. As he rushed headlong through one of the portals, he could hear the world shattering

behind him.

The Scepter of Sargeras, Part Eleven

After Draenor was destroyed, the demon lord Kil'jaeden wrested control of the Scepter of Sargeras from Ner'zhul. At last, the artifact was back in the Legion's possession, and Kil'jaeden would set about using it to invade Azeroth.

But he was not as powerful as Sargeras; he could not open a portal mighty enough even for his avatar. Thus he conspired with Kael'thas Sunstrider to create a gateway through the Sunwell, the blood elves' ruined fount of power. Combined with the world-rending force of the scepter, Kael'thas's portal cleared the way for Kil'jaeden's full form.

However, before the demon lord could set foot on Azeroth, Anveena, the embodiment of the Sunwell's energies, intervened. She sacrificed herself, unleashing all of her strength on the Deceiver and allowing him to be thrown back into the Twisting Nether-along with the Scepter of Sargeras.

The staff has not been seen on Azeroth since. A small comfort, for surely the Legion will use it to infiltrate the world once again. But no matter who wields it, the threat it poses is unspeakable. The destruction of Draenor is testament to the devastation that even mortals can wreak with this weapon.

Note from the Author

Research efforts press on. There's more information to be uncovered in these texts, with only time to hold us back from uncovering all of it.

Come back after further research has been completed and I will continue to expand the accounts recorded here.

- Mile Raitheborne, Head Researcher of the Council of Six

Tome of Divinity

By

Unknown

In all things, paladins must reflect the Light, which supplements our strength. To strive to be divine for one of our kind does not mean we strive for godhood—we strive to be good in all actions.

Although called upon to smite evil in these harsh times, you must always remember that it's aiding others that will truly set you apart from the other citizens. Compassion, patience, bravery—these things mean as much to a paladin as strength in battle.

Know this well, and never forget it.

Tome of Fel Secrets

By

Head Researcher Vahu

Tome of Fel Secrets

As recorded by Vahu of the Illidari.

Twinblades of the Deceiver

Alas, poor Varedis. We knew him well... but do not mourn him. His death was far too swift and merciful for a traitor who spilled so much Illidari blood.

These weapons of his are truly dangerous, infused with the essence of his eredar master, Kil'jaeden. They will try to make you the Deceiver's new puppet. Do not give in to weakness as Varedis did.

Twinblades of the Deceiver, Part One

These weapons were owned by Varedis Felsoul. He was an Illidari, one of the finest demon hunters ever to join our ranks.

And then he betrayed us all. The power in these weapons was Varedis's reward for turning on his brothers and sisters and joining the army he had once sworn to defeat. We cannot change what he did. But we can avenge every drop of blood that he spilled on the Legion's behalf, and with these warglaives, we can return the favor a thousand times over.

With a little luck, these weapons will one day be turned against Varedis's master.

Twinblades of the Deceiver, Part Two

Let us not forget what Varedis Felsoul accomplished. He was among the first five blood elves sent by the crown prince Kael'thas Sunstrider to train with Lord Illidan Stormrage as demon hunters. It was a brutal affair. Three of those elves died in training, and a fourth was lost to madness.

Only Varedis survived. The hunger to kill demons was strong within him, too strong to let him fall before he had tasted the Legion's blood. He sacrificed his eyes with a smile and without even flinching at the pain.

He was—he seemed to be—one of the most dedicated souls ever to challenge the Burning Legion.

Twinblades of the Deceiver, Part Three

Once Varedis had earned his place among the Illidari, his training continued. It was a trial by fire. Inexperienced demon hunters did not have the luxury of studying for years in libraries or classrooms before entering combat. Fresh recruits were sent out on dangerous missions, accompanied by experienced mentors.

Varedis trained with three of Illidan's best fighters. Time and time again, his blades joined theirs in spilling demonic blood across the cosmos.

Within a year, Varedis had surpassed his mentors and was helping other recruits survive their first contacts with the Legion. He had become truly effective, occasionally accompanying Lord Illidan himself on his most important journeys.

Twinblades of the Deceiver, Part Four

Varedis's most fateful mission was a solo task. On Outland, Lord Illidan had heard too many reports that the remnants of the Shadow Council were active. Varedis was dispatched to scout for—and steal—any information he could find.

Little blood was spilled that day. Varedis snuck into a cave complex inhabited by Shadow Council acolytes without drawing attention to himself. He found something odd, a book that radiated with demonic essence. Inside

was priceless information about the nature of demons, their weaknesses, and their habits. This tome, the Book of Fel Names, contained within it tremendous power.

And it was impossible to remove. The Shadow Council had enchanted it in ways that stopped Varedis from taking it from the cave.

Thinking quickly, Varedis simply imbibed as much of the book's power as he could. He left it in place, and the Shadow Council had no idea an Illidari had even been there.

Lord Illidan praised him for his achievement. After all, using the demons' own power against them was the central purpose of a demon hunter. Varedis's pride swelled.

Twinblades of the Deceiver, Part Five

Varedis enjoyed his heightened power for years, using it to become a stinging thorn in the Burning Legion's side. He could sense the movement of demons before he saw it happen; he understood what they were thinking before they acted.

But Varedis did not know that he had not stolen the book's power. He had simply become linked to it.

When the Burning Legion invaded Outland, chaos erupted. Illidan put his final plans into effect and called upon all Illidari to help him.

Champions of the Horde and the Alliance stormed through the Dark Portal to stave off the Burning Legion's assault. They confronted members of the Shadow Council and stole the Book of Fel Names, breaking the enchantments that had held it in place.

This would prove to be Varedis's downfall.

Twinblades of the Deceiver, Part Six

Neither the Horde nor the Alliance understood Illidan's plans. They believed him to be an ally of the Legion. Acting upon this belief, they laid siege to the

Black Temple. Many Illidari tried to stand in their way. Varedis was one of them.

But he was confronted by powerful enemies who possessed the Book of Fel Names. They began to destroy the book, page by page, and Varedis was stunned to realize that the book's destruction was weakening him. His borrowed demonic power faded quickly.

Varedis died in the Black Temple. His soul, imbued with demonic energy, did not rest easily in oblivion. It was whisked away to the Twisting Nether.

Twinblades of the Deceiver, Part Seven

It is a risk all demon hunters face. By stealing the demons' power, our souls may return to their domain—and their control—after we fall in battle.

This was Varedis Felsoul's fate. Kil'jaeden himself claimed his soul and heaped endless torment upon him.

Varedis resisted for a time. It was not the pain that broke his spirit. Kil'jaeden is called the Deceiver for a reason, after all. The eredar lord played upon his shock from that battle in the Black Temple. Champions had been prepared to face Varedis; who had told them about his borrowed power?

It had not been demons, certainly. The Legion would have preferred to have the Book of Fel Names back intact. It had not been the Shadow Council, for the same reason. "It must have been the Illidari," Kil'jaeden told him. "Only they knew of your power. They betrayed you."

Varedis would come to believe him.

Twinblades of the Deceiver, Part Eight

Once Kil'jaeden had poisoned Varedis's mind, he began to tempt the fallen Illidari. The demon hunter had only tasted the Legion's true power. Should Varedis pledge himself to the Burning Legion, he would receive the full measure.

Varedis agreed, breaking every one of his oaths and betraying every one of

his comrades.

Kil'jaeden had special plans for him. With the help of other eredar, Kil'jaeden conducted a dangerous, agonizing ritual, infusing a small part of his soul into Varedis's spirit. When the ritual was complete, Varedis was not a demon hunter but a demon, loyal to the Burning Legion and hungry for vengeance.

Varedis found that his weapons, these warglaives, had also been changed. The ritual had imbued them with another slice of Kil'jaeden's astonishing power.

Twinblades of the Deceiver, Part Nine

In the years after Varedis's conversion, he became a terror to all who might oppose the Burning Legion. World after world, city after city, innocent after innocent, he was sent to spill blood.

Often he worked quietly. Secretly. The Burning Legion did not want any on Azeroth to know his true potential.

But the Legion did allow him some satisfaction from time to time. Those few among the Illidari who had escaped after Illidan's death had fled to the corners of Outland and Azeroth. Varedis was dispatched to hunt them down, one by one. It was a task he relished. They had betrayed him, in his mind.

Twinblades of the Deceiver, Part Ten

For a long time, we Illidari did not know who was hunting us. It was not until the Legion's arrival on the Broken Isles that he finally revealed himself.

When the Vault of the Wardens was raided, a shadow was seen in the sky. Someone swooped down again and again, slaughtering the newly freed Illidari who were trying to escape. That was Varedis Felsoul. He could not resist the opportunity to butcher so many of us.

He likely had a tactical reason for doing so. His actions alerted us to his presence. He knew somebody would come for him, one of the strongest

among the Illidari, and he believed he could set a trap to kill them.

Perhaps he regretted that decision in his last moments.

Twinblades of the Deceiver, Part Eleven

Let Varedis's story be a warning. He was dedicated, he was powerful, he was clever, and he was effective... and yet his will could not survive the thought that he had been betrayed by one of his own. No Illidari is without weakness. No Illidari is immune to temptation.

The Burning Legion knows this. Whatever flaw you have, the Legion will test it.

But until that day, let them fear us once again. These warglaives hold a measure of Kil'jaeden's power, so he was undoubtedly pleased to know that our kind was dying to their blades.

He will not be so pleased to see what we will do with these weapons next.

The Aldrachi Warblades

The countless nicks and gouges that mar the Aldrachi Warblades form a map of their violent history. These weapons have vanquished thousands of demons and absorbed their twisted souls. It is said that the warblades even drew the molten blood of the Burning Legion's ruler, Sargeras.

Truly, there is extraordinary power in these otherworldly blades. In your hands, there is no telling what havoc they will wreak on the Legion.

The Aldrachi Warblades, Part One

The scattered legends that remain of the ancient aldrachi speak of their unsurpassed skill as warriors. These proud people were bred from birth for combat. Their entire culture revolved around it. Military service was mandatory for all aldrachi, and it began as soon as a child could walk.

So it was with Toranaar. After he took his first step, he was cast into the merciless aldrachi war machine.

He came from a long line of respected warriors, and his elder brother was the greatest among them. Given Toranaar's pedigree, expectations for him were high. He would not disappoint.

The Aldrachi Warblades, Part Two

Toranaar endured years of brutal training, tests of strength meant to cull the weak from the strong. One thought propelled him through the pain and suffering: winning the right to carry warblades.

More than titles or wealth, the aldrachi coveted weapons as prized possessions and symbols of status. Warblades eclipsed all other types of arms in prestige. These mighty weapons were fashioned from rare crystals found deep below the earth. The strange minerals had many unique properties, the greatest of which was their ability to absorb the spirits of the dead. Blacksmiths employed closely guarded techniques to enchant these crystals and forge them into instruments of death.

The resultant warblades could consume the souls of their victims. Each devoured spirit imbued the weapon with greater power. The most ancient warblades contained thousands of souls, and they were revered just as much as-if not more than-the fearsome aldrachi warriors who bore them in battle.

As the young Toranaar lay in bed every night, his body bruised and broken, he pictured himself carrying warblades of his own. He willed that vision to become a reality.

The Aldrachi Warblades, Part Three

Toward the end of his training, Toranaar had his final and greatest test. The aldrachi military high command chose an elder warrior at random to battle the young initiate in a fight to the death. The day of the duel came, and Toranaar stepped into the ritual fighting pit to face his opponent.

It was his older brother.

Toranaar spared his sibling only a passing glance. He fixed his eyes on his opponent's gleaming warblades. Toranaar's dream was within reach, and

nothing would keep him from it. Not even family.

The two brothers grappled through the night and into the next day. Both were on the verge of death when Toranaar finally disarmed his kin and took the warblades for himself. Without uttering a word, he buried the weapons in his brother's chest, and they drank deep of the fallen warrior's soul.

The Aldrachi Warblades, Part Four

Stories of the aldrachi reached the Burning Legion and its ruler, Sargeras. He and his demon army had decimated countless mortal civilizations in their quest to extinguish life from the cosmos. Sargeras was always eager to find mighty new races that he could bend to his will and use as agents of destruction. The aldrachi seemed like the perfect candidates for servitude.

Rather than destroy the aldrachi world outright, Sargeras ordered his forces to invade it. The Legion would wear the warriors thin until they were ripe for demonic conversion. Sargeras knew that his followers would suffer great losses against the enemy, but that did not discourage him.

Whether it took a year, or ten, or a hundred... Sargeras would make the aldrachi his.

The Aldrachi Warblades, Part Five

Excerpt from the nathrezim records known as The Codex of the Dead:

“Curious creatures, the aldrachi. Much more resilient and promising than anticipated.

“The Legion stormed their little world with overwhelming force, a sea of pit lords and felguard, of shivarra and mo'arg, ebbing and flowing from horizon to horizon. Still, the aldrachi held the invasion at bay. Hundreds of demons fell just to claim one of their warriors. The aldrachi fought like ravenous beasts, and none with more ferocity than the creature called Toranaar the Indomitable.

“His warblades howled over the clamor of battle, rending anything that came

near. Each demon Toranaar vanquished seemed to fill him with renewed vigor and strength. He was an army unto himself.”

The Aldrachi Warblades, Part Six

Wave after wave of demons slammed into the aldrachi lines. Toranaar and other seasoned warriors repelled each attack, but the Legion’s numbers never diminished. For every demon defeated, another would take its place. Slowly and methodically, the Legion whittled away the aldrachi resistance and pushed them back to the towering stronghold in the heart of their war-torn capital.

Only Toranaar and a handful of champions remained. Each of them carried warblades teeming with the souls of thousands of victims they had cut down. In all directions, corpses of aldrachi and demon alike blanketed the earth. It is said that not a bare patch of ground could be seen for leagues.

Toranaar rallied his allies in preparation for another Legion attack, but it never came. To the aldrachi’s confusion, the demons halted their advance. A monstrous figure then emerged from the Legion’s ranks.

It was Sargerass, and he had come with an offer for Toranaar.

The Aldrachi Warblades, Part Seven

No one knows for sure what form Sargerass took to confront Toranaar. Some nathrezim records say that the Legion’s colossal ruler infused a sliver of his power into an avatar and dispatched it to the aldrachi stronghold. Whatever the truth, it is certain that he called for Toranaar to join the Legion.

Sargerass promised the aldrachi warrior and his allies power beyond anything they had ever dreamt of. They would serve as his personal guards, and they would command tens of thousands of demons in war. Sargerass believed that such an offer would prove irresistible to the battle-loving aldrachi.

Toranaar’s rejection was emphatic. He vowed to destroy the Legion for all of the aldrachi the demons had killed, or die trying. Either way, he would never bow to Sargerass.

The Aldrachi Warblades, Part Eight

Demons still whisper of the battle between Toranaar and Sargerass. The gathered Legion host watched with rapt attention as their ruler dueled with the aldrachi warrior. At any moment, Sargerass could have simply annihilated Toranaar, but destruction was not what he wanted.

Sargerass desired to corrupt the aldrachi champion, and he would need to exhaust Toranaar to succeed. For days, the Legion's ruler did so. Like a cruel predator toying with prey, Sargerass battered Toranaar with just enough force to wear him down.

Toranaar was a seasoned warrior, and he recognized Sargerass's ploy. He knew he could not best the Legion's commander in combat, and so he decided on one final act of defiance. Toranaar feigned submission. When Sargerass let his guard down, the aldrachi champion struck.

His warblades ripped through Sargerass's hide, and fire burst from the wound. Though it was only a minor injury, the other aldrachi howled in triumph.

It was the last time such war cries would ever echo through their once-great capital.

The Aldrachi Warblades, Part Nine

Toranaar's defiance infuriated Sargerass. In an instant, he ripped the warrior and his fellow aldrachi champions to pieces. So great was Sargerass's wrath that nothing was left of their bodies but dust. The Legion's ruler then commanded his armies to bathe the aldrachi world in an inferno that would smolder for eternity.

Though Sargerass had failed to corrupt the aldrachi, all was not lost. He had left the warblades used by Toranaar and his kin intact. If the aldrachi would not serve the Legion, their formidable weapons would.

The Aldrachi Warblades, Part Ten

Sargerass ordered his lieutenant Kil'jaeden the Deceiver to distribute the

warblades of the aldrachi. Over thousands of years, the demon sought out the Legion's greatest warriors. Those who met Kil'jaeden's standards received a set of warblades. In demonic hands, these weapons went on to massacre civilizations, exterminate entire races, and consume the souls of a hundred thousand dead.

In time, Kil'jaeden had circulated all of the warblades, save the ones that had belonged to Toranaar. These were the most powerful arms taken from the aldrachi. Kil'jaeden kept them under close watch, awaiting a champion ruthless enough to wield the fabled weapons that had made Sargeras bleed.

The Aldrachi Warblades, Part Eleven

After years of waiting, Kil'jaeden found someone worthy of wielding Toranaar's warblades. Her name was Caria Felsoul, and she was one of the Illidari's most cunning and adept demon hunters.

Caria had willingly turned on the Illidari and pledged herself to the Legion in exchange for power, and Kil'jaeden rewarded her. He flooded the demon hunter with dark energy and molded her into his perfect servant. Before unleashing Caria on his enemies, he gifted her the Aldrachi Warblades.

Kil'jaeden relished this final act, knowing it stood against everything Toranaar had fought for. The aldrachi had used his warblades to uphold the dignity of his people and reject Sargeras's offer of power. Wielded by a traitor like Caria, the weapons would become tools of betrayal, murder, and dishonor.

Note from the Author

Research efforts press on, my master. There's more information to be uncovered in these texts. The only thing that can hold me back is time.

Come back after further research has been completed and I will continue to expand this tome.

- Head Researcher Vahu

Tome of the Ancients

By

Lead Historian Celadine

Tome of the Ancients

As recorded by Celadine, lead historian of the Dreamweavers.

Scythe of Elune

The weapon you now hold is a physical, tangible representation of both the divine and the savage, of serenity and untamed ferocity. The scythe is not only a weapon but a symbol. Perhaps its greatest lesson is that the traits of tranquility and furor exist within all living beings, and sometimes the best we can hope for... is to find balance.

May the Scythe of Elune grant you the strength to destroy your enemies, and the wisdom to know when to stay your hand.

Scythe of Elune, Part One

For millennia, the Scythe of Elune has served as both an embodiment of sacred power and a caution against unbridled rage.

Long ago, in the War of the Satyr, beleaguered night elf forces faced off against an army of demonic foes. Some felt an advantage was needed to turn the tide of battle. To this end, the scythe was created, joining a fang from the wolf Ancient, Goldrinn, with the divinely empowered Staff of Elune.

Scythe of Elune, Part Two

It is written that the scythe's creation sprouted from the enmity of a druid,

Ralaar Fangfire, and the broken heart of a priestess, Belysra Starbreeze.

Ralaar believed he could harness the rage of the pack form to aid the outnumbered night elves against their demonic enemies... but his proposal was denied by the archdruid Malfurion Stormrage, who felt that the form was too unstable.

When Ralaar's best friend, Arvell, refused to assume the pack form and died at the hands of demons as a result, Ralaar chose not only to embrace the form, but also to seek out ways of enhancing it. Ralaar found an unlikely ally in Arvell's beloved, the priestess Belysra Starbreeze.

Together, Ralaar and Belysra joined the fang of Goldrinn with the Staff of Elune to create the legendary Scythe of Elune... a weapon that would alter the course of history.

Scythe of Elune, Part Three

The Scythe of Elune has displayed myriad powers over the millennia.

During the War of the Satyr, when the headstrong druid Ralaar Fangfire used the Scythe of Elune to enhance the pack form, the result was disastrous. Many druids turned into worgen, feral creatures that viciously attacked both friend and foe.

So it was that the archdruid Malfurion Stormrage obtained the scythe and used it to banish Ralaar and his fellow worgen to the realm of the Emerald Dream, where he hoped they would remain pacified at the base of the majestic tree Daral'nir.

Scythe of Elune, Part Four

It is known that shortly after the War of the Satyr, the Scythe of Elune vanished. Thousands of years later, the scythe would be rediscovered by a night elf priestess, Velinde Starsong.

Desperately seeking a way to overcome yet another incursion of demonic forces, Velinde channeled the scythe's powers to call forth the worgen from

their place of banishment in the Emerald Dream.

However, Velinde was unable to control the summoned worgen. She sought help from a human mage, but en route to find the sorcerer, she was attacked and killed... and the scythe was lost to history once again.

Scythe of Elune, Part Five

Throughout its history, the Scythe of Elune has changed hands many times.

One temporary holder of the scythe was a timid (and extremely lucky) resident of Duskwood named Jitters. Jitters discovered the weapon in an old mine called Roland's Doom.

An account written in Jitters' own words tells of his retrieving the scythe, at which point he and his comrades were attacked by worgen:

"They came at us from everywhere, clawing from hidden holes at our feet and dropping upon us from silent perches above."

Jitters was the only person to escape the worgen onslaught, though he lost the Scythe of Elune during his harried flight from the cursed mine.

Scythe of Elune, Part Six

An excerpt from the journal of Archmage Karlain:

"It was with those cursed beasts, the worgen, at our backs that we rushed into the mine named Roland's Doom.

"There we beheld an exceedingly gruesome and—to me most of all—heartrending sight. My son, held by clawed worgen hands, knelt beneath the blade of what I would come to know as the Scythe of Elune. The beasts were performing some profane ritual on my boy, an initiation of sorts to enlist him in their Wolf Cult.

"As I watched, helpless to intervene in time, the Wolf Cult leader's glistening fangs sank viciously into the bare shoulder and chest of my only son.

“With a gut-wrenching cry rising in my throat, I attacked.”

Scythe of Elune, Part Seven

The Scythe of Elune has been connected to a mysterious and merciless group of relic hunters known as the Dark Riders.

It was shortly after the scythe was discovered at the mine Roland’s Doom that the riders first made an appearance, butchering a local family in their search for the sacred artifact.

After the scythe was claimed by a priest named Revil Kost, the Dark Riders waylaid him and his companions. This attack was in turn interrupted by the commander of the Night Watch, Althea Ebonlocke. What happened next is shrouded in mystery, as the entire assembly disappeared in a blinding flash of light.

Scythe of Elune, Part Eight

Testimony of Revil Kost, priest of the Church of the Holy Light, to Archbishop Benedictus:

“It was my firmly held belief that I acted on behalf of the Light.

“We had recovered the Scythe of Elune from Roland’s Doom. I used it as bait to ensnare a band of shadowy, profane thieves known as the Dark Riders.

“As we fought, the riders teleported us to Karazhan, fabled tower of the one-time Guardian Medivh. It was from there that the riders had originated, seeking artifacts for the tower’s menagerie and hidden trophy room.

“Despite the riders’ best efforts and the intervention of the trophy room’s curator, their taking of the scythe was not meant to be. With the aid of my companions and my unwavering devotion to the Holy Light, I helped put an end to the Dark Riders’ unholy campaign.”

Scythe of Elune, Part Nine

Prior to the great Cataclysm that befell Azeroth, the Scythe of Elune was

transported secretly into the walled territory of Gilneas via underground tunnels.

At this time, the scythe changed hands from an SI:7 gnome assassin, Brink Spannercrank, to night elf supporters of Genn Greymane, king of Gilneas. It was briefly taken by Forsaken agents, but ultimately, the actions of heroic adventurers returned the weapon to the night elves' possession.

Scythe of Elune, Part Ten

From Priestess Belysra Starbreeze's account of the death of Alpha Prime, leader of the Wolf Cult:

"It had been Alpha Prime's foremost goal to retake the Scythe of Elune. He still harbored resentment toward the archdruid Malfurion for spurning him when he was simply Ralaar Fangfire, the druid who wanted to take on the pack form during the War of the Satyr. Prime wished to use the scythe to call forth his brethren from the Emerald Dream, to besiege our beloved home of Darnassus.

"I battled Alpha Prime to the limit of my abilities, but even my greatest efforts proved insufficient. Prime took up the scythe and was prepared to summon his worgen brethren, when he was vanquished by a phantom... the spirit essence of my fallen love, Arvell, who had promised millennia ago that not even death would keep us apart.

"My love kept his promise, and the Scythe of Elune remained in my keeping."

Scythe of Elune, Part Eleven

From the writings of Belysra Starbreeze:

"Arvell, there is not a day that goes by when I do not think of you, my love. The sacrifice that you made so long ago, and your reappearance in my hour of greatest need... these are never far from my mind.

"I vow to you that I will atone for my past indiscretions, for my role in

unleashing the worgen curse upon the world. I will find a way to set matters right.

“As I write this, I prepare to travel with Valorn Stillbough to Duskwood, to further my studies of the worgen. I pray that your spirit will forever guide my heart and my hand. Perhaps at last, with the help of the Scythe of Elune, we will find a way to grant those who are afflicted with the worgen curse the one gift that matters most...

“Peace.”

The Fangs of Ashamane

By reclaiming these weapons, you have struck a heavy blow against the forces of evil. In their hands, these daggers would have been more than a danger; they would have been a sacrilege.

These are all that remain of a revered Wild God who gave her life in defense of Azeroth. Do you know her story? The druids of Val'sharah, who protected these weapons for so long, could tell you about her. Some of them even remember her.

Her name was Ashamane. She left a powerful legacy, and very soon, it will be yours to wield.

The Fangs of Ashamane, Part One

Azeroth was once smothered in darkness. But after the titans broke the Old Gods' Black Empire, natural creatures finally had a chance to grow and flourish. A keeper named Freya was tasked with seeding the world with life. She created lush enclaves all across Azeroth that gave rise to countless animals.

On occasion, extraordinary creatures captured Freya's attention.

As Freya traveled, she found a wolf pack that had killed a panther and was trying to finish off her lone surviving cub. Though the wolves had wounded the tiny creature, she still fought fiercely, swiping viciously with her claws at

the bigger predators. Freya was astonished to see that, before long, the wolves were driven away, unwilling to suffer further injuries for their meal.

When Freya picked up the cub, the keeper endured a flurry of small scratches for her trouble. That did not anger her. Quite the contrary. Delighted by the creature's unrelenting wildness, the keeper healed the cub's injuries and named her Ashamane, for the color of her striking black fur.

The Fangs of Ashamane, Part Two

Over the years, Ashamane grew into a massive panther. No wolf pack dared to hunt her now. Freya was pleased to see that the panther did not succumb to desires for vengeance. Ashamane could have stalked and killed every wolf in her valley. Easily. But she didn't.

Her wild nature granted her understanding. Was she not a predator as well? Did she not hunt prey? The wolves had had no vendetta against Ashamane; they had been hungry. She bore no malice toward them.

But she did enjoy toying with them. The wolf pack that had attacked her would sometimes be woken from sleep by an ear-shattering roar. Ashamane would creep up to their den and announce her presence loudly, sending them fleeing.

Over time, Ashamane realized that she had become more powerful than any other panther she had ever seen. The passing years did not age her but instead made her stronger. Generations of wildlife came and went before her eyes.

There were other animals like her. Powerful, iconic creatures who seemed to live a different existence than the rest of nature. Mortals would soon refer to them as Wild Gods.

Ashamane was one of them.

The Fangs of Ashamane, Part Three

Ashamane's untamed heart had difficulty accepting immortality. The chaos of the wilderness, the struggle for survival—they had been the core of

Ashamane's being. Now they were irrelevant. She had ascended above her old life. There was no prey that could evade her. There was no joy in an effortless hunt. There was no predator that could challenge her.

Ashamane strode openly through the jungles of Azeroth. Other wild creatures had nothing to fear from her. Stories of a giant, majestic panther spread among the trolls who ventured into the area. Some sought to venerate her as one of their loa. Ashamane rarely let them see her. Other trolls tracked her for a different reason. Certain hunters craved the glory that would surely come from bringing down such a magnificent being. Defeating a loa... there was no greater challenge.

One by one, these ambitious trolls crept into the jungle, arrogance burning in their hearts. Ashamane was delighted. No matter how clever they were, no matter how silently they moved or how true their aim, they all returned to their tribes empty-handed, the sound of her roar still ringing in their ears, and the sight of her fangs forever haunting their dreams.

She did not need to take their lives. They understood their place in the wilds when she was done with them. That was enough.

The Fangs of Ashamane, Part Four

Whenever Keeper Freya traveled the land, many Wild Gods walked by her side. Ashamane did not. The panther's heart was too unwilling to be tethered to any other creature. Freya understood, and she always smiled when she saw Ashamane's glowing eyes watching her from afar.

No matter what Ashamane thought, there would be a connection between them. There was another realm, a wild, untouched place called the Emerald Dream. Keeper Freya had used it to seed life all across Azeroth, and thus, the Wild Gods were bound to it.

Eventually Ashamane came to Mount Hyjal to experience the Dream for herself, and she was immediately taken with this thriving vision of an untamed world. The panther made her home on the western slopes of the Well of Eternity and spent thousands of years drifting in the Emerald Dream, exploring its mysteries and power.

The Fangs of Ashamane, Part Five

Ashamane, like many Wild Gods, lived apart from the burgeoning civilizations that rose and fell across Azeroth. The Zandalari trolls held no interest for her. Many elves saw themselves as ascendant, too enlightened to be bothered with the natural world.

But there came a time when she could no longer ignore Azeroth. The Emerald Dream shook with the arrival of the Burning Legion. Eventually a disciple of another powerful being, Cenarius, called upon the Wild Gods for aid.

For Ashamane, her duty was clear. She rushed into battle with the Burning Legion without hesitation.

A new predator had come into her world. She was glad to hunt it.

The Fangs of Ashamane, Part Six

By the time the Wild Gods joined the War of the Ancients, the fighting had spread far beyond the Well of Eternity.

The demons who strayed into the forests outside Zin-Azshari soon learned to tread carefully; Ashamane stalked the trees. Her fangs ended the war for many Burning Legion scouts. So greatly was she feared that the Legion took to burning down entire swaths of forest before attempting to advance past her.

If the demons believed they would have better luck fighting on an open battlefield, they were sorely mistaken. Ashamane was enraged by their tactics, and she joined other Wild Gods, elves, and additional creatures in attacking the Legion's flanks, ripping huge holes in their battle lines.

The Fangs of Ashamane, Part Seven

There seemed to be no end to the demons' numbers. When Ashamane fought the Burning Legion ten thousand years ago, her instincts told her that the invaders had specific prey in mind. Tearing herself away from the thick of the

battle around Zin-Azshari, she tracked raiding parties that had determinedly cut their way northwest.

It was not easy to keep up. The demons set their best warriors to discourage pursuit, and Ashamane had to fight every step of the way.

But she was not deterred. Those who stood in her path fell, one after another.

As she closed in on her prey, she understood their target: they were aiming to claim Suramar. This is why Ashamane is so honored by the druids of Val'sharah—what she did next has never been forgotten.

The Fangs of Ashamane, Part Eight

An army of demons was preparing to lay siege to Suramar. Ashamane faced it alone. She had never visited the forests near Val'sharah before, but that did not matter. They were the wilds, and thus, they were her home.

She ripped through the demons' ranks and then disappeared into the trees. She crept along the high branches and dove down upon the Legion commanders. She was a terror, a fearsome beast, and she held nothing back, offering no mercy.

It was a slaughter. And yet even a Wild God could not avoid injury at the Burning Legion's hands. Scorched by fel fire and poisoned by their tainted weapons, Ashamane fought on, thinning their ranks until their leader was forced to face her himself.

That had been her plan all along. It was one of the laws of survival: the pack was not defeated until its leader's throat was between her jaws.

The Fangs of Ashamane, Part Nine

A Burning Legion general had volunteered to oversee the conquest of Suramar. This pit lord, Ronokon, saw endless rewards in the elven city and wanted to claim them in Sargeras's name. He became enraged by Ashamane's interference and stepped forth to personally deal with her.

The Wild God and the annihilan general dueled in the forests of Val'sharah

for hours. He was a cunning fighter. He knew how fast she could kill, so he kept her at bay with his jagged, fel-wrought spear, content to inflict small, grazing wounds.

After so much war, Ashamane's strength was finally beginning to fade. Her wounds ached. Her pace slowed. But her will was unbroken. With the last of her strength, she leapt at Ronokon, allowing him to drive his spear through her chest. Yet her claws dug into his shoulders, and her fangs sank deep within his neck.

Ronokon thrashed madly, trying to pull the panther away, but she held on. Her teeth remained embedded in his throat until he died. His death brought more destruction. The fel power granted to him by the Legion exploded outward, tearing a deep gash in the land and burning Ashamane to ash.

Her sacrifice was not in vain. Suramar's residents had been given enough time to hide their city from the Legion and the world, protecting themselves from the Sundering that would follow.

The Fangs of Ashamane, Part Ten

The land around Val'sharah had been altered forever. Where there had once been a hill, now there were a cliff and a deep valley. It took many years for the druids to restore nature in the area to its previous beauty.

Despite the lingering traces of Ronokon's corruption, there was always a sense that something was opposing it, helping to sweep it away. Some druids came to believe that Ashamane's spirit, even after death, was still committed to the fight against the invaders who had threatened her wilds.

The Fangs of Ashamane, Part Eleven

The druids built a shrine at the site of the pit lord's death to commemorate Ashamane's courage. Her fangs—all that survived the violence of her passing—were placed there to honor her unbending heart and untamed nature.

To this day, Ashamane is remembered as one of the fiercest defenders of Azeroth.

The Claws of Ursoc

You've been blessed by Wild Gods. Please understand the honor that has been granted to you: Ursol believes that you are the right champion to carry on his brother's work.

May the spirit of Ursoc drive you onward to victory.

The Claws of Ursoc, Part One

Ursoc's legacy is known to every druid on Azeroth. As one of the great Wild Gods, he challenged the Burning Legion ten thousand years ago and bravely laid down his life in defense of this world.

He was a true guardian. He believed in the power of the wilds, and he never hesitated even for a moment to leap to their defense.

But now he can rest. Others will need to continue his work.

The Claws of Ursoc, Part Two

Many millennia ago, two inquisitive bear cubs roamed the area around the Grizzly Hills together. These brothers, named Ursoc and Ursol, had more curiosity than good sense, and they frequently found themselves trespassing in the domains of bigger predators. Danger did not discourage them, and each one never left the other behind, even when circumstances seemed dire.

They caught the attention of Keeper Freya, who was traveling across Azeroth in search of exceptional wild animals. Freya recognized their potential and saw what they would become.

When they matured, they grew stronger and bigger than any other bears in the Grizzly Hills, and they did not suffer the ravages of aging.

Ursoc and Ursol became known as Wild Gods.

The Claws of Ursoc, Part Three

Perhaps the most unusual gift Keeper Freya gave the two bears was the

ability to speak. A few other Wild Gods, particularly those who would become known as the August Celestials, also received this gift. While they were chosen for their intelligence, the two bears were chosen for their stubborn bravery.

Freya believed that Ursoc and Ursol would one day change. When they finally saw enough of Azeroth to satisfy their curiosity, they would be compelled to protect it from any enemy that would threaten it.

She knew them well. Ursoc, the older of the two bears, had a strong protective streak. The more he saw of the wilds of Azeroth, the more he felt it was his responsibility to preserve them.

The Claws of Ursoc, Part Four

Keeper Freya saw how the instincts of the Wild Gods matured over the years, and she noticed that some of them were natural guardians of their domain. For those creatures, she began to create unique weapons, items that would aid them in times of trouble... but these artifacts would only become as strong as their wielder made them. Their true potential could only be unlocked with practice, nurture, and self-improvement.

Some Wild Gods did not understand what Freya had given them, and they neglected their weapons. Ursoc was not one of them.

Freya gave Ursoc new claws, fashioned out of a rare material called titansteel and imbued with a small portion of the essence of Eonar, one of the titans. These claws could grow in length and were nearly indestructible.

Ursoc had no intention of letting them waste away and decay. He dedicated himself to mastering their power.

The Claws of Ursoc, Part Five

Once Ursoc received his new claws, he trained tirelessly. Every day he traveled long distances and sparred with his brother, testing his strength. Over the years he grew stronger. Much stronger. Ursol had received a gift, too, a staff that eased the use of magic, and he soon mastered his own power.

Ursoc's titansteel claws became an extension of his body, and Ursol became an expert in manipulating the flows of magical essence.

Together they had become some of the most powerful Wild Gods in existence... and they would soon become known as Azeroth's staunchest defenders.

The Claws of Ursoc, Part Six

Eventually Ursoc and Ursol accompanied Keeper Freya on her journeys across Azeroth. She confided in them that she sensed dark forces at work, and they made sure she was safe.

As they traveled with her, they received their first glimpses of the Emerald Dream, the realm Freya had created to guide Azeroth's natural life. They spent as much time as they could within those untouched wilds, drawn to the Dream's thriving, vibrant vision of nature.

One day, Freya asked to travel alone. To both Ursoc and Ursol, it sounded as if she was bidding them farewell. Before she left them, she offered more wisdom about their weapons and their other gifts, and she told them to remain prepared. "Azeroth will need you. If you do not stand ready, the world may fall," she said.

The Wild Gods never saw her again. The darkness that had claimed the mind of Keeper Loken had also corrupted hers.

The Claws of Ursoc, Part Seven

Ten thousand years ago, a threat unlike any other set its gaze upon Azeroth. The Burning Legion, after corrupting important members of the elven civilization near the Well of Eternity, invaded with all of its might and fury. The first druid, Malfurion, called upon the Wild Gods to fight back against the demonic hordes.

Ursoc and Ursol were the first two Wild Gods to respond. They rushed into battle with the Legion's doomguard, landing the initial blows in the war between Azeroth's wilds and a fallen titan's twisted army.

It was a desperate fight against overwhelming odds. Neither brother hesitated for an instant, and even when the full wrath of the Burning Legion was brought against them, they did not run.

They fought until their last breaths.

The Claws of Ursoc, Part Eight

Many Wild Gods perished in the war against the Legion. Ursol and Ursoc remained together, fighting back to back, using Freya's gifts to bring down waves of demonic enemies. But their strength had limits. An unending tide of felstalkers finally overwhelmed them, and they both died in battle. Their spirits traveled together to the Emerald Dream, where they stayed for millennia.

Ursoc's claws were all that remained of him in the physical world. When the fighting moved elsewhere, a young furbolg found the titansteel claws. Recognizing whom they had belonged to, he took them to his tribe.

For generations, those furbolgs worshiped the claws as the final sign of their bear god Ursoc.

The Claws of Ursoc, Part Nine

Few furbolgs had the courage to try to wield Ursoc's claws in battle. Every time they did, the results were horrifying. Ursoc had spent untold years mastering their power and unlocking their potential; in the hands of an untrained mortal, they inspired an uncontrollable bloodlust that lashed out at friends as easily as enemies.

After a number of attempts, the claws ceased to have any effect at all on the furbolgs. No matter what rituals they tried, it seemed as though the power in the claws had become dormant.

Ursoc's spirit, standing guard in the Emerald Dream, had simply seen enough. The furbolg tribe was not capable of controlling his power, so he withdrew it from the claws. It would not return until someone worthy claimed them.

Members of the Druids of the Claw eventually brought the titansteel-wrought artifact to Ursoc in the Emerald Dream.

The Claws of Ursoc, Part Ten

Ursoc's desire to protect Azeroth had not wavered, even after death. He and Ursol roamed the Emerald Dream, searching for any signs of corruption or darkness taking root in the realm.

Recently, the return of the Emerald Nightmare drew their attention. Ursoc fought Xavius, the lord of the satyrs and a pawn of evil forces, in an attempt to eradicate the Nightmare's influence.

For a second time, Ursoc made the ultimate sacrifice in defense of Azeroth.

The Claws of Ursoc, Part Eleven

Now Ursoc can finally rest. Ursol, his brother, continues his watch inside the Emerald Dream, fighting against the Nightmare.

Ursoc's claws no longer belong to the Wild Gods but to those who can carry on their work. Only someone with a guardian spirit as determined as his will be able to wield them in battle.

And woe unto any enemy that has to face a creature as dedicated as he.

G'Hanir, the Mother Tree

The Emerald Dream is at risk. The Nightmare seeks to corrupt all of its power.

This branch was critically important in keeping the Dream stable and peaceful, but it is not safe to leave it there any longer. You are one of the most astonishingly capable druids in history. Carry this staff with you, protect it, and use it to drive the Legion off of our world.

G'Hanir, the Mother Tree, Part One

In Azeroth's ancient days, natural life never had a chance to emerge due to

the horrifying reign of the Old Gods. Without help, nature would not have risen at all. The titans knew this. One of their final acts of aid for us was to give the keepers the knowledge and power to reverse the Old Gods' unspeakable destruction.

In time, nature would rise. Life would flourish. Generations of plants and animals would grow and change.

This miraculous recovery did not come from any one place. But at the beginning, there was a source of healing and balance, a place where all life could rest and revive.

It was called G'Hanir, the Mother Tree.

G'Hanir, the Mother Tree, Part Two

Keeper Freya was charged by the titans to guide the seeding of Azeroth's natural life. To aid in this task, she shaped a mystical realm that would become known as the Emerald Dream. She wanted it to be an unspoiled vision of nature, undisturbed by the forces of evil or external civilizations.

She began by creating a single, massive tree, set atop a high peak within the Dream. From it bloomed many different fruits and flowers, and new life flowed outward in waves, sweeping across the land.

Freya sculpted pools of life in other locations within the Emerald Dream, but this tree was the first, the tallest, and the most radiant. For millennia, it served as a source of healing and balance that extended beyond the Dream and into the physical world.

G'Hanir, the Mother Tree, Part Three

As life flourished on Azeroth, generations of animals came and went. Soon the Emerald Dream was filled with the spirits of countless beasts.

That first tree that Freya had created, G'Hanir, became a haven for winged creatures. Its many boughs and branches had room for all, and its healing, peaceful energy calmed even the most distressed minds.

Many powerful spirits were drawn to G'Hanir. Some wanted to simply gaze upon it; others wanted to sit at its base and bask in its shade for a while.

One never left. A Wild God named Aviana made the Mother Tree her home for as long as she lived.

G'Hanir, the Mother Tree, Part Four

Aviana was known as the Mistress of Birds. Unlike some other Wild Gods, she did not keep herself distant from lesser, mortal creatures. She was a predator, delighting in swooping down on prey from the sky.

Eventually she was called something new: the Mistress of the Mother Tree. She had grown utterly enchanted with G'Hanir. It was more than a tree; it was a source of life, healing, and peace. Aviana spent years melding her power into the tree, and soon all living winged creatures on Azeroth dreamed of spending the afterlife flying through its branches.

Aviana's spirit became intertwined with the Mother Tree. In time, this would have lasting consequences.

G'Hanir, the Mother Tree, Part Five

Ten thousand years ago, Azeroth was invaded. The Burning Legion stormed onto our lands and waged war on all who would resist it. There were few people inclined to fight back, and they were greatly outnumbered.

The first druid, Malfurion Stormrage, called upon the Wild Gods to join the fight. Not only would a Legion victory eradicate the elves, but it would also spell doom for all life on Azeroth.

Many Wild Gods answered Malfurion's cry. Aviana was one of them.

G'Hanir, the Mother Tree, Part Six

When the Wild Gods joined the battle against the Burning Legion, the demons were taken aback. Surely they had not been expecting nature to produce such powerful enemies. That day will never be forgotten as long as Azeroth remains free of the Legion's control.

Aviana led flocks of birds from all the land on the hunt for Legion minions. Untold numbers of demons died to her and her children.

But the Burning Legion's forces were too great. Aviana fell from the sky, and demonic spears ended her life.

G'Hanir, the Mother Tree, Part Seven

The shock of Aviana's death reverberated through the Emerald Dream, and all the leaves of G'Hanir fell from their branches. The great Mother Tree, home to the spirits of countless creatures, was dead. Many mourned for it, and some succumbed to the temptation of serving dark forces in Aviana's absence.

But although she had died, her spirit still lingered.

As the night elves struggled to rebuild their society in the wake of the Sundering, members of the green dragonflight discovered a gift. A single branch of G'Hanir, with a single acorn hanging off its leaves, had been left in their keeping in the Emerald Dream.

The acorn was used by Alexstrasza, Aspect of the red dragonflight, to create Nordrassil, the great World Tree that would protect the second Well of Eternity.

G'Hanir, the Mother Tree, Part Eight

Malfurion Stormrage sensed that Aviana's spirit had been the one to bestow the branch of G'Hanir, and he believed it was best kept hidden. Many of Aviana's children had been lost to chaos, and they might be driven to claim any remnant of her legacy for their new masters.

Quietly, Malfurion moved the branch of G'Hanir to a safe location deep within the Emerald Dream. Only a few people ever knew where it was kept, but its influence was felt far and wide.

For many millennia, the branch served as a stabilizing force for the Emerald Dream, and the land near it was said to be a place of great healing and peace.

G'Hanir, the Mother Tree, Part Nine

The events of the Cataclysm shook Azeroth and the Emerald Dream to their roots. As the night elves fought to repel the forces of Ragnaros from Mount Hyjal, they asked the champions of Azeroth to summon new allies—or, to be specific, old ones.

Many of the Wild Gods who had died in the War of the Ancients were resurrected. Aviana returned to life on Azeroth and joined the Horde and the Alliance in successfully pushing the elemental forces back into the Firelands. In the end, Ragnaros was killed, and Mount Hyjal was saved.

Aviana turned her attention to G'Hanir once again. Times had changed, but her dream of providing a spiritual haven for her kind had not. She set out to restore the Mother Tree to its full glory.

G'Hanir, the Mother Tree, Part Ten

The branch of the Mother Tree remained in the Emerald Dream. Unbeknownst to the druids, the forces of the Emerald Nightmare were already gathering for an assault. When they investigated key sources of power within the Dream, they discovered the true nature of G'Hanir.

The satyr lord Xavius, working on behalf of the Burning Legion to taint the Dream, ordered his forces to exercise caution. This branch of G'Hanir was corrupted slowly, very slowly, in such ways that even its guardians could not sense it.

When the Nightmare revealed itself, this branch suddenly pulsed with evil. Had it been left corrupted, it might have thrown the entire Emerald Dream into chaos.

Since it has been cleansed, that plan, at least, was thwarted.

G'Hanir, the Mother Tree, Part Eleven

It is too dangerous to leave G'Hanir hidden anymore. The Nightmare covets the branch's power; obscurity will no longer suffice. The strength of the

Mother Tree must be used to drive the forces of evil away from Azeroth. Aviana agrees, and sends it off with her blessing.

Perhaps one day this branch will be returned to the Dream to once again bring peace and stability to the realm.

But for now, its true value will be in the hands of a champion. Its destiny is to save countless lives and cleanse corruption from our world.

Note from the Author

Research efforts press on! There's more information to be uncovered in these texts. The only thing that can hold me back is time!

Come back after further research has been completed and I will continue to expand this tome.

- Lead Historian Celadine

Tome of Thomas Thomson

By

Thomas Thomson

Kids: Joel and Gina. Wife: Suzannah

Toothgnasher's Skeleton

By

Unknown

This is a scale replica of Toothgnasher's skeleton. The legendary ram was a wonder of Khaz Modan and the subject of many tales of dwarven folklore. To this day, ecologists have been unable to account for the ram's freakish size or physical stamina.

Torn Note

By

Unknown

I miss my tribe, and my home. I would gladly welcome the wind on the open plains or the sunset over Thunder Bluff to the heat of this jungle.

I can see the ocean water not far from me, but it does nothing to cool my body or my temper. It only reminds me of my imprisonment.

Torn Zandalari Journal

By

Unknown

I take back everything I said about this place. When Zul landed us on the northern shores of the mainland, I thought this was the promised land, the salvation of the Zandalari. The fishing villages fell easily. Nobody put up a battle 'til those dark ones came along - the "Shado-Pan." They don't stand up and fight. They come at us from the trees. Sometimes I swear they walk through walls. Always behind us, always out of the corner of our eyes - never fighting from the front.

Once we had that old mogu king's corpse, we were out of there. Mogu, mogu, mogu. I could see why Zul wanted them as our allies: I saw the glory of their ancient empire firsthand when we fought our way through the Valley of Emperors.

But that was weeks ago. Now I'm slogging through a swamp, digging up statues in the rain. The mogu look down on us. I can see it, at least in the ones that have eyes. Some of them are just stones, with stones for hearts and stones for brains.

They're using us. But Zul says they'll keep their word once they're in power again. And Zul... he just seems to KNOW things.

Touch of the Banshee

By

Unknown

Skor'zad nervously peered around the corner of the column. As he had planned, he saw her floating there, alone in her chamber. Had he made the right decision, visiting the banshee's private chamber so late at night? The necromancers would surely put him back into the ground if he was discovered. What's worse, he didn't even know if his feelings were requited, and Madame Sidnari was known for her short temper.

What few doubts the zombie had were quickly tossed aside once he caught a full glimpse of her beauty. Her distinctly elven features - a reminder of her form in a past life - were now only enhanced by the oozing wounds and scabs that dotted her face. Purple, almost translucent skin was frugally covered by necrotic wrappings that hugged her waifish figure. Cold flesh neatly fused with the ephemeral as her legless torso sat upon a bluish sphere of energy, drifting a few inches above the cold granite floor. Skor'zad allowed himself to relax a bit and wiped the sweat and ichor that dripped alternately from his prominent brow.

Seemingly unaware of his presence, she glided to the only window in the room and looked out upon the battlefield. Desolation stretched out before her. Not six hours ago had the shrill cries of human children pierced the air, but now... only the sweet silence of death.

The wind caught her hair now, playfully flipping the worm-like tangles around her hollowed-out eye sockets. Skor'zad, suddenly aware that he was leaning forward with lust, shrank back behind the column, terrified that the Dark Wailer might have seen him. She had indeed seen him - but he had no reason to fear.

“Skor’zad,” she said. “I’ve been waiting for you. You fought well today.”
The banshee glanced coyly over her rotting right shoulder, allowing her wrappings to loosen ever so slightly. “It’s time you... collected your reward.”

<The next few pages seems to be stuck together.>

Trail-Worn Scroll

By

Unknown

As Forsaken, we fight against the Lich King, we fight against the Alliance... sometimes we even quarrel with the other races of the Horde. We are few, and we face great obstacles... but we will survive and prevail.

As a fellow hunter, you will do so from afar, with a bow in your hand and an animal companion at your side. Your power comes not from arcane wizardry or martial prowess, but your ability to live off the land.

The path of the hunter lies before you. It starts with me, your trainer. Where it ends... we do not know that yet.

Traitor's Communication

By

Kael'thas Sunstrider

Servant, Several years worth of planning has been lost. The draenei and their pitiful leader have escaped the Master's grasp once again! What's more, they have stolen MY vessel and crashed it upon Azeroth! While it is true that the Master's eredar agent has failed, she was able to transmit the Exodar's location to us. Fortuitously, her identity is still a mystery to the draenei. We may still be able to use her for our purposes.

Contact our spy and prepare for a full scale assault upon the draenei. Kill them all and recover my vessel. You are the only link I have on Azeroth that is able to repair the damage the brutes inflicted upon the Exodar.

Do not fail me, gnome. Should your lust for riches interfere with my orders, you will spend eternity in prayer. You'll pray for death to come and release you from the tortures I'll unleash should you falter.

-King Sunstrider

Trans-dimensional Ship Repair for Simpletons

By

Jamus Kaesi

Trans-dimensional Ship Repair for Simpletons, by Jamus Kaesi

<The thin pages of this book are made from a shimmering material and are filled with highly technical diagrams of how to maintain and repair a trans-dimensional ship. This particular copy is open to a chapter entitled ‘Vector Coil Breaches and How to Avoid Them.’>

Transcription: Waiting for the Turtle

By

Unknown

On this site many generations ago, equipped with little more than an umbrella and pack full of food, the young pandaren explorer Liu Lang set forth to explore the world on the back of a sea turtle.

At the time it was widely believed that the rest of the world had been destroyed in the Sundering. Common wisdom also had it that Liu Lang was... “damaged” in the head.

Everyone was proven wrong when Liu Lang returned five years later, spouting tales of mysterious lands beyond the sea. He would go on to return to Pandaria every five years for the rest of his days, his turtle growing bigger and bigger with each visit, until it was large enough to house an entire colony.

Pandaren afflicted with the wanderlust often stared out across the sea awaiting his return. To this day, when someone is caught gazing off to the horizon for any reason, they are often asked if they are “Waiting for the turtle.”

Translated Letter From the Embalmer

By

The Embalmer

Greetings Ello Ebonlocke, Mayor of Darkshire. I'm afraid I have news for your town. Grave news.

You see, I am a creator. I fooled the bearer of this note into aiding me in my latest, most dire creation - a fiend of flesh and bone and twisted metal! As you read this, it's likely outside my humble dwelling, gnashing its teeth and waiting for my word to go forth and slaughter.

But you'll know soon enough.

-The Embalmer

Translated Sunhawk Missive

By

Kael'thas Sunstrider

Declaration from the Sun King

Sunhawks - my precious, loyal children - your king commends you. Your presence on Azeroth is of the utmost importance to both myself and the Master.

Soon, the sun portal will be ready to transport reinforcements from Tempest Keep directly to Bloodmyst Isle. We will reclaim the Exodar. We will slay the blue skinned mongrels where they stand. Velen will pay for his crimes.

-King Kael'thas Sunstrider

Trapped in a Strange Land

By

Unknown

The origins of the yaungol are unclear. The earliest historical record of the race dates back to the time of the mogu emperor Qiang the Merciless. His scholars describe nomadic tribes of “intelligent bovine hunters” who roamed “expansive hunting grounds beyond the western reaches of the empire.” It is thought that several tribes of these hunters were trapped in pandaria when the continent was separated from the mainland during the Sundering.

Imprisoned in the dangerous Townlong Steppes, the hardy yaungol were forced to adapt, weaponizing local supplies of oil and developing their own aggressive culture.

Few races can stand toe-to-toe against the mantid in open ground. For this reason alone, the yaungol survivors are to be feared and respected.

Troubles From Without

By

Hawkmaster Nurong

Brothers and Sisters,

We need to keep our eyes beyond our shores. The mists have fallen. We, the Shado-Pan are the next and final line of defense.

The first to come, as you know, were the Horde and Alliance. While they have not shown themselves to be hostile, we continue to follow them with a wary eye.

The next to come did not arrive by air, but from beneath the sea. The makrura have shown increased activity on our shores, which suggests a possible future attack. I will highlight a few high-priority targets to look out for.

AKKALOU

This female has been known to attack the fishermen of Sri-La Village in times of hunger. Reports vary whether she is simply a nuisance or an outright menace. Last seen on the rocks southwest of Windward Isle, in the Jade Forest.

AKKALAR

Akkalar is renowned among his kind for his thick carapace. His brazen attacks on the jinyu of the Jade Forest suggest either arrogance or strength. Potentially both. Last seen on the southern tip of the Jade Forest, south of Pearlfins Village.

DAMLAK

Omnia scholars have suggested that the makrura have some capacity in magic. Those who have seen Damlak know this to be true. This shadowy creature wanders the islands and seafloor between the Cradle of Chi-Ji and Nayeli Lagoon, in the Krasarang Wilds.

KISHAK

A furious warrior from the icy waters of the north. Last seen patrolling the rocky coast of Kun-Lai Summit, west of Zouchin Village.

CLAMSTOK

An absolute brute from beyond the wall, known for his overwhelming strength. Even the mantid keep a fair distance from this one. Last seen off the northwestern coast of Zan'vess.

ODD'NIROK

Odd'nirok does not fight with his claws as the other makrura do. Instead, he possesses a crude shamanic power, fighting with the force of water itself. He was last seen on the shores south of the cliffs of Sik'vess, in Townlong Steppes.

CLAWLORD KRIL'MANDAR

While we are discussing makrura, I must mention Kril'mandar, known as the Clawlord, or the Terror of the Southern Tide.

Kril'mandar has NOT been seen in years. Our lookouts along the southern wall have inspected his island, far to the west of the Cradle of Chi-Ji, and have not seen any signs of his return.

Remain vigilant.

-Hawkmaster Nurong

Turning the Other Cheek

By

Unknown

The topic of indulgences is a difficult one, but at times in our lives, it becomes a necessary evil. A lapse of judgment, a harsh word too quickly spoken, a punch or kick thrown in anger - all these things are failings of mortal men, and the Church must acknowledge that. However, such acknowledgement does not come without a price. For sins of harsh words, a mere handful of silver will cleanse the soul. For sins of physical force, a handful of gold will expurgate the failings of mortal flesh. For those other sins, a full confession and a more generous contribution will be necessary.

Punching:

Punch to the Face : 2 gold

Punch to the Groin: 3 gold

Punch in the Chest: 1 gold 45 silver

<A detailed list of prices and sins continues for pages>

Twilight Correspondence

By

Unknown

Loyal servants of the elemental lords, OUR TIME IS NOW.

Too long we have languished in the shadows, biding our time, serving our masters, seeking the end we know must come. Now, as the flames of Ragnaros' Appeasement burn brightly through the night, we have in our grasp the tools to incite war and chaos on a cataclysmic scale!

The Firelord is imprisoned in our world. He is not at his full power, but his might is formidable. Given an equally formidable opponent in this realm, the resulting clash would begin the great elemental war that will bring about the end we have sought.

In Neptulon's service is a great frost lord by the name of Ahune. Even now he is marshalling his power to wage war against Ragnaros. All he requires is a gateway into our world; a gateway we will provide. We have the allies. We have the location. We have the strength and the will.

Final negotiations with our new faithful allies and guests will be conducted in a safe, out of the way location northwest of our primary location in Ashenvale.

Before this "festival" of the ignorant masses comes to a close, Ahune shall face Ragnaros in the shadow of Blackrock. The world will quake with the forces unleashed.

All our toils have worked toward this moment. Our masters will rise against one another in one glorious battle that will tear Azeroth asunder.

We live in the end times, my brothers. Hold to your tasks. Strive on. We will soon be triumphant!

Twin Steins of Brewfather Quan Tou Kuo

By

Unknown

A matching set of drinking steins, made of ebony and jade. Brewfather Quan Tou Kuo, “The Two-Fisted”, sought to mitigate the side effects of strong drink by creating the perfect duality of brews. When imbibed together in the proper ratios, the Pale Ale of Spirit and the Dark Stout of the Mind combine in the drinker’s stomach to achieve a state of enlightenment and goodwill without the loss of judgment and self-control so often experienced by less refined brews. Sadly, the Brewfather’s secrets have been lost to time, but these lovingly crafted steins serve as a permanent reminder of his expertise.

This specimen was donated by the esteemed <class>, <name>.

Uldaman Relics

By

Unknown

These ancient pieces of earthenware were recovered from the Uldaman excavation. Though they hold little in the way of suggestive runes or hieroglyphs, they do provide a telling look at the craftsmanship and day to day accessories of the ancient dwarven race.

Uldaman Reliefs

By

Unknown

These etched relief runners were perhaps the most significant find within the first chambers of Uldaman. The etchings clearly suggest a tie between the golem-like earthen and the dwarven race. Should further evidence arise, the theories of our supposed creation by the mythic titans could prove to be true.

Unity at a Price

By

Unknown

Armed with the power of storms, the Thunder King gathered together his followers and began the systematic conquest of the other mogu warlords. Most did not submit to his authority: the lucky ones were vaporized by lightning or trampled by his growing legions. The others were dragged off in chains until he deemed them “broken.”

But many mogu saw in Lei Shen the unity of purpose that had been lacking in the generations since their masters had fallen silent. They flocked around the Thunder King’s banner. They eagerly did his bidding as he enslaved the other races, believing - as Lei Shen did - that the “lesser” races should serve the mogu, just as the mogu had once served their masters.

Lei Shen unified the language, established a single currency, standardized weights and measures, and founded an empire. For the first time, the races of the land were united. The Thunder King considered their suffering a small price to pay... a mere weakness of the flesh.

Unknown Crusader's Diary

By

Unknown

Entry 1:

The High General's fervor is ablaze in the peasantry! The Crusade's fleet grows mightier with each day and our ranks swell with able men. At our bow, a mighty sword sits poised to strike at Northrend and free us from this endless battle. Our stern is unsteady, though. With the Scarlet Bastion in flames, I cannot help smelling death on the wind at our backs.

Entry 15:

Abbendis has lost her senses. She seeks to form a schism within the Crusade and attack the Lich King's very citadel with but a fraction of our most faithful! Does she mean to leave New Avalon and Tyr's Hand to burn as she sails over the edge of the world with our last defenders?

Entry 23:

The morning is bright, pick and plow glinting as the men and women labor in the mines and fields. A shadow has come—a necropolis. This is not Naxxramas. The Scourge make camp nearby, and Abbendis has ordered that we fight to the last man. Have I sworn fealty only to cast myself beneath the juggernaut behind Abbendis' retreat?

<Folded into the last page of the diary is a hastily-scrawled map. It seems that the author planned to swim all the way around the northeastern coast of Lordaeron and land in Tirisfal Glades!>

Unmarked Journal

By

Unknown

An arakkoa sun priestess has come to our home, seeking dominion over our lands. She brings dust and wind and death, scorching our fields with sunfire.

<There are a few pages missing.>

Our village bleeds slowly to death. Many of our defenders have fallen under an abominable curse, which we call “the sun sickness.” They return to our village, stumbling and dazed, and unable to feel the warmth of the Light.

Today, I saw the sun priestess in the woods near our village. I was barely able to escape, but not before she cast the sun sickness upon me.

Since she uttered her foul incantation, I have tried praying to the Light... and felt nothing.

Where there was once everlasting divinity, now, I sense only emptiness.

Never have I felt such terror.

I have sent the children, the sick, and the elderly away. May they find safety beyond the river, away from here.

Only I remain.

I will slay the sun priestess today.

<Most of the remaining pages are gone, except for the last entry.>

Much time has passed since I slew the feathered witch. How many seasons, how many years? I have lost count.

I am an old man, and my time is near.

All these years I have wandered, blind and alone, severed from the Light. What is a Vindicator without vindication? It is to eat without tasting. It is to learn without understanding. It is to live without meaning.

The darkness beckons. The world grows dim. Without the Light, I am hopeless.

Ur's Treatise On Shadow Magic

By

Unknown

The swirling symbols and pictograms that fill the pages of this manual are esoteric beyond comprehension.

Urgent Message

By

Unknown

Urgent message to Cliffwatcher Longhorn

A large Centaur force from Camp E'thok have raided one of our supply caravans. All members of the caravan were lost as well as all supplies. This was a bold, unprecedented attack by the Centaurs and I fear there may be more.

Urgent Scarlet Memorandum

By

High Priest Benedictus Voss

An Urgent Message to all Scarlet Officers and Enlistees: The Scourge agent known as Lilian Voss has escaped from her captivity at the Scarlet Palisade. She is to be considered highly dangerous, and should be killed on sight. She has already slain 15 of our men. None were left wounded.

Do NOT try to apprehend her. Doing so will likely result in death. She is an enemy to the Crusade and must be crushed immediately.

The crusader who returns her head to the High Priest will be rewarded with 1,000 gold. Refer any questions to your commanding officer.

~BV

Uther the Lightbringer

By

Unknown

Here lies Uther the Lightbringer

First Paladin - Founder of the Order of the Silver Hand

Uther lived and died to defend the kingdom of Lordaeron. Though he was betrayed by his most beloved student, we believe that his spirit lives on. He continues to watch over us, even as the shadows close in around our ruined land. His light is the light of all humanity - and so long as we honor his example, it shall never fade.

- Anonymous

Vaeldrin's Journal

By

Vaeldrin

Entry 1

For the first time in the last decade I feel like I have a proper lead. There was an ancient scroll written in a strange language that talked about the Pools of Youth. It would appear to pre-date Azshara's rule.

The odd part is the language is neither elves nor trolls. This fascinating bit of news would imply that there were societies older than that of our own on Azeroth.

From what I could decipher, the Pools of Youth were actually the property of an ancient dynasty. What race comprised this dynasty still remains a mystery.

There is something sinister about the writings of this "Dojani dynasty" however. There are also references to an imperial seat and a valley of golden blossoms.

The choice bit of news is that they included coordinates to their kingdom's "heart of power." I should be able to have one of our new arcane mages provide us a portal if I can convince Tyrande to approve the mission.

Entry 2

Tyrande is a stubborn unruly woman! Far be it for me to speak against my high priestess but she is a buffoon, unwilling to take even the most minor of risks.

I showed her my research! I showed her how to find the Pools of Youth and

the legacy of this ancient empire. What does she do? Deems the mission “too risky.”

How is the mortality of our people to be dismissed as “too risky”? Oh she insists that we made the right choice setting aside our immortality when we had to save Azeroth. But I believe that is a fixable issue.

There is more than one way to live forever!

Entry 3

Tyrande is a goddess! She approved my mission! Granted, she insisted I take my daughter and nearly a battalion of sentinels with me but no matter. I can proceed.

It would seem her ladyship was beset by dreams and visions of the same golden valley I told her of in my research.

For her, the visions gave her a sense of healing and a need for peace. But her visions also had something about danger and “gets worse before it gets better” type of warnings.

The scrolls my research came from spoke of a peaceful land as well so I am not sure what she is so concerned about.

Entry 4

I think my daughter is annoyed she has been assigned to keep me safe. Lyalia is a sweet girl but she has never appreciated my research.

It is a shame she is so headstrong. Probably gets it from her mother. I have tried to explain to her that if I succeed we will have all of eternity to spend time together.

She really is but a child, born only within the last century. She seems quite upset that i don’t pay enough attention to her. But what is twenty years spent in research when compared to millennia of conversation and experiences that would follow?

Entry 5

An arcanic oubliette. Who would build such a sinister device?

By my estimates this contraption is almost twelve thousand years old and yet it still had enough power to trip.

Apparently, once tripped, it begins to draw energy off of all those trapped within it, using their life force to power the device much like a warlock siphons life off their victims.

Most civilized cities just use wards to prevent unwanted portals.

This, this is something very dark. It would seem the civilization that made this has no qualms about siphoning or redistributing life.

Valea Twinblades

By

Unknown

Valea Twinblades Warrior of the Scarlet Crusade

Citizen of Alterac

Last seen deep in the Eastern Plaguelands

Valeera's Note

By

Valeera Sanguinar

Remember, 'The shadows reveal' is the key.

Lucian Trias - Resident cheese monger at One More Glass

Desmond Gravesorrow - Uncrowned agent stationed west of the Violet Citadel

Val'zuun - Informant of unknown origin, last seen in the Underbelly

-V

Valley of the Emperors

By

Unknown

The mogu view their dead as a collection of parts. Souls could be bound to stone for later use. Flesh and blood could be reforged to extend the lives of those loyal to the emperor. To be buried intact was a symbol of great power and respect.

Here lies the Valley of Emperors, the resting grounds of a hundred generations of warlords, kings, and emperors who once ruled this land.

Grave-rob at your own risk!

Velinde's Journal

By

Velinde

Elune has granted my wishes. The lives of my fallen comrades will not be in vain, and I shall avenge their deaths using the Scythe of Elune. It is an ancient thing, a branch, twisted and gnarled of wood that could be older than even the Kaldorei.

For many hours I examined the tool that the goddess granted to me. It is no ordinary weapon, that is for certain, nor is it a simple magical implement. With it... it is as though the barriers of time and space are weakened.

Holding the Scythe in my hands, I received a vision of chaos. Wolf-men... the worgen... battled an incredible enemy. The worgen fought savagely, as fit their primitive race, but their enemy was unflinching: the Lords of the Emerald Flame.

And that was when I realized the true power of the Scythe. By focusing on it, I became able to communicate with the worgen. It was not speech I used to contact them, however. It was something different... I could not describe it.

What mattered was that the worgen heard and understood me. By further channeling energy into the Scythe, the barriers weakened more, and I was able to draw worgen into our world. A score and half I was able to summon in my first attempt. They followed me into battle, and with their brutish strength at my command, we tore into the demons of Felwood.

Elune has granted my wishes. The forest will be cleansed.

May Elune's blessings be upon me until my work is done.

All goes well. I have summoned larger numbers of worgen to fight at my side. Though they are of simple mind, they have shown impressive ability to coordinate their attacks and function as a group.

I have identified leaders in their packs. To them I have given command of small groups of warriors. We strike from many places in the forest at once, and my campaign against the demons is a fruitful one.

May Elune's blessings be upon me until my work is done.

A pack is lost. I sent the worgen to range through the forest and identify areas of demonic infestation, but they did not return. I begin to worry about the leaders that I have entrusted control to. They are of simple mind, and this small bit of authority I have given them, they stretch to the utmost. Am I losing control? Perhaps I shall cease summoning additional worgen for the time being.

May Elune's blessings be upon me until my work is done.

Though I have not summoned additional worgen, their numbers continue to increase. It is as though the Scythe no longer requires my intervention for the summoning process. This is troubling. I have gathered as many of the packs as I could find, and ordered them to remain at the Shrine of Mel'Thandris.

Meanwhile, I have searched the libraries in Darnassus and consulted with the Circle of Ancients in Darkshore. Not one scrap of information about these worgen did I find. I have heard reports, whispers, of a wizard of the Kirin Tor named Arugal. From what I have heard, it is possible that he has also summoned worgen. I would consult with this wizard—distasteful as it may be—and see what he knows.

The worgen are dangerous, and I wish to stem the tide. On the morrow, I will travel to the port in the Barrens and book passage to the New World.

May Elune's blessings be upon me until my work is done.

Venomous Tome

By

Unknown

1. If you don't like the potency of a poison, double the ingredients or halve them.
2. If a poison doesn't work the way you want, you're always more wrong than you think you are.
3. Prototype, Prototype, Prototype (gnomes make great test subjects).
4. Poisons should be easy to start using, hard to stop using.
5. Simple ingredients work together to create interesting complexity.

Venture Co. Documents

By

Unknown

Supervisor Fizsprocket, please find enclosed a list of the equipment you have requisitioned, approved by President Razdunk.

He has asked me to remind and to emphasize to you of the Venture Company's vested interest in setting up operations throughout Kalimdor. Our drilling and mining outposts in the Barrens have proven profitable and efficient, but we still await sufficient production numbers from Mulgore, your jurisdiction.

The advisory board understands the difficulties in establishing a large scale operation so close to the tauren homeland, but do not feel that they pose a large impediment to our overall business plan in the area.

We are pleased to hear that mining has begun in the mineral rich plains of Mulgore. Because of this the board has approved your equipment request. In addition to mining, we feel that Mulgore also has much to offer in the way of lumber, thus you will also be provided with several of our newest model shredders and raw materials to construct a mill.

Verdant Note

By

Gart Mistrunner

The spirits came to me in my dreams last night. They told me of your coming, and that it would be my task to aid you. We have much to go over in our short time together—discussions about nature, the spirits, the Earthmother, and even the night elves. But I will save the lessons for your arrival, and I will do all that is in my power to ensure that you are ready for the trials ahead.

May wisdom guide you. I will be waiting.

-Gart Mistrunner, Druid Trainer

Verdant Sigil

By

Mardant Strongoak

When word reached me that you were ready, I sent this sigil immediately. All of Cenarius' druids take great satisfaction in seeing our numbers bolster. The spirits even seem to have become stronger with our enhanced presence. In time, and with some patience, hopefully our strength will return to its former grandeur. Find me within Aldrassil when you are ready. I will be your guide as long as you are in Shadowglen.

- Mardant Strongoak, Druid Trainer

Verna's Westfall Stew Recipe

By

Verna Furlbrow

Westfall Stew

3 parts Stringy Vulture Meat

3 Goretusk Snouts

3 Murloc Eyes

3 Okra

Mix together and bring to a boil. Let simmer for at least two hours before serving.

Verner's Note

By

Verner

Argus, As you know, I'm up to my neck in repair requests from the Army. I can't complain about all the work, but it's depleting my supply of iron.

I don't have enough iron for horseshoes. I know you always keep a large stock—I'd like to borrow 50 pairs of shoes until I get my next shipment of iron.

You have my gratitude,

-Verner

Victory in Kun-Lai

By

Unknown

Having failed to create an obedient army with the saurok, the mogu devised other ways to create the “perfect” fighting force. Using dark magics of unknown origin, they captured living souls and imprisoned them within constructs of stone.

Over the course of several dynasties, a vast army of these living statues was constructed and housed within an enormous vault carved into the mountains of Kun-Lai.

Knowing that this secret weapon would be their downfall, pandaren monks attempted to seize control of the vaults immediately after the revolution began. They struck quickly, ambushing the mogu by rappelling down the mountain from the Peak of Serenity. The battle for the vaults lasted four days before a snowstorm forced the mogu from the mountain.

By depriving the mogu of their secret weapon, the rebellious slaves forced the mogu to fight on more balanced terms.

Vindicator Maraad

By

Unknown

Vindicator Maraad

He always sought to protect those who could not protect themselves.

Maraad made the ultimate sacrifice in Draenor to save one of our own.

Volund the Hoarder

By

Unknown

Here lies Volund the Hoarder. His mastery of ancient titan artifacts granted him great power on the battlefield.

His drive for artifacts led to his downfall. He activated an ancient and powerful construct from the old lands and died stopping it from destroying Stormheim.

Waiting for the Turtle

By

Unknown

On this site many generations ago, equipped with little more than an umbrella and pack full of food, the young pandaren explorer Liu Lang set forth to explore the world on the back of a sea turtle.

At the time it was widely believed that the rest of the world had been destroyed in the Sundering. Common wisdom also had it that Liu Lang was... “damaged” in the head.

Everyone was proven wrong when Liu Lang returned five years later, spouting tales of mysterious lands beyond the sea. He would go on to return to Pandaria every five years for the rest of his days, his turtle growing bigger and bigger with each visit, until it was large enough to house an entire colony.

Pandaren afflicted with the wanderlust often stared out across the sea awaiting his return. To this day, when someone is caught gazing off to the horizon for any reason, they are often asked if they are “Waiting for the turtle.”

Walking Cane of Brewfather Ren Yun

By

Unknown

A long cane tipped with a head of carved whalebone, once used by the enigmatic Brewfather, Ren Yun. Blind since birth, Ren Yun's other senses were heightened. As a result, he found the brews of his time to be harsh or bitter. Years of experimentation allowed him to perfect four perfect brews that appealed to each of his other senses. And yet, the "one brew" that would appeal to all four senses at the same time eluded him. It was only at the end of his long life that he perfected the one master recipe, "The Four Senses Brew", that was the most magnificent discovery of his generation. Sadly the recipe was lost to time, because Ren Yun's handwriting was pretty much illegible.

This specimen was donated by the esteemed <class>, <name>.

Wanderer's Festival Announcement

By

Unknown

- WANDERER'S FESTIVAL -

All are welcome to the Wanderer's Festival, a salute to the dreamers among us! Join us here on Turtle Beach Sunday nights just after sunset. For more information, look for Wandering Heralds the day of the event.

Wanted: Dead!

By

Master Mathias Shaw

Wanted: Dead!

Taoshi and \$n are hereby wanted dead for conspiracy with the Burning Legion and crimes against the Alliance.

A sizable reward will be granted upon proof of death delivered to any SI:7 agent.

For the Alliance! For King Anduin!

Master Mathias Shaw

Leader of SI:7

Wanted: Hemet Nesingwary, Enemy of Nature

By

Unknown

WANTED: HEMET NESINGWARY FOR CRIMES AGAINST NATURE!

Artist's rendition of "The Extinctionator" in his natural habitat: the burning hellfire of the underworld.

Last Wildlife Holocaust Location: Nagrand, Outland

Also Known As: The Great Game Hunter, The Butcher of Badlands, The Stranglethorn Ripper, Old Man Death, Hemet, Nessie, Ol' Dirty, Ol' Dirty D, Father of the Bounty, The Extinctionator

War of the Spider

By

Unknown

While Thrall was liberating his brethren in Lordaeron, Ner'zhul continued to build up his power base in Northrend. A great citadel was erected above the Icecrown Glacier and manned by the growing legions of the dead. Yet as the Lich King extended his influence over the land, one shadowy empire stood against his power.

The ancient subterranean kingdom of Azjol-Nerub, which had been founded by a race of sinister humanoid spiders, sent their elite warrior-guard to attack Icecrown and end the Lich King's mad bid for dominance. Much to his frustration, Ner'zhul found that the evil nerubians were immune not only to the plague, but to his telepathic domination as well.

The nerubian spider-lords commanded vast forces and had an underground network that stretched nearly half the breadth of Northrend. Their hit-and-run tactics on the Lich King's strongholds stymied his efforts to root them out time after time. Ultimately Ner'zhul's war against the nerubians was won by attrition. With the aid of the sinister dreadlords and innumerable undead warriors, the Lich King invaded Azjol-Nerub and brought its subterranean temples crashing down upon the spider lords' heads.

Though the nerubians were immune to his plague, Ner'zhul's growing necromantic powers allowed him to raise the spider-warriors' corpses and bend them to his will. As a testament to their tenacity and fearlessness, Ner'zhul adopted the nerubians' distinctive architectural style for his own fortresses and structures.

Left to rule his kingdom unopposed, the Lich King began preparing for his true mission in the world. Reaching out into the human lands with his vast

consciousness, the Lich King called out to any dark soul that would listen....

War of the Three Hammers

By

Unknown

The dwarves of Ironforge Mountain lived in peace for many long centuries. However, their society grew too large within the confines of their mountain cities. Though the mighty High King, Modimus Anvilmar, ruled over all dwarves with justice and wisdom, three powerful factions had arisen amongst the dwarven society.

The Bronzebeard clan, ruled by Thane Madoran Bronzebeard, held close ties to the High King and stood as the traditional defenders of Ironforge Mountain. The Wildhammer clan, ruled by Thane Khardros Wildhammer, inhabited the foothills and crags around the base of the mountain and sought to gain more control within the city.

The third faction, the Dark Iron clan, was ruled by the sorcerer-thane Thaurissan. The Dark Irons hid within the deepest shadows under the mountain and plotted against both their Bronzebeard and the Wildhammer cousins.

For a time the three factions kept a tenuous peace, but tensions erupted when High King Anvilmar passed away from old age. The three ruling clans went to war for control of Ironforge itself. The dwarf civil war raged under the earth for many years. Eventually the Bronzebeards, who had the largest standing army, banished the Dark Irons and Wildhammers from under the mountain.

Khardros and his Wildhammer warriors traveled north through the barrier gates of Dun Algaz, and they founded their own kingdom within the distant peak of Grim Batol. There, the Wildhammers thrived and rebuilt their stores of treasure. Thaurissan and his Dark Irons did not fare as well. Humiliated

and enraged by their defeat, they vowed revenge against Ironforge. Leading his people far to the south, Thaurissan founded a city (which he named after himself) within the beautiful Redridge Mountains.

Prosperity and the passing of years did little to ease the Dark Iron's rancor toward their cousins. Thaurissan and his sorceress wife, Modgud, launched a two-pronged assault against both Ironforge and Grim Batol. The Dark Irons were intent on claiming all of Khaz Modan for their own.

The Dark Iron armies smashed against their cousins' strongholds and very nearly took both kingdoms. However, Madoran Bronzebeard ultimately led his clan to a decisive victory over Thaurissan's sorcerous army. Thaurissan and his servants fled back to the safety of their city, unaware of the events transpiring at Grim Batol, where Modgud's army would fare no better against Khardros and his Wildhammer warriors.

As she confronted the enemy warriors, Modgud used her powers to strike fear into their hearts. Shadows moved at her command, and dark things crawled up from the depths of the earth to stalk the Wildhammers in their own halls. Eventually Modgud broke through the gates and laid siege to the fortress itself. The Wildhammers fought desperately, Khardros himself wading through the roiling masses to slay the sorceress queen.

With their queen lost, the Dark Irons fled before the fury of the Wildhammers. They raced south toward their king's stronghold, only to meet the armies of Ironforge, which had come to aid Grim Batol. Crushed between two armies, the remaining Dark Iron forces were utterly destroyed.

The combined armies of Ironforge and Grim Batol then turned south, intent on destroying Thaurissan and his Dark Irons once and for all. They had not gone far when Thaurissan's fury resulted in a spell of cataclysmic proportions. Seeking to summon a supernatural minion that would ensure his victory, Thaurissan called upon the ancient powers sleeping beneath the world. To his shock, and ultimately his doom, the creature that emerged was more terrible than any nightmare he could have imagined.

Ragnaros the Firelord, immortal lord of all fire elementals, had been banished by the Titans when the world was young. Now, freed by Thaurissan's call,

Ragnaros erupted into being once again. Ragnaros' apocalyptic rebirth into Azeroth shattered the Redridge Mountains and created a raging volcano at the center of the devastation.

The volcano, known as Blackrock Mountain, was bordered by the Searing Gorge to the north and the Burning Steppes to the south. Though Thaurissan was killed by the forces he had unleashed, his surviving brethren were ultimately enslaved by Ragnaros and his elementals. They remain within the depths of Blackrock to this day.

Witnessing the horrific devastation and the fires spreading across the southern mountains, King Madoran and King Khardros halted their armies and hastily turned back towards their kingdoms, unwilling to face the awesome wrath of Ragnaros.

The Bronzebeards returned to Ironforge and rebuilt their glorious city. The Wildhammers also returned home to Grim Batol. However, the death of the Modgud had left an evil stain on the mountain fortress, and the Wildhammers found it uninhabitable.

They were bitter in their hearts over the loss of their beloved home. King Bronzebeard offered the Wildhammers a place to live within the borders of Ironforge, but the Wildhammers steadfastly refused. Khardros took his people north towards the lands of Lordaeron. Settling within the lush forests of the Hinterlands, the Wildhammers crafted the city of Aerie Peak, where the Wildhammers grew closer to nature and even bonded with the mighty gryphons of the area.

Seeking to retain relations and trade with their cousins, the dwarves of Ironforge constructed two massive arches, the Thandol Span, to bridge the gap between Khaz Modan and Lordaeron. Bolstered by mutual trade, the two kingdoms prospered. After the deaths of Madoran and Khardros, their sons jointly commissioned two great statues in honor of their fathers.

The two statues would stand guard over the pass into the southlands, which had become volcanic in the wake of Ragnaros' scorching presence. They served as both a warning to all who would attack the dwarven kingdoms, and as a reminder of what price the Dark Irons paid for their crimes.

The two kingdoms retained close ties for some years, but the Wildhammers were much changed by the horrors they witnessed at Grim Batol. They took to living above ground on the slopes of Aerie Peak, instead of carving a vast kingdom within the mountain. The ideological differences between the two remaining dwarven clans eventually led to their parting of ways.

Warchief's Orders

By

Thrall

Commander,

Return to Orgrimmar. Your forces inadequate. Must reanalyze our position based upon new information.

Large number of Shadowsworn and Ogres present. Demons guard the Dark Portal.

-Thrall, Warchief of the Horde

Warlord's Branding Iron

By

Unknown

This branding iron emblazoned with the symbol of a minor Mogu warlord was used not on cattle, but on enslaved humanoids.

This specimen was donated by the esteemed <class>, <name>.

WARNING

By

H.J.

This area has been flagged as too dangerous for casual explorers. Proceed with extreme caution.

- H.J.

Warosh's Scroll

By

Warosh

Oh, I am cursed! Once a great ogre mage of the Spirestone clan, I challenged Urok Doomhowl and he stole my magic and cursed me. Now, I must walk the halls of Hordemar as this wretched creature!

Aid me! Face Urok and steal back my magic! It will not be easy, for Urok stays in the shadows and can only be summoned through a great challenge.

That challenge will be the death of his most trusted aid, Highlord Omokk.

Read on, and you will see.

Highlord Omokk rules the Spirestones, but he does so through Urok's magic. Urok charmed Omokk with a spell that can strike dead any ogre who challenges him. He has used that spell many times, and keeps the skulls of his victims in a pile, in a place of power above Omokk's chamber.

That is where you must go to face Urok.

Find a roughshod pike among the Scarshield camps. They often stack them by their bed mats near the entrance to the Spirestone ogre's domain.

When you have the pike, charge your way to Highlord Omokk. Kill him, and place his head on the pike.

Then you will be ready for your real challenge.

Go to the place of power above the Spirestone domain, beyond the Skitterweb Tunnels. At that place are piled the skulls of Urok's enemies and

rivals. It is here where you must drive the pike with Omokk's head!

When the head is in place, Urok is sure to come... but first he will send his minions against you. Defeat them, and in time Urok himself will be summoned.

Kill Urok and retrieve my magic. With my powers returned, I will reward you.

Luck to you. And here is a clue that may help in your trials against Urok's minions: The spell Omokk uses against the ogres, the one that strikes them dead, may still have power after you kill Omokk. During your fight with Urok's minions, invoke the power in Omokk's head—with luck, Omokk will strike down Urok's minions!

Fitting irony.

Water Soaked Letter

By

Unknown

Years and years I have been locked away in this magical prison. Tonight, I make my escape. I have everything I need to make my break.<Water smeared ink has ruined this section of the letter>Why have I been here so long? What did I do to deserve this? Days and days of these thoughts running through my head. What could someone do to deserve this?<Water smeared ink has ruined this section of the letter>Perhaps I will find out in another life.

Waterlogged Journal

By

Unknown

Day 1. The Thunderlords have begun their seasonal migration. Should they turn toward our lands, runners will relay this journal to the chieftain.

Day 3. Our scouting party was captured in a canyon ambush by the Warmaul ogres. Det'rak and Kelorr are dead, and Pettra is surely to follow. The rest of us have been hauled to the lower hold of a huge ogre vessel loaded with slaves from every tribe I've heard of, and some I have not. I have managed to hide this journal from the ogres for now.

Day 8. Pettra held on longer than we expected. The ogres dragged his body out of the hold and fed him to their foul boars. Malaise is starting to spread among the remaining slaves. We must act soon or we will be broken before we arrive wherever it is the ogres are taking us.

Day 11. Though we are outnumbered I have managed to convince at least a dozen other orcs to attempt to take the boat tonight. Telmek has found a length of chain that he believes we can use to quietly kill the overnight guard before attempting to rush the deck.

Day 12. The escape did not work. The ogres are simply too strong and too numerous. Several slaves were killed in the attempt, and those who survived had our knees broken. My fighting days are over. I will be lucky to walk again someday.

Day 19. Land has been sighted. I must abandon this journal now or it will surely be taken. Should this journal find its way home - Palleae, I love you.

Waterlogged Zandalari Journal

By

Unknown

I can still see it, still remember how I felt when I laid eyes on it. Blinking to wake up, telling myself I was already awake. The great palace listing to one side, like a drunk hunched against the wall. Still gleaming and gold. Was Rastakhan still inside? King of a crooked throne.

The morning sun glimmering off the seawater that crept into the forum. Pretty but for the jagged fissure tearing up the tile. We thought that was the worst of it. But the Cataclysm had only begun.

Water up a foot by the next evening. A week later, high tide came up to the market awnings. Still the sun shone. Like the world was saying it was sorry. Sorry to take your home. Sorry to give it to the sea.

World don't get off that easy.

Watersmithing

By

Unknown

Unlike the fire and heat forges of the pandaren and mogu, the jinyu have mastered the art of water forging. They shape stone and metal by using the pressures and currents of water.

Originally they would scavenge for polished stone and materials in the river. They developed an eye for the places that would provide the best quality baubles and rocks.

Over the ages they have learned to manipulate water through their magics to craft exceptional edifices of rock and stone that defy rivalry. Their weapons and armor are as hard as any forged steel, and their walls often appear to be constructed without seams.

Waterspeakers

By

Unknown

In the days before the Sundering, legend has it that all rivers flowed to Pandaria. Few were more aware of this than the clever jinyu. Over time the wisest of their people learned to commune with the waters of the river, and listen for the future and news it would bring. These elders were respected by most races and earned their title of “Waterspeakers”.

We Are Yaungol

By

Unknown

Before we are a tribe, before we are rivals, before we are a father or a mother or a child, we are first yaungol.

A yaungol is strength!

A yaungol is courage!

And a yaungol is resilient!

We stand in the shadow of the greatest enemies of Azeroth, and we thrive. We thrive together.

Let no yaungol declare war on any other yaungol. Let no tribe war with any other tribe. In this we must remain brave.

Let those who would fight each other fight alone. Let he who would rule, place a banner, and defend it alone. So we remain strong. So we remain united. So we remain Yaungol!

We Were Warriors

By

Unknown

Remember the fields of flame.

Remember the strength we wielded. Remember the champions we served.
Remember the kingdoms we burned. “Yaungol, yaungol, yaungol,” they
cried,

Until they were out of breath. “Yaungol, yaungol, yaungol,” they cried,

In fear and flame and death.

Weaponization Orders

By

Captain Brak

Raz,

Your orders are to capture four additional gronn for weaponization.

Of your first group, only one survived the entire process.

One attacked our soldiers relentlessly and had to be put down. Another fell victim to a misfire while being fitted. Yet another rolled onto its cannons in its sleep. We're still cleaning up that mess.

Rest assured, your efforts are not in vain.

- Captain Brak

Weatherbeaten Parchment

By

Shikrik

When word of your talents reached me, I had to put pen to paper. The name of Sen'jin is well known even among our people, and his example has inspired many young orcs to study the shaman's ways. Thrall speaks of his heroic sacrifice to this day.

We share no ties of blood, you and I, but magic can bind just as tightly. No matter our differences, you would benefit from my teachings. I train my students just outside the Den. You are welcome to join us.

-Shikrik, Shaman Trainer

Weathered Journal

By

Unknown

In the one-hundred-and-seventieth year of the Thunder King's reign, the Korune spellweavers came to Lei Shen with their greatest creation. A bell cast from the makers' flesh, shaped by stars' fire, and bound by the breath of darkest shadow. This bell, when rung, could shake the world and call to the heavens.

Taken to war, the bell's cacophonous tones stirred the hearts of Lei Shen's warriors. It fueled their hatred and anger, lending them strength on the field of battle. The bell's screaming voice struck fear and doubt into the hearts of the Emperor's enemies, sending them fleeing in his path.

Awed by its power, the Thunder King described the instrument as "the voice of the gods," and named it Shenqing, the Divine Bell.

Weathered Parchment

By

Unknown

In honor of those who ascend to unimaginable heights. May your spirit continue through the dreams of others who follow...

Weathered Plaque

By

Unknown

Enter those of formidable power and discipline. You shall be tested.

What Does ‘the End of All Things’ Mean for Me?

By

Unknown

You’ve no doubt heard the phrase “all good things must come to an end” and so it is with your life on Azeroth. It won’t be long before the world erupts into chaos as the elements reclaim their birthright.

But you don’t have to be afraid during these harrowing times. You don’t have to die. We can help you ascend to a new way of life, beyond death, beyond fear, and beyond the powerlessness of mortality. Join us today.

White Punch Card

By

Unknown

SUPER CRITICAL TRIPLE-ENCODED DATA CARD

01010100 01101000 01110010 01100001 01101100 01101100 00100000
01100001 01101110 01100100 00100000 01001010 01100001 01101001
01101110 01100001 00100000 01110011 01101001 01110100 01110100
01101001 01101110 01100111 00100000 01101001 01101110 00100000
01100001 00100000 01110100 01110010 01100101 01100101 00101100
00100000 01001011 00101101 01001001 00101101 01010011 00101101
01010011 00101101 01001001 00101101 01001110 00101101 01000111

Wiley's Note

By

Wiley

Stoutmantle—

Some nerve sending a total stranger to discuss the Defias gang. Once you saved my life and now you put it in great peril.

But I owe you. The Defias Brotherhood is larger than you think. Every mine from Westfall to Elwynn Forest is under their control. Kobolds and Gnolls have been enlisted to do their dirty work. They have goblins crafting metal monsters to place in the Westfall fields to prey on the superstitions of the local residents.

They have a vast underground network built. Bigger than you know, Stoutmantle. From Booty Bay right to Stormwind Keep. You may be a brave Paladin but you are a fool if you think you can shut them down. They are working on a weapon of mass destruction. After all, if there's one thing Stonemasons know, it's how to build big. You didn't think this was about pumpkin farms and vineyards, now did you? I repaid your favor. Now leave me be!

—W

William's Shipment

By

William

Hello Morgan,

Business in Goldshire is brisk, so brisk that I haven't had time to send you any shipments! I commissioned the person bearing this note to bring you a package of large wax candles (you know, the ones the Kobolds like to wear on their heads?). Please give this person our thanks, and fair payment.

Word of the Conclave

By

Ju vess

Word of the Conclave

As recorded by Ju vess, historian of the Conclave.

Light's Wrath

Before you took up Light's Wrath, many pious warriors and devout priests tried to control it. All failed.

Let their shortcomings serve as a lesson and a warning. Noble intentions are not enough to harness this staff's formidable power. You must sharpen your focus to a blade's edge, and make your will as unyielding as steel. For the moment your discipline falters, this weapon will claim you as it has all others.

Light's Wrath, Part One

Years ago, the fanatical Scarlet Crusade set out to create a staff of unparalleled holy might. A weapon that would rival even the legendary Ashbringer in righteous fury.

The Ashbringer derived its power from a shadowy artifact that had been purified in the Light and affixed to the blade. The Scarlet Crusade sought to do the same for its staff.

The order sent its most loyal crusaders into the war-torn Plaguelands in search of a suitable relic. The few who returned bore a strange jewel bristling with darkness. Some sources say it had been part of a truncheon carried by

one of the first death knights to walk the world. Other accounts hint that the dreaded lich Kel'Thuzad had shaped the jewel with his spectral hands.

Whatever the truth, the Crusade would use the black gem to create the staff known as Light's Wrath.

Light's Wrath, Part Two

Ten of the Scarlet Crusade's learned priests gathered in Hearthglen to create Light's Wrath. For weeks, they practiced a ritual that would purify the dark jewel and bind it to the staff.

What they never accounted for was a demon in their midst.

A nathrezim named Balnazzar had infiltrated the Crusade and assumed the identity of its leader, Saidan Dathrohan. When the demon learned of the plans to forge Light's Wrath, he feared that such a weapon could unmask his deception and shatter his hold over the Crusade.

Balnazzar disrupted the cleansing ritual, and the crusaders lost control of their delicate spellwork. A storm of holy energy ripped through the meeting place, instantly killing the ten priests. Yet Light's Wrath was left intact. The blast had purified the jewel and affixed it to the staff.

Upon close inspection, Balnazzar found that the staff trembled with unstable energies. Wielding it with any reliability would be near impossible. Rather than destroy the weapon, the demon allowed the Scarlet Crusade to keep it. He looked forward to the mayhem it would cause in the years to come.

Light's Wrath, Part Three

A letter from Grand Inquisitor Isillien to High General Abbendis of the Scarlet Crusade:

"I received your last letter, and I understand your concerns. But in terms of raw power, Light's Wrath has surpassed our wildest expectations. The recent battle near Tyr's Hand is proof of this.

"The Scourge outnumbered our righteous warriors twenty to one. It would

have been a massacre if not for Light's Wrath. The staff's blazing light carved through the Scourge like a scythe through wheat, leaving none behind.

"It is true that Light's Wrath killed its wielder and many of the soldiers at his side. It is also true that the surviving crusaders have been left dumbstruck, unable to dress or feed themselves without assistance.

"But at a ratio of twenty to one, I consider such losses acceptable."

Light's Wrath, Part Four

From The Hunt for Light's Wrath, compiled by the Kirin Tor of Dalaran:

"Detected another explosion of holy energy in the Plaguelands. The fifth in the last year. This recent disaster bears all the similarities of the others. Light's Wrath is to blame.

"From what I can gather, the Scarlet Crusade raided a small village in search of the Scourge. They used Light's Wrath to 'cleanse' the living townsfolk, thinking they were afflicted by the plague of undeath.

"This went on for some time before the priest using the staff lost control of its power. What was once the town square is now nothing more than a smoldering crater, filled to the brim with bodies.

"As before, the weapon was gone by the time I arrived. Some other fool Crusader likely has it.

"I should have never volunteered for this task.

"-Israen of the Kirin Tor"

Light's Wrath, Part Five

Of all the Scarlet Crusaders who bore Light's Wrath, Inquisitor Halbin had the greatest chance of success. His discipline and calculated focus were unmatched among the order's members.

In the Scarlet Monastery, Halbin put the staff's powers to use, torturing

Forsaken prisoners. He seared his captives with holy fire, extracting information for the Crusade to utilize in its war against the undead. The more Halbin interacted with the Forsaken, the more he grew to loathe the cursed beings. He no longer cared about gathering intelligence from them. He simply wanted to hear their screams.

During one night of feverish torture, Halbin's anger overwhelmed his thoughts. His hold over Light's Wrath slipped. It was only for an instant. That was all it took to seal the inquisitor's doom.

An explosion rocked the torture chamber and engulfed Halbin in holy fire. It is said he died a slow death, his howls of agony ringing through the monastery for days on end.

Light's Wrath, Part Six

It is unknown exactly when Light's Wrath slipped between the Scarlet Crusade's fingers. Eventually, the staff fell to the care of a priest named Jakhar. The devout troll was a member of the Horde Expedition, a mighty force sent to wage war against the Scourge in Northrend.

Aboard a zeppelin en route to the warfront, Jakhar practiced harnessing Light's Wrath. She dreamed of smiting the Scourge with the weapon, of making the undead pay for all the lives they had destroyed.

Over Northrend, a fierce storm knocked the zeppelin from the sky, and the dirigible plummeted to the icy tundra. Though every passenger survived the crash, they had no time to celebrate. They had landed deep within Scourge territory.

Jakhar's intense training paid off. She wielded Light's Wrath with precision and decimated the Scourge. Under her guidance, the Horde fighters carved a path through the enemy lines and reached safety.

Light's Wrath, Part Seven

In Northrend, Jakhar became the bane of the Scourge. She purified the land of undead with Light's Wrath, leaving a trail of holy fire wherever she went.

Her heroics earned her high praise from the Horde's commanders, but Jakhar was not satisfied with words alone.

No matter how many members of the Scourge she destroyed, it was never enough. Jakhar always wanted more. She became single-minded in her quest, often putting her Horde allies at risk.

Though she cleansed more and more undead, there was a price. With each day that passed, thoughts of retribution consumed her... and her iron hold over Light's Wrath began to slip.

Light's Wrath, Part Eight

From The Hunt for Light's Wrath, compiled by the Kirin Tor of Dalaran:

"Another incident. This time in Northrend.

"A Horde priest named Jakhar found the staff. By all accounts, very knowledgeable in the Light. Remarkably, she used the weapon for some time against the Scourge before the accident.

"Jakhar led a small force of Horde deep behind Scourge lines. The priest wreaked havoc on the undead before she lost control of Light's Wrath. A lance of holy magic erupted from the weapon, injuring the Horde soldiers and permanently blinding Jakhar. They barely made it back alive.

"The troll seems quite humbled by the ordeal. She has vowed to spend the remainder of the war using her powers to heal, rather than to destroy.

"Regarding the staff, Jakhar and the other soldiers abandoned it while retreating from Scourge territory. If I have any luck at all, the weapon will be where they left it, out there in the wastes.

"Good thing I packed my winter robes.

"-Israen of the Kirin Tor"

Light's Wrath, Part Nine

After Jakhar abandoned the staff in Northrend, Light's Wrath found its way back to the Eastern Kingdoms. The staff passed from one owner to the next. Kindhearted priests and paladins bore the weapon to heal the sick and protect the innocent, but none could wield it for very long.

In time, the mysterious Dark Riders learned of its whereabouts. These hooded horsemen originated from the tower of Karazhan. They spent their days stalking the land, procuring artifacts and relics of great power.

A Dark Rider named Ariden was the first to try to take up Light's Wrath... and the last. The moment his cursed hand touched the staff, a wave of holy energy erupted from the weapon. So pure was the magic that it drove the Dark Riders away and sent them slinking back to their haunted tower.

It was one of the few artifacts they would ever willingly abandon. Perhaps the only one.

Light's Wrath, Part Ten

From The Hunt for Light's Wrath, compiled by the Kirin Tor of Dalaran:

"Praise the Light, the staff is finally in my grasp.

"I tracked Light's Wrath to the cultists of the Twilight's Hammer. They had recovered the staff and were planning to reverse the purification ritual performed on it some years ago. In so doing, the cultists would have transformed Light's Wrath into its antithesis: a weapon of pure darkness.

"I stormed the Twilight's Hammer encampment just before the cultists completed their ritual. Their resistance was short lived, and I dealt with them quite handily. Far be it from me to brag, though I think I have earned the right to after this mad quest.

"Expect me in Dalaran shortly with this blasted staff.

"-Israen of the Kirin Tor"

Light's Wrath, Part Eleven

An untitled missive from the Kirin Tor's archives, author unknown:

"I report with great sadness that Israen has perished.

"While preparing Light's Wrath for transport to Dalaran, he inadvertently triggered its powers. It seems the spell he cast to lock the staff in a protective shield caused an explosion of holy energy.

"I know this comes as quite a shock. Israen was always an attentive and calculating man. He knew more about the staff than any of us. But perhaps that knowledge made him careless.

"We have taken precautions so that we do not repeat his mistake. Seven magi have sealed Light's Wrath in dampening runes. We will arrive in Dalaran soon to deposit the staff in the Nexus Vault."

T'uure, Beacon of the Naaru

T'uure is one of the purest physical embodiments of the Light in existence. The dynamic energies that flow through this artifact can heal wounds both physical and mental. They can inspire hope in times of overwhelming darkness, and fortify timid hearts with courage.

But perhaps T'uure's greatest strength is what we can learn from its past. If there is one thing to take away from its history, it is this: even one brave soul wielding the Light can save the lives of thousands.

T'uure, Beacon of the Naaru, Part One

The draenei have many legends about the benevolent naaru. Few are as cherished as the tale of T'uure.

Like other naaru, T'uure vowed to protect all mortal civilizations in the universe from the clutches of darkness. This noble quest eventually led the holy being to a world called Karkora. Its mortal denizens faced annihilation at the hands of a monstrous entity known as Dimensius the All-Devouring.

As Dimensius shrouded Karkora in Void energies, T'uure expended its own life force to spare the world from doom. The naaru shattered into fragments

and sparked a colossal holy nova. The energy cascaded over Karkora, washing away the void and banishing Dimensius from the world.

T'uure, Beacon of the Naaru, Part Two

From the draenei holy tome entitled Lessons in Hope and Sacrifice:

“T'uure had shattered, but even broken, its Light was undiminished. Each piece blazed like a star, drawing naaru from the far corners of creation. They scooped up T'uure's glittering fragments, and they sang songs of the sacrifice that had saved a world.

“The naaru gifted these shards to various races that they believed showed potential for good. The largest piece of T'uure was passed to our own ancestors: the ancient eredar of Argus.

“It is said that this artifact plummeted from the sky like a falling star. Night turned to day, and T'uure's glorious Light painted the heavens in shades of gold for a full week.”

T'uure, Beacon of the Naaru, Part Three

The eredar were a highly erudite people who cherished learning, and they studied T'uure with great curiosity. The first among them to truly harness the artifact's power for good was the wise leader named Velen.

During Velen's time, a strange curse spread across Argus. The victims found their minds addled, their memories diminished. Few things terrified the eredar as much as losing their precious knowledge. They reacted with fear and paranoia. To prevent others from contracting the affliction, many of the eredar considered quarantining the cursed or even banishing them from Argus.

Yet Velen would not abandon his people. At great risk to himself, he walked among the cursed with T'uure in hand. Velen called upon the artifact's powers and cured all of the stricken eredar.

T'uure, Beacon of the Naaru, Part Four

An excerpt from The Corruption of the Eredar and the Flight of the Draenei, by the historian Llore:

“When Sargeras came to Argus to corrupt the eredar, nearly all fell under his sway. Velen and his followers were the exception. With the naaru’s help, they embarked on a harrowing escape from their home. The going was not easy. Demons awaited the fleeing eredar at every corner.

“Despair gripped the renegades, and many even considered giving up. It was during this dark and trying time that Velen brought T’uure to bear. Its brilliant energies shone before the renegades and renewed their dwindling confidence. Emboldened by the artifact, Velen’s followers believed that they could do the impossible, that they could complete their daring flight from Argus. And so they did.

“From that day forward, the renegades called themselves the draenei. It is a name that everyone on Azeroth now knows. But if not for T’uure, perhaps the draenei would have never come to be.”

T’uure, Beacon of the Naaru, Part Five

Aboard a dimensional fortress called the Genedar, the draenei fled across the stars. The demons pursued them relentlessly, determined to punish the renegades for escaping corruption.

The long millennia that followed were harsh on the draenei. They could not rest. The threat of capture haunted their dreams. To defend themselves against the Legion, many turned to T’uure and other holy artifacts brought from Argus. The draenei studied these relics and honed their connection to the Light under the tutelage of Velen and the naaru.

A student named Askara showed more promise than the rest. In time, she would earn the right to carry T’uure, and she would become one of the greatest healers the draenei would ever know.

T’uure, Beacon of the Naaru, Part Six

Askara had lost her entire family on Argus, but she found a new one aboard

the Genedar. She saw the draenei as her brothers and sisters, and she vowed to do whatever she could to protect them.

Yet she was not gifted with physical strength or a talent for forging armaments. Instead, she turned to the Light. Her mastery of holy magic became so great that Velen eventually gave T'uure to her. Askara spent her every waking hour studying the artifact and unlocking its extraordinary potential.

It was during this time that Askara received a vision of the future. She foresaw her people finding a sanctuary from the Legion. A new life. A new world to call home.

But strangely, she did not see herself there.

T'uure, Beacon of the Naaru, Part Seven

The draenei visited many different worlds in search of a safe haven, but they rarely stayed for very long before the Burning Legion would learn of their whereabouts. Before the demons could confront them, the draenei would gather aboard the Genedar and disappear into the stars once again.

The Legion's relentless pursuit bred depression and pessimism in many draenei, but they did not suffer in silence. Askara sought out her forlorn kin and spoke to them of their troubles. She carried T'uure with her at all times, the relic casting an aura of holy magic around her that lifted the other draenei's spirits.

"It is true that the Legion is vast and mighty, but they do not stand in the Light as we do," Askara often said. "No matter how strong our enemy is, if they walk in darkness, they will always stumble and fall."

T'uure, Beacon of the Naaru, Part Eight

From the draenei holy tome entitled The Second Sun of Shar'gel:

"The Burning Legion had lain in wait for us on Shar'gel, watching as we disembarked from the Genedar and set foot on the world. We believed we

had found a place to settle. A place to start over again.

“We were wrong.

“Fel portals screamed open all around us, spewing forth doomguards, felhounds, and other horrors. The Legion’s forces cornered us, cutting off our retreat to the Genedar. I thought we were done for.

“Then I saw... her. I saw Askara.

“She planted herself between us and the demons, T’uure held high. A storm of light erupted around her, blinding the Legion’s minions and shielding us from their fel-touched blades. As we battled our way to the Genedar, T’uure grew brighter and brighter until it shone like a second sun on Shar’gel.”

T’uure, Beacon of the Naaru, Part Nine

When the Burning Legion beset the draenei on Shar’gel, Askara finally understood the strange vision of the future she had seen so long ago. One day, her people would locate a new home, but she was not fated to join them. She would die on Shar’gel to give them a chance to find that sanctuary.

Askara and seventy other draenei volunteered to distract the Legion. With their blood, they would buy the rest of the renegades the time to escape Shar’gel. The battle between the demons and these brave defenders would go down as one of the greatest instances of self-sacrifice in draenei history.

Hundreds of demons smashed into the seventy-one like a battering ram of fel-forged steel, but the defenders gave no ground. Not a single inch. Every time a draenei teetered on the brink of death, Askara was there. She charged through the battle lines and mended the wounded with T’uure’s holy Light.

Because of Askara, the seventy-one fought with the courage and strength of a thousand. Because of her, the draenei race escaped annihilation.

T’uure, Beacon of the Naaru, Part Ten

After the Battle of Shar’gel, T’uure fell into the Burning Legion’s hands. The demons had witnessed Askara’s heroic last stand, and they attributed her

immense power to the strange artifact. Legion forces squabbled over control of the relic before Kil'jaeden the Deceiver finally decided whom it would go to.

He entrusted the artifact to an eredar priestess named Lady Calindris. She was one of the few demons who understood the draenei's holy magics. What was more, Calindris had an intimate knowledge of T'uure itself. Long ago on Argus, the priestess had acted as a caretaker of the eredar's holy relics.

It took years before Calindris finally bent T'uure to her will. After a series of grim rituals, she transformed the artifact into a dark reflection of itself. Where once T'uure inspired hope, now it would spread fear. Where once the relic healed, now it would cause wounds to fester.

T'uure, Beacon of the Naaru, Part Eleven

Lady Calindris relished bending T'uure to her will and using its corrupted power against her foes. She loathed the draenei, and the thought of befouling their cherished artifact delighted her to no end.

Calindris grew so talented at wielding T'uure that the demon lord Kil'jaeden gave her a special task. She would serve as a torturer on the Legion's prison worlds. Calindris was well suited for this role. She made an art out of inflicting suffering on her captives, and images of T'uure filled their nightmares.

Much like Askara, Calindris eventually received a vision of the future. She foresaw the Legion invading the world of Azeroth and bathing it in fel fire. Strangely, Calindris herself was not there.

But T'uure was. A stranger wielded the artifact in its glorious true form, and its Light blinded the Legion's forces, shining over the land like a second sun.

Xal'atath, Blade of the Black Empire

An ancient and terrible force trembles deep within Xal'atath, Blade of the Black Empire. Though this dagger can serve as a powerful tool for those who wield shadow magic, tread cautiously.

Xal'atath has a mind of its own. Ignore its maddening whispers. Do not trust the lies it spins. Take from it what you need, but always remember that the dark presence in the blade is not your ally.

Xal'atath, Blade of the Black Empire,Part One

Xal'atath had its dark genesis in an age long before the Horde and the Alliance, an age when the legendary Old Gods and their Black Empire engulfed the world in shadow.

There are many theories concerning the blade's creation. The more outlandish claim that it is all that remains of a forgotten Old God who was consumed by its kin in the early days of the Black Empire. Other theories state that Xal'atath is the claw of Y'Shaarj, ripped from the Old God's monstrous form and bestowed upon its servants for use in ritual sacrifices.

As unbelievable as these stories are, perhaps there is truth to them. Xal'atath pulses with the foul essence of the Old Gods. It is even said that the blade can grant its owner visions of the Black Empire, but all who have looked upon such horrors have lost themselves to madness.

Xal'atath, Blade of the Black Empire,Part Two

Mighty beings known as the titan-forged eventually defeated the Black Empire. They shackled the Old Gods and their minions in prisons beneath the earth. Harmony descended on Azeroth, but it was not to last.

Xal'atath made sure of that.

The blade remained in the world, passing from mortal hand to mortal hand and leaving only death and chaos in its wake. One of the unfortunate souls who took up Xal'atath was a troll named Zan'do. The ambitious witch doctor hailed from the mighty Gurubashi tribe. His rivals had ousted him from a position of power and prestige, and Zan'do spent his days nursing dreams of retribution.

It was a simple thing for Xal'atath to latch onto Zan'do's anger and twist him into a pawn.

Xal'atath, Blade of the Black Empire,Part Three

Guided by Xal'atath's whispers, Zan'do and a handful of loyal witch doctors sought out a strange mound of blackened stone. Troll mystics had forbidden their people from disturbing this site, but Zan'do ignored the taboo. He believed the mound held great power-power he could use to defeat his rivals.

He and his followers would soon discover what the mound really was: the body of a slumbering servant of the Old Gods named Kith'ix.

Xal'atath urged Zan'do to make blood offerings to the creature. With his mind corrupted by the blade, the witch doctor did not hesitate. He dismembered some of his companions with the dagger, and then he used their blood and organs as reagents to awaken the monstrosity. In a final act, Zan'do buried his gore-stained dagger into Kith'ix's hide... and the giant rumbled to life.

Zan'do and his followers were never seen again. Trolls would later visit the site and find only scattered bones picked clean of flesh.

Xal'atath, Blade of the Black Empire,Part Four

After Kith'ix awakened, it brought the shadow of war upon Azeroth. The monstrous creature rallied other Old God minions to its side and launched a campaign to grind troll civilization into dust.

Unlike the trolls who had roused it, Kith'ix knew how to harness Xal'atath's true potential. Calling on the blade's power, the C'Thrax spread pestilence among the trolls to weaken their bodies, and it bombarded them with visions of death to weaken their minds.

Though the trolls would eventually destroy Kith'ix and defeat its armies, Xal'atath would haunt the dreams of the war's survivors until the end of their days. Many tribes would recount legends about the black blade that had nearly driven them to extinction.

Xal'atath, Blade of the Black Empire,Part Five

From chapter four of Modgud's Doom, concerning the day the Dark Iron sorceress acquired Xal'atath:

"Modgud embraced her clan's long history of studying arcane magic. As the wife of Sorcerer-Thane Thaurissan, she had first pick of the Dark Irons' most powerful enchanted artifacts. Yet she was never quite satisfied with the offerings on hand. Modgud would often dispatch her servants to find new relics that she could study and use as instruments in the creation of spells.

"One of these dwarves returned with a blade that thrummed with dark energy. Modgud was immediately taken by it. For days, she retreated into her archives to unravel the dagger's mysteries. At times, she could be seen talking to the weapon. When she later emerged, Modgud called for the dwarf who had brought the blade in order to thank him.

"No one could find him. No one could even remember his name or his face. It was as if he had simply vanished into thin air."

Xal'atath, Blade of the Black Empire,Part Six

From chapter twenty-three of Modgud's Doom, concerning the battle between the Dark Iron clan and the Wildhammer clan in Grim Batol:

"War golems smashed through Grim Batol's gates, and the Dark Iron soldiers poured into the Wildhammer capital. Bitter rivals these two clans were. Neither side showed the other mercy.

"The Wildhammers' bravery was their greatest weapon, and Modgud sought to take that from them. Under the thunderous clash of hammer against axe, she screamed an incantation and wove her profane spellwork. She slid her enchanted dagger over her palm and let her blood spill onto the stones.

"Modgud's foul ritual brought Grim Batol's shadows to life. They sprang from the city's dark nooks and crannies, falling upon the Wildhammers with blades forged of night."

Xal'atath, Blade of the Black Empire,Part Seven

From chapter twenty-seven of Modgud's Doom, recounting the final moments of the Dark Iron invasion of Grim Batol:

“By some feat of courage, Thane Khardros rallied his remaining Wildhammer warriors and launched a desperate counterattack against the Dark Irons. Khardros bulled through his enemies with the single-minded focus of a war golem, only coming to a stop when he found Modgud.

“Here, the fate of Wildhammer and Dark Iron would be decided.

“The sorceress unleashed her dark power on Khardros, but he pressed his attack. Then Modgud reached for her black blade-the weapon that had turned Grim Batol into a den of nightmare. It was not there.

“She had lost her cherished weapon. Or, as some would claim, the weapon had abandoned her.

“With one mighty blow of his hammer, Khardros mortally wounded Modgud and secured victory for the Wildhammers. It is said that as the sorceress lay dying, she repeated one phrase over and over again: ‘You promised...’”

Xal'atath, Blade of the Black Empire,Part Eight

Decades after Modgud lost Xal'atath, the blade was taken up by a human bishop named Natalie Seline. She had lived through the First War, when the orcish Horde invaded Azeroth and conquered Stormwind.

After the war, Seline realized that to defeat the green-skinned orcs, humanity would need to study the strange powers they wielded. She closely examined their magics, and she visited battle sites where their dark arts had befouled the land.

From her investigations, she learned of an otherworldly blade that the orcs had once used in their bloody rituals-a blade that held sway over the shadows themselves. Troubled that such a profane weapon could exist, Seline swore to hunt it down and destroy it in the name of the Light.

Xal'atath, Blade of the Black Empire,Part Nine

From The Secrets of the Void, by Natalie Seline:

“The moment I touched the blade, a name was spoken in my mind: Xal’atath. I knew then that I could not destroy the dagger. Not yet. How can one defeat a power she does not understand?

“And I had much to understand. Very much indeed. Xal’atath whispered to me in waking and in dreaming. It taught me that there is more to this world than Light. There is also Void.

“In the ebb and flow between these two forces, one can find power and knowledge beyond anything the Church of the Holy Light has ever revealed to us. One can cross the divide between Light and Void. One can pull strands from each side and weave a tapestry of day and night.

“Of course, there are consequences. There always are when walking in the shadows.”

Xal’atath, Blade of the Black Empire, Part Ten

By the time of the Second War, Natalie Seline had learned how to wield shadow magic from Xal’atath. She had taught her dangerous arts to other worshipers of the Light and rallied them against the Horde. Seline and her followers waged their war in secret, hunting down orcs across the human kingdoms.

Xal’atath continued whispering in Seline’s mind, slowly unraveling her sanity. Despite her noble intentions, she became more and more obsessed with the blade and the mysteries of the Void.

And so did Seline’s companions. They were overzealous in their campaign against the orcs, putting innocent lives at risk. Some strayed too far into shadow, forsaking the Light completely. Though Seline urged her followers to use caution, her calls were ignored and even treated with suspicion.

It is unclear exactly what happened to the former bishop, but some sources state that Xal’atath incited rebellion among her allies. It convinced them that Seline was holding them back from their true potential—holding back

knowledge and power that they could have if they killed her.

In the dead of night, the conspirators murdered Seline and then took Xal'atath for themselves.

Xal'atath, Blade of the Black Empire, Part Eleven

For years, the Kirin Tor magi in Dalaran had watched Natalie Seline, greatly troubled by her dark teachings. After her death, they set out to scour her writings from history. Magi picked through the villages and cities Seline had traveled, gathering up every scroll and tome that she had penned.

The Kirin Tor hid these writings in Dalaran, hoping that would be the end of Seline's dangerous brand of magic. Yet despite their efforts, they could not bury the doctrine of balance she had preached. In the years to come, others would take up her teachings and devote themselves to the Light and the Void.

The magi also knew of Xal'atath, but they never found it. Like Seline's teachings, the blade would not simply fade away.

It had more minds to twist, more pawns to use, and more innocents to terrorize.

Note from the Author

Research efforts press on. There's more information to be found in these texts, with only time to hold us back from uncovering all of it.

Come back after further research has been completed and I will continue to expand the accounts recorded here.

- Juveess, Head Historian of the Conclave

Words of the High Chief

By

Unknown

Attackers... from all sides.

Can see it in their eyes. Timbermaw are evil. Enemy.

Must protect tribe. Must protect Winterfall. Must drive intruders from our land.

Snow, blinding... Must protect tribe. Make them strong. Be strong.

Do not know...

Firewater.

Make more. More firewater.

Firewater make Winterfall strong. Defeat our enemies.

Winterfall have no ally. Winterfall are strong. Have great power.

More. Must have more... Winterfall... not... weak...

Words of Wind and Earth

By

Gorma Windspeaker

Words of Wind and Earth

As recorded by Gorma of the Earthen Ring.

The Fist of Ra-den and the Highkeeper's Ward

The mythical Highkeeper Ra bore two great items in his battles against the Old Gods. One was the Fist of Ra-den, a weapon infused with the destructive might of storms. The other was the Highkeeper's Ward, a shield pulsing with the primordial elements of fire, earth, air, and water.

No one has successfully wielded these armaments since they passed from Ra's care. Even Lei Shen, Thunder King and emperor of the mogu, could not. Will you succeed where he failed?

The Fist of Ra-den, Part One

It is known that the titan Aman'Thul crafted the Fist of Ra-den. How he did so is another question.

According to one legend, Aman'Thul called on mysterious celestial beings to forge an instrument that would hold sway over the power of storms. These creatures reached into Azeroth's sky and took a single bolt of lightning, which they shaped with their hands as if it were mere clay.

When the craftsmen had finished their work, Aman'Thul encased the captured lightning in stone and branded the rock with titan runes of containment.

The Fist of Ra-den, Part Two

Aman'Thul gave his lightning-infused weapon to Ra, one of the legendary titan-forged. These stone- and iron-skinned giants were created by the titans to liberate Azeroth from the Old Gods.

The Old Gods were immensely powerful, and their minions were beyond count. But never for a moment did Ra and his allies hesitate. Under the guidance of Aman'Thul and the other titans, the noble giants defeated the Old Gods and shackled them in prisons buried deep under the earth.

Ra accomplished many feats during this war. He wielded lightning with the lethal accuracy of a blade, carving through the Old Gods' servants and reducing them to cinders. There was only one enemy who matched Ra's command over storms: the cunning elemental lord known as Al'Akir.

The Fist of Ra-den, Part Three

From an ancient mogu legend detailing the battle fought by Ra and his allies against Al'Akir the Windlord:

"Master Ra and his brethren pursued the Windlord to a mountain so high it scraped the belly of the heavens. All the while, Al'Akir boasted of his coming victory, but his words were as empty as air.

"True, he was great and powerful. True, he could command the storms. But he did not breathe thunder and speak lightning as Master Ra did. He did not wield the fist that breaks the sky.

"Master Ra and his kin turned Al'Akir's own tempests against him until the Windlord faltered.

"To seal Al'Akir's demise, Master Ra slammed his fist into the mountaintop. The heavens split wide, and all the fire and fury they contained crashed down atop the Windlord's head."

The Fist of Ra-den, Part Four

An excerpt from *The Banishing of the Elemental Lords*, by the historian

Llore:

“The elemental lords served as the Old Gods’ greatest lieutenants, and the titan-forged had defeated them all. The victory was momentous, but it also presented a unique challenge. The spirits of the elemental lords were bound to Azeroth. If the titan-forged destroyed them, they would eventually manifest on the world again. To prevent this, Highkeeper Ra decided to imprison the destructive beings.

“He worked alongside the titan-forged sorceress Helya to create a pocket dimension that would be known as the Elemental Plane. It included four domains, representing the four elements: fire, air, earth, and water. Into this prison realm, Ra and Helya banished the elemental lords and almost all of their servants.

“Ra and Helya crafted a shield, the Highkeeper’s Ward, to act as a key to the Elemental Plane. It thrummed with the energies of the four elements, which Ra could call upon whenever he desired.”

The Fist of Ra-den, Part Five

After the Old Gods were defeated, Ra and his allies created new kinds of titan-forged to protect and reshape Azeroth. Among them were the mighty stone-skinned mogu. Led by Ra, they journeyed to the southern reaches of the world and began their long guardianship.

Aman’Thul and his fellow titans closely watched these events unfold. Confident that Azeroth was safe in the hands of their servants, they eventually departed the world.

On a stormy day, Ra and his mogu followers ascended a colossal mountain to see the titans off. The legends say that the Highkeeper slammed his weapon against his shield, and the elements answered to his will. The rains ceased and the clouds parted. The mountain at their feet rose higher, and lightning and fire illuminated the skies so that Ra and his followers could better glimpse the titans.

Lastly, the winds howled a sorrowful farewell.

The Fist of Ra-den, Part Six

An excerpt from The Rise of the Thunder King, by the historian Llore:

“Many ages after the titans left Azeroth, a strange affliction called the curse of flesh took hold among the mogu. It weakened their stone forms and transformed them into creatures of flesh and blood.

“The mogu fragmented into warring clans. For years upon years, they fought each other for control of Azeroth’s southern lands. From this crucible of violence, one mogu emerged and forged his people into an empire.

“His name was Lei Shen, the Thunder King, and his strength was without equal.

“Many tales exist about how Lei Shen acquired his power. The most widely accepted theory is that he stole it from a legendary being named Ra-den, which means “Master Ra” in the mogu tongue.

“But what of this creature’s fabled artifacts, the Fist of Ra-den and the Highkeeper’s Ward? Surely, Lei Shen would have taken them as well, but there is very little mention of the Thunder King using them.”

The Fist of Ra-den, Part Seven

For all his might, Lei Shen could not harness the energies of the Fist of Ra-den and the Highkeeper’s Ward. His inability to do so infuriated him. After all, Lei Shen had conquered the mogu and forged them into an empire. He had defeated Ra. How could two artifacts defy his will?

But defy him they did. The shield and the fist weapon were simply too much even for the Thunder King to control. Every time he tried to use the artifacts, elemental energies lashed out at Lei Shen and overwhelmed him.

Despite these repeated failures, Lei Shen did not give up. One way or another, he would harness the power of these ancient weapons.

The Fist of Ra-den, Part Eight

Lei Shen gave the Fist of Ra-den and the Highkeeper's Ward to a gifted blacksmith, Forgemaster Deng. The Thunder King ordered him to unlock the artifacts' secrets, but he also warned the artisan not to harness their power for himself, or he would suffer grave consequences.

Deng promised Lei Shen that he would follow his command, but he secretly plotted to disobey his master. The blacksmith reasoned that if he could find a way to use the weapon and the shield, something the Thunder King had been unable to do, he could take control over the mogu empire himself.

While Deng was tampering with the Fist of Ra-den, a bolt of lightning tore down from the sky and slammed into him. The artifact absorbed most of the energy, which saved the blacksmith's life.

But Deng did not escape unharmed. The lightning left him forever disfigured.

The Fist of Ra-den, Part Nine

After much experimentation, Deng found a purpose for the Fist of Ra-den and the Highkeeper's Ward. He used the two artifacts to power an immense engine known as the Thunder Forge. This machine churned day and night, creating armaments of exceptional quality for the mogu military.

Lei Shen was pleased by the work, and he ordered Deng to personally craft him weapons and armor that would put all others to shame. The blacksmith toiled over the Thunder Forge to satisfy his master. Deng's labors gave rise to what would be his three greatest creations: a massive spear, a battleaxe, and a mighty helm.

The Fist of Ra-den, Part Ten

In time, Deng and Lei Shen died. The mogu empire crumbled. Seasons passed. The world changed.

A race known as the pandaren came to power in the lands once lorded over by the mogu. The new rulers governed with wisdom and benevolence, unlike Lei Shen and his brutal kin. Under the pandaren, an era of relative peace and prosperity settled over the region.

Thousands of years after the fall of the mogu empire, a group of pandaren guardians called the Shado-Pan discovered the artifacts that had powered the Thunder Forge. These explorers were led by Master Wan Snowdrift, who was unaware of the dangerous energies stored in the items he had found.

Snowdrift took up the Fist of Ra-den, and he was immediately struck by a spear of lightning that seared his flesh and scarred his body.

The Fist of Ra-den, Part Eleven

Though he was injured, Master Wan Snowdrift survived his encounter with the Fist of Ra-den. He and the other Shado-Pan feared that the weapon and its counterpart shield could do grave harm to the world if they fell into the wrong hands. To prevent this, they took the artifacts to Xuen, the White Tiger.

The White Tiger was one of the August Celestials, ancient and incredibly powerful creatures revered by the pandaren. Wise Xuen agreed with the Shado-Pan's assessment of the weapon and the shield. He secured them within his lair, the Temple of the White Tiger, where they would be safe.

Yet Xuen did not plan to keep them there forever. He knew the history of the artifacts. Though the mogu had used them for evil, the titan Aman'Thul had originally created them for good.

Xuen believed it was only a matter of time before a mortal arrived who was fit to wield the weapon and the shield for their intended purpose.

Doomhammer

Forged in elemental fury, handed down from generation to generation, a harbinger of destruction to all who oppose it, the Doomhammer is prophesied to bring about both salvation and doom.

Some of the most renowned orcs in history have possessed the Doomhammer: Blackhand, Orgrim, Thrall. And now it passes to you. In your hands, the Doomhammer carries the potential for either victory... or ruin.

Doomhammer, Part One

The Doomhammer's origins have been traced to the ogre empire's rise to power on Draenor, and to an orc named Gelnar.

It is said that Gelnar, faced with the problem of preventing the orcs from being enslaved by the ogres, wandered alone in contemplation for days upon days. When a mighty storm forced him to take shelter in a Gorgrond steam cavern, Gelnar experienced fever-induced visions. Pledging his body and spirit to the elements, he submerged himself in a pool of lava and was miraculously unharmed.

According to legend, the head of the Doomhammer was coaxed forth from the heart of Draenor itself. When Gelnar later crafted an oaken handle, the forming of the Doomhammer was complete. From that day forward, both the weapon and the name Doomhammer would be passed down from father to eldest son.

Doomhammer, Part Two

From the writings of Tolla Kol'gar, orc shaman:

"Our clan faced an army of ogre invaders.

"Gelnar raised the Doomhammer to the sky, and it spoke-it spoke in fire and lightning. Thunder rolled through the blackened clouds above, shaking the very ground beneath our feet. Draenor boomed with all its fury.

"Rain anointed us with the elements' blessing, and as Gelnar rushed toward the enemy, I knew that somehow our clan would survive.

"Emboldened and with a fierce war cry upon our lips, we charged forward to meet our fate."

Doomhammer, Part Three

There is a long-standing prophecy associated with the Doomhammer: "The last of the Doomhammer line will use it to bring first salvation and then doom to the orc people. Then it will pass into the hands of one who is not of

the Blackrock clan; all will change again, and it will once again be used in the cause of justice.”

Doomhammer, Part Four

For generations, the Doomhammer was passed from father to eldest son upon the father’s death. The chain was temporarily broken when a young Orgrim Doomhammer took the weapon to the lava pool where it had been created. There, he attempted to negate the prophecy associated with it, while retaining the hammer’s power.

The pool reclaimed the weapon from Orgrim. It remained in the lava until an orc chieftain, clearing his mind of pride and dreams of glory, reached in and took the Doomhammer in his grasp. Though the lava left him permanently scarred, the chieftain did not die.

From that day forward, that chieftain would be known as Blackhand.

Blackhand used the Doomhammer to forge weapons and help fight off an invading ogre army. When the battle was complete, Blackhand returned the weapon to Orgrim, who would carry it until his death.

Doomhammer, Part Five

Throughout the First War between orcs and humans, Orgrim Doomhammer crushed enemies with the weapon of his namesake, blazing a path of destruction through one settlement after another.

As the war drew to a close, Orgrim used the Doomhammer to kill his commander, Blackhand, and claim the title of warchief of the Horde.

Doomhammer in hand, Orgrim led the charge against the human capital of Stormwind, sacking it and winning a decisive victory for the orcs.

Doomhammer, Part Six

From the writings of General Turalyon, recounting the battle between Orgrim Doomhammer and Lord Anduin Lothar:

“I drove my way through friend and foe alike in an effort to reach the two combatants. A massive blow from Orgrim crumpled Lothar’s shield, but our leader answered with a fierce strike of his own, nearly rending the orc commander’s breastplate. Orgrim tore his armor free even as Lothar discarded his shield.

“The two re-engaged, trading vicious blows. Punishment and pain were dealt and endured. Orgrim punched, forcing Lord Lothar back; the orc followed with an overhead swing that our leader attempted to block, but before my horrified eyes, the massive hammer clove through the mighty blade of Stormwind, smashing down into the helm of our beloved commander.

“With his broken blade and his final breath, Lord Lothar opened a gash across the chest of Orgrim. Then, the Lion of Azeroth fell, his life’s essence draining out onto the battlefield.”

Doomhammer, Part Seven

In the aftermath of the Second War, Orgrim Doomhammer went into hiding. It was his desire to liberate his fellow orcs from human internment camps, but he needed a strong ally. He would find that comrade in an orc raised by humans—Thrall.

Upon first meeting the hooded Orgrim, Thrall was unaware of the stranger’s identity. When Thrall challenged him to a fight at the camp of the Frostwolves, the former chieftain accepted.

Thrall quickly proved his mettle, trading blows with the armored combatant, grappling with him, and at one point, successfully wrenching the Doomhammer from the other orc’s grasp.

By the end of the bout, Orgrim was so pleased with his opponent’s tenacity that he named Thrall his second-in-command.

Doomhammer, Part Eight

An account of the death of Orgrim Doomhammer, by Warchief Thrall:

“I was outraged! Orgrim lay there, dying, attacked from behind. The lance haft still protruded from his back. This was a cowardly act!

“I knelt beside him. ‘My lord,’ was all I could manage to say.

“My mentor then told me that I must carry on, that he had led the Horde once but it was not his destiny to do so again. At last he said, ‘Yours is the title of warchief, Thrall, son of D-Durotan. You will wear my armor and carry my hammer.’”

Doomhammer, Part Nine

When a dying Orgrim Doomhammer bequeathed his armor and hammer to Thrall, the young orc felt that he was unworthy of such an honor.

Orgrim told Thrall that there was no one breathing who was worthier.

The last words of Orgrim Doomhammer to Thrall were, “You will lead them... to victory... and you will lead them... to peace.”

Orgrim expired in Thrall’s arms. To show that the orcs were not without a leader, Thrall took on the old warrior’s armor. Once the plate mail was secured, Thrall bent down and picked up the Doomhammer—passed on not from father to son, but from mentor to student.

Doomhammer, Part Ten

Over many years, the appearance of the Doomhammer has changed, based on alterations made by its owners.

In the possession of Thrall, a Frostwolf symbol was added to the head of the hammer to honor his ancestral clan.

The newly modified Doomhammer quickly became an icon of strength and justice. Most importantly, though, it served as a symbol of hope for all orcs.

Doomhammer, Part Eleven

Long ago, before Orgrim passed the Doomhammer to Thrall, he confided that

although the weapon had once brought him closer to the elements, over time it had become a dead weight in his hands.

Through the years, Thrall wielded the Doomhammer with honor and integrity. However, following his execution of the malign warchief Garrosh Hellscream, Thrall felt conflicted. This internal struggle was reflected in the Doomhammer as well. In Thrall's mind, the weapon that had embodied the ideals of justice and virtue had now come to represent vengeance.

History repeated itself as the Doomhammer had once again become a "dead weight." This has caused many to wonder whether the Doomhammer will reclaim its place as a symbol of righteous wrath.

Sharas'dal, Scepter of Tides

By merely touching Sharas'dal, one can feel the weight of the world's oceans at their fingertips. This extraordinary scepter can command the rivers and the seas, and even manipulate life itself.

Just like the tides, Sharas'dal's power can ebb and flow between acts of good and evil. Some have used the scepter to destroy, but its true potential lies in its ability to serve as a fount of healing and hope.

Sharas'dal, Scepter of Tides, Part One

The ancient night elf empire was one of the greatest mortal civilizations that ever spanned the lands of Azeroth. At its apex, one figure held sway over it all. Her name was Azshara. She was a leader of leaders, a queen of queens. Her power was absolute, and her thirst for knowledge and glory was unquenchable.

Of the records that speak of Azshara, nearly all mention her bejeweled scepter called Sharas'dal. The legends claim it granted the queen command over the world's seas, among other miraculous feats. So cherished was this scepter that Azshara rarely let it out of her sight.

It was with her when she raised the night elf empire to new heights. And it was with her when she later brought the civilization crashing down in blood

and fire.

Sharas'dal, Scepter of Tides, Part Two

An excerpt from The Coronation of Queen Azshara:

“For days the coronation ceremony went on. Each night, the Highborne nobility lavished precious gifts on Azshara to curry her favor, but there was one she cherished more than all the others. A night elf named Lord Xavius presented the queen with a jeweled scepter, etched with delicate magical sigils. He promised Azshara that so long as she kept it close, it would bring her prosperity and great power.

“Azshara held the scepter aloft, and the jewels shimmered in the light of the moons like brilliant stars. The sight of the queen and her gift was so beautiful that it brought many of the attendant Highborne to tears.”

Sharas'dal, Scepter of Tides, Part Three

At the heart of ancient Azeroth sat a massive lake of scintillating energy called the Well of Eternity. For decades, the night elves studied this fount of arcane magic, and they became learned sorcerers. Queen Azshara carried on this tradition, as did her loyal Highborne servitors. They devoted themselves to plumbing the Well of Eternity's depths in search of knowledge and power.

Perhaps no one was more suited to this task than Azshara. She was one of the greatest magic users who had ever lived. As she honed her command over the lake's energies, she infused a drop of its living waters into her bejeweled scepter.

Sharas'dal, Scepter of Tides, Part Four

Queen Azshara's enchanted scepter afforded her great power. Imbued with the Well of Eternity's potent waters, it held sway over the rivers and the seas, aquatic creatures of all kinds, and the life energies that stirred within Azshara herself. She granted it a new name, one befitting its remarkable properties: Sharas'dal, Scepter of Tides.

One of the first things Azshara did with Sharas'dal was use its power to enhance her legendary beauty. As the years wore on, the queen seemed to grow younger and more mesmerizing. A brilliant aura enveloped Azshara, enthralling those who looked upon her. The Highborne marveled at this strange phenomenon. A few even took it as a sign of divinity.

Sharas'dal, Scepter of Tides, Part Five

An excerpt from Glory to the Queen Born of Stars:

“Of the wonders our queen brought to this world, perhaps none was so great as Lathar'Lazal. As masons constructed the temple, Azshara shaped the waters around it with the Scepter of Tides. She spoke the names of the rivers and the seas, and they moved at her command. Salt water from the roaring ocean and fresh water from the mountain streams trickled to Azshara's side. With the flick of her wrist, the queen partitioned them into great lakes that hugged Lathar'Lazal's sturdy foundation.

“Creatures of all kinds populated these waters, and they were at Azshara's beck and call. Whenever she walked the bridges of Lathar'Lazal, nearby schools of exotic fish would array themselves in colorful patterns. She even kept a colossal sea giant bound to one of the lakes. She used her scepter to make him perform tricks and feats of strength, much to the delight of the watching Highborne. Curious night elves from the far corners of the empire journeyed to Lathar'Lazal to study the mythical creature and his habits.”

Sharas'dal, Scepter of Tides, Part Six

As the night elf empire stretched across the world, Azshara spent more and more time in her palace at the Well of Eternity's shores. She obsessed over the lake and used Sharas'dal to manipulate its mysterious energies. Azshara dreamed of making the world into a paradise—her paradise. But it would only be possible if she and her Highborne servitors could harness the Well of Eternity's true potential.

Their reckless experiments eventually sent arcane magic crashing through the Twisting Nether, the realm of demons. In time, the Burning Legion learned of the Well of Eternity and the world of Azeroth.

Sharas'dal, Scepter of Tides, Part Seven

An excerpt from The War of the Ancients, by the historian Llore:

“Azshara’s obsession with remaking the world led her straight into the clutches of the Legion’s ruler, Sargeras. The queen forged a pact with him for unfathomable power. All that Sargeras asked in return was for Azshara and her Highborne to summon his minions into Azeroth.

“It was a difficult request, even for such gifted sorcerers. Azshara and the Highborne approached the challenge with great fervor. Legends say the queen helped her servants open a gateway for the Legion’s agents. She used Sharas’dal to gather the Well of Eternity’s energies and fuel the Highborne’s spellwork.

“Through this portal, the first armor-clad demons spilled into Azeroth. Many more would follow. The Legion would march across the land, spreading fire and death, bringing war and cataclysm.”

Sharas'dal, Scepter of Tides, Part Eight

The War of the Ancients ended in catastrophe. Azshara’s hubris and abuse of power would lead to the destruction of the Well of Eternity. The enormous lake buckled in upon itself, eventually igniting a monstrous explosion that shattered the world’s surface.

Azshara watched these events unfold from her broken palace. She refused to believe that her dreams of paradise were dead, that the world she had once cradled in her palms was coming apart beneath her feet. Many of the Highborne were just as delusional as the queen, and they remained at her side.

As the ocean roared in to fill the void left by the destroyed Well of Eternity, Azshara raised Sharas’dal high. She wove a magical shield around herself and the Highborne, saving them from being crushed by the colossal waves.

But it was only a momentary reprieve. The howling ocean soon swallowed the queen, Sharas’dal, and her followers.

Then it sucked them down and down into darkness.

Sharas'dal, Scepter of Tides, Part Nine

From a fragmented text called The Song of Scales, author unknown:

“They drifted into the abyss, but Azshara and her Highborne remained unbroken.

“The darkness around them was absolute, and so the queen willed Sharas'dal to bring them light. It did.

“Azshara's and the Highborne's blood ran cold, and so the queen willed Sharas'dal to warm them. It did.

“Their lungs burned for air, and so the queen willed Sharas'dal to let them breathe the water... but it did not. The scepter could not save them. Oblivion spread its arms and beckoned the desperate Highborne.

“As the ocean crushed the life from their bodies, ancient creatures stirred in the darkness. Their whispers flowed through the currents. Their powers wrapped tight around the queen and her servants.

“The Highborne became something new. Something more.

“A fleece of scales shimmered over their skin. Tails thrashed against the currents. The unknown entities made the queen and her followers one with the sea... they made them into the naga.”

Sharas'dal, Scepter of Tides, Part Ten

Though Azshara's old empire was in ruins, she crafted a new one far from the light of the sun. The queen and her naga servants created a capital, Nazjatar, at the bottom of the sea. With patience and cunning, they expanded their dominion over the oceans. It is even said that Azshara nurtured an alliance with the mysterious and powerful entities who had transformed them into naga.

As the years wore on, Azshara relied on Sharas'dal less and less. She still

treasured the scepter, but she found it was more useful in the hands of her fearsome sea witches. These loyal servants wielded Sharas'dal as a weapon to spread the naga's domain and crush all who opposed them.

Sharas'dal, Scepter of Tides, Part Eleven

It was not long before the naga sea witches learned to harness Sharas'dal as Azshara had. With a swipe of the scepter, they drove thousands of aquatic predators into a frenzy and unleashed them against troublesome sea giants. With a whispered incantation, they boiled Kvaldir raiders from the inside out and scattered their remains to the currents.

When the sea witches were not wielding Sharas'dal, Azshara would often carry it at her side and reminisce about times long past. She still remembered Lord Xavius's promise: so long as she kept the scepter close, it would bring her prosperity and great power.

The queen had lost much, but she was not dead. Far from it. In her heart, she knew that one day her empire under the sea would eclipse even that of the ancient night elves. One day, the world would be hers again, and she would not let it slip through her fingers a second time.

Note from the Author

The winds continue to speak, and the texts continue to have secrets to unfold. There's more to be found, and in time, we will uncover it.

Come back after further research has been completed and I will continue to expand the accounts recorded here.

-Gorma Windspeaker

Worn Pamphlet

By

Unknown

THE EMERALD ASCENSION

Fear not the time when great Sargeras's shadow eclipses the sun. That is the moment of our ascension. Death will follow, but it is only a doorway. Step through, and you will shed your frail skin and take on a form kissed by emerald fire.

Dig the ash from your eyes, and you will find a higher purpose at Sargeras's side.

Wrath of Soulflayer

By

Unknown

The long centuries following the Great Sundering of the world were difficult ones for the troll race. Famine and terror were commonplace within the broken kingdoms. The Gurubashi trolls, driven to desperate ends, sought aid from ancient, mystical forces. Though both of the troll kingdoms shared a central belief in a great pantheon of primitive gods, the Gurubashi fell under the sway of the darkest one.

Hakkar the Soulflayer, a vile, bloodthirsty spirit, heard the trolls' call and decided to aid them. Hakkar gave his secrets of blood to the Gurubashi and helped them extend their civilization across most of Stranglethorn Vale and certain islands of the South Seas. Though he brought them great power, Hakkar wanted more and more for his efforts.

The bloodthirsty god demanded souls be sacrificed to him daily. He dreamed of gaining access to the physical world so he could devour the blood of all mortal creatures. In time the Gurubashi realized what kind of creature they had courted with—and turned against him. The strongest tribes rose up against Hakkar and his loyal priests—the Atal'ai.

The terrible war that ensued between Hakkar's followers and the rest of the Gurubashi tribes is spoken of only in whispers. The budding empire was shattered by the magic unleashed between the angry god and his rebel children. Just as the battle seemed most hopeless, the trolls succeeded in destroying Hakkar's avatar and banishing him from the world.

Even his Atal'ai priests were eventually driven from the capital of Zul'Gurub and forced to survive in the uncharted swamplands to the north. Within those shadowy fens they built a great temple to their fallen god—Atal'Hakkar—

where they could continue to do their master's work...

The rest of the Gurubashi tribes went their separate ways after the great civil war had left their lands in ruins. The Skullsplitter, Bloodscalp and Darkspear tribes set off to claim their own lands within the vast jungles of Stranglethorn. Though a fragile peace had settled over the broken empire, some spoke of a prophecy that Hakkar would one day be reborn into the world—and on that day—he would consume it whole.

Written Note

By

Unknown

If you seek me, I am giving aid to our woodlands. I shall return when they are on the path of harmony once again.

Wrynn's Decree

By

Highlord Bolvar Fordragon

Solomon,

The carrier of this decree has been granted official status as an acting deputy of Stormwind. You may use him to find proof of the black dragonflight's involvement with the Blackrock orcs. Should such proof be found, this deputy shall return said proof to me in Stormwind, at which time I shall release the order to dispense sufficient military force to aid Lakeshire.

Regards,

Highlord Bolvar Fordragon

Xin Wo Yin the Broken Hearted

By

Unknown

Father of the Heartswell Brew.

The Heartswell Brew infuses the drinker's entire being with a profound sense of warmth and wellbeing. It is said that Xin Wo Yin so loved the product of his art that he wept tears of heavy sorrow over every keg that left his brewery.

Yana Bloodspear

By

Unknown

Yana Bloodspear

The Second Chief Assassin of the Scarlet Crusade

Citizen of Dalaran

Lost in the Tirisfal Glades

Yaungoil

By

Unknown

Burning oil is the cornerstone of yaungol warfare. In the days of their greatest warriors, this weapon was more deadly than magic. This burning substance would scar foes, scorch lands, burn away the cover provided by trees, and could rout even a terrifying mantid assault.

It is also an old tactic of the yaungol to light more campfires each night than people they have. In this way enemy spying in the darkness would assume larger numbers of yaungol existed, while their true positions and numbers remained masked.

Yaungol Tactics

By

Unknown

Forced to survive in the harsh terrain of the Townlong Steppes since the time of the last pandaren emperor, the yaungol have adapted their tactics accordingly.

The race is constantly on the move, establishing short-lived “Fire Camps” in areas of abundant natural resources (specifically oil and game) before moving on. Where to set up camp, how long to stay, and when to move out remains the sole discretion of the chieftain.

In combat, the yaungol prefer to hit hard and fast, making heavy use of cavalry to flank and harass the enemy while hard-hitting infantry assaults the weakest parts of the enemy line. Fire sorcery and flaming siege weapons back this initial assault.

Yaungol are known to retreat as quickly as they charge, always reading the enemy and only fully committing their forces to sure victories.

Yellow Punch Card

By

Unknown

ULTRA VITAL DATA! SECURITY RATING 5122!

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Yrgrim's Challenge

By

Unknown

On an island of stone Yrgrim built an arena. He proclaimed to his brethren that he sought a successor strong in will and body, and pure in heart. They would have to pass his trials in order to claim his weapons.

Many of berserkers and dragonriders answered Yrgrim's challenge, but all met with failure and death. Yrgrim held his trials for years until the challengers stopped coming.

Yrgrim then withdrew into a shrine of his own making. He crafted a door that would judge anyone before it as the first test of their spirit and body. If they had the strength to bear its gaze, they would be allowed in.

Disappointed but not disheartened, Yrgrim built a shrine to Tyr and entombed himself in it with his weapons, waiting for a time when a true champion will come.

The door wards would burn those that tried to open it with cleansing flame. Only those strong of will and pure of heart would be able to hold back the flames.

For the one that does, Yrgrim waits inside.

Yrgrim's Journey

By

Unknown

After the fall of Tyr, Yrgrim the Truthseeker aided his brethren in Tirisfal, ensuring their survival in the new world.

Knowing that others of his kind had fled the north he went in search of them, hoping to find someone worthy to pass on his armaments.

Eventually he found Stormheim and strong descendents of his race. Here was a group where one might be found worthy.

Yrgrim's Rest

By

Unknown

Here lies Yrgrim, resolute and patient. Never bowing to the curse of the great enemy, he remains as strong as the vrykul of old.

He and his challenge await.

Yuriv's Tombstone

By

Unknown

The word BETRAYER is crudely scratched over the finely etched epitaph that reads: Yuriv lies here.

Father, Husband, Paladin.

Let his children bear witness to the fact that his dedication to the Light was unquestionable.

He would never ask anything of them that he himself would not do.

Zamah's Note

By

Apothecary Zamah

Apothecary Lydon,

I hope this letter reaches you swiftly and its bearer in good condition. A need has arisen in distant Kalimdor that I believe will require your skills.

I will be brief.

A crisis develops in the Stonetalon Mountains, not far from our Tauren allies' homeland of Mulgore. The goblin-run Venture company is mining and lumbering fiercely in those mountains, enraging the mountain spirits.

I must assume the commotion these spirits cause through channels under the auspice of Tauren shamans and druids distracts them. For the Tauren consider the Venture Company in the Stonetalon Mountains a dire threat.

Threat or not, we must aid our allies.

Lydon, you have a broad knowledge of toxins. Can you devise one that we might use to spread a contagion among the goblins in Stonetalon?

Scholarly yours,

P. Zamah